



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

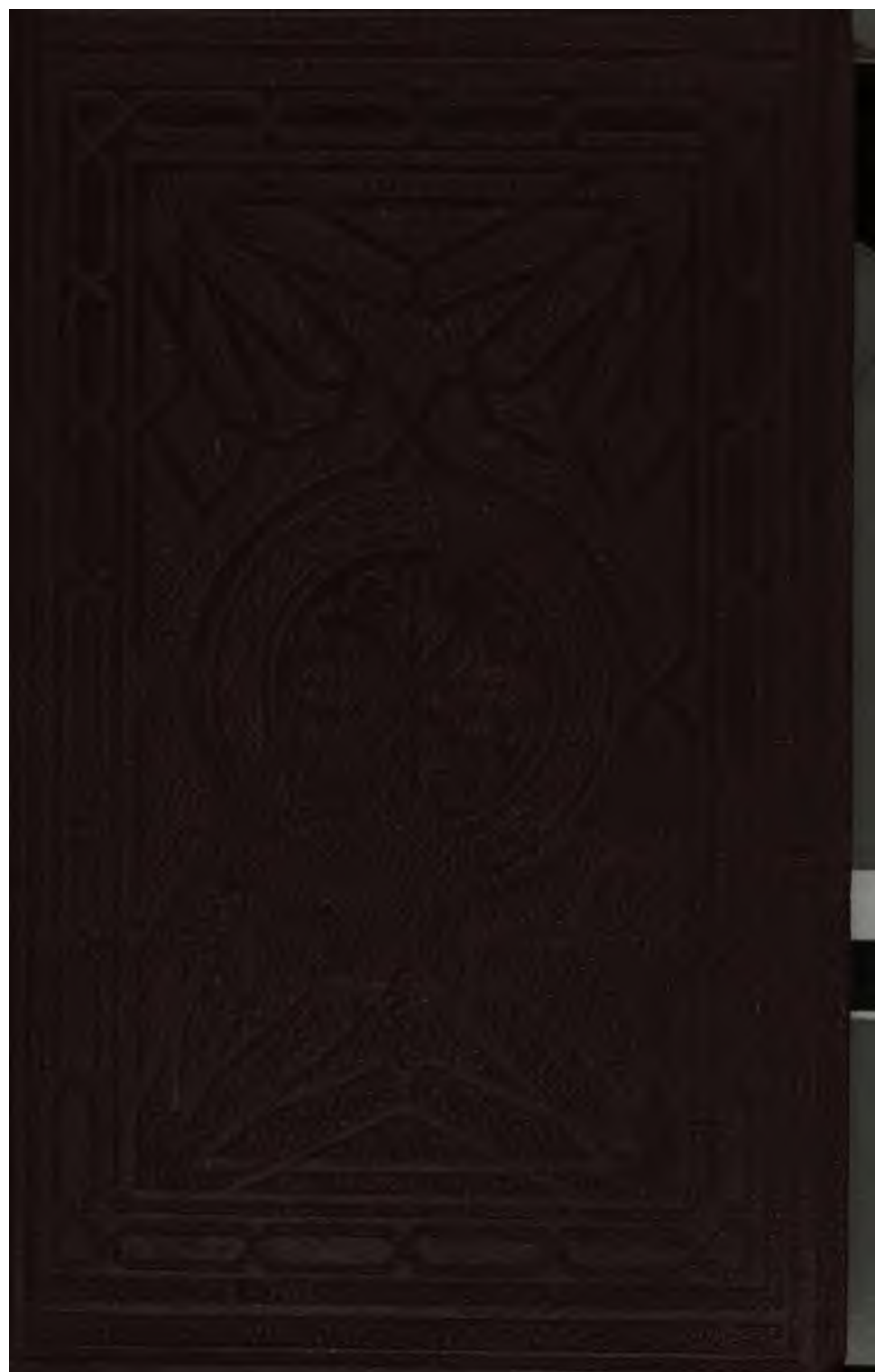
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600078276-



BODLEIAN LIBRARY
OXFORD



OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.

=====

VOL. III.

OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.

A Novel.

BY
JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,
AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1862.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

250 f. 61.



LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS STAMFORD STREET.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

BOOK VI.—*continued*.

PART THE SECOND OF A WOMAN'S STORY :—BEING THE
NARRATIVE OF OLIVE BLAKE'S REPENTANCE.

	CHAPTER VI.	PAGE
THE REVELATION		1
	CHAPTER VII.	
PARTED FOR EVER		10
	CHAPTER VIII.	
A NEW PURPOSE		14

BOOK VII.

SUSPICION :—BEING PART THE FOURTH OF MISS TABITHA
TREE'S NOTE-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.		PAGE
FRIENDSHIP, AND SOMETHING MORE . . .		16
CHAPTER II.		
A WEDDING WITHOUT ORANGE-BLOSSOMS . . .		30
CHAPTER III.		
THE EMPTY QUIVER		45
CHAPTER IV.		
MYSTERIOUS PERSECUTION		51
CHAPTER V.		
A VISITOR IN MARCHIONESS STREET		65
CHAPTER VI.		
THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN		74
CHAPTER VII.		
A CALLER'S CARD		91
CHAPTER VIII.		
PLEASANT SUGGESTIONS		97
CHAPTER IX.		
A MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS		107

BOOK VIII.

PART THE THIRD OF A WOMAN'S STORY:—BEING THE
NARRATIVE OF OLIVE BLAKE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER I.		PAGE
THE COUNCIL OF THREE		116
CHAPTER II.		
A GOOD OMEN		131
CHAPTER III.		
WHAT IT POINTED TO		148
CHAPTER IV.		
BELLE VUE		159
CHAPTER V.		
ETTY'S STORY		172
CHAPTER VI.		
THE USE OF THE TATTING		186
CHAPTER VII.		
FULHAM : MONACO : AND ELSEWHERE		198
CHAPTER VIII.		
SOMEWHAT LEGAL		216
CHAPTER IX.		
ST. DUNSTAN'S, BIRMINGHAM		227

	CHAPTER X.	PAGE
EVIDENCE		247
	CHAPTER XI.	
MY POWER		257
	CHAPTER XII.	
MY PLEASURE		266
	CHAPTER XIII.	
THE CLOSING OF 'PETERSHAM AND BLAKE.'		293
	CHAPTER XIV.	
FAREWELL		298

BOOK IX.

BEING A LETTER, WRITTEN ON OCTOBER THE —TH,
1861, AS A POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOREGOING EIGHT
BOOKS.—BY ANNETTE PETERSHAM.

	CHAPTER I.	
TO THE PUBLIC		302

OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.

BOOK VI.—*continued.*

PART THE SECOND OF A WOMAN'S STORY:—
BEING THE NARRATIVE OF OLIVE BLAKE'S
REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVELATION.

THREE hours before Lord Byfield welcomed me on the entrance-steps of Fulham Villa, he had been figuring in a crowded law-court as a witness in the atrocious cause of Pryce *v.* Lecompton. I need not recount the particulars of that abominable exhibition of perfidy and vice. If any woman is ignorant of it, let her ask her father, or brother, or husband to get the printed reports, and the answer that will meet her request will justify me for declining to give an abstract of the proceedings.

I have only to concern myself with Lord Byfield's part in those transactions; and of that part I will speak in the fewest possible words. It is

enough to say that under cross-examination on a point, that came up incidentally in that trial, his lordship was compelled to admit facts proving to demonstration that, while I was down in Hampshire nursing my dying child, he was in town, carrying on a vile intrigue with a friend's wife,—and further, that even at the time during which our babe lay dead in Burstead House, he was so amusing himself. The counsel rightly and boldly (but, oh so *cruelly* to me!) drew Lord Byfield's attention to the dates of two occurrences which he admitted, and asked if his recent private affliction, with which 'society' was familiar through the public papers, had not visited him at a period just between those two dates. In court Lord Byfield declared on his honour that though his infant son lay dead at the time mentioned, the counsel's inference was as wrong as it was odious, for he was unaware of the fatal termination of his child's illness, at the time of the last occurrence to which the learned counsel directed attention. It was not necessary for Lord Byfield to have made any reply to the barrister's question; but to save his reputation from one black stigma, he volunteered this statement. *And I, his wife, knew that the statement was utterly false!*

I said nothing to my aunt that evening. She

was not observant of trifling matters, and the unexpected departure of Lord Byfield from Fulham, immediately after my return, drew from her hardly one expression of astonishment. The intelligence of that day's scene in Westminster Hall was already an affair of gossip with the servants. Their faces told me that they were occupied with an unusual excitement, and I can readily believe that my countenance revealed to them that I had cause for uneasiness, beyond my physical debility and sorrow for my child. But my dear aunt Wilby detected nothing in them to arouse suspicion in her mind; and though she thought me more than usually nervous, she attributed my restlessness and eager irritability of manner to the fatigue I had suffered in my journey.

I dined at eight o'clock, with the intention of retiring to rest early.

As soon as my almost untasted dinner was at an end, Dr. Clarges was announced,—the kind man having at my request come from town to see how I had borne my journey. As a man of society and a physician, he had undergone a long training to command his countenance, but he failed to conceal from me that he too knew that which he desired to hide from me.

'Dr. Clarges,' I said, when he had felt my

pulse, and after making a few professional inquiries was about to leave me, 'what is it, that makes you, as well as my servants, look at me so strangely?'

'My dear Lady Byfield,' he answered, 'you are nervous. You should control yourself. You may not let your imagination overpower your judgment. Sometimes it is the duty of a physician to act the part of a moral teacher. It is my duty to do so now.'

He said this very kindly as well as gravely, but he did not impose upon me.

'Doctor,' I answered, gravely, 'I know as well as you can tell me the peril that my over-excited mind subjects me to. I know what that sorrowful and solemn voice of yours means. You fear for my reason,—and, doctor, you have good grounds for your terrible apprehensions. I have heard it said that the insane are familiar with the first symptoms of their malady, long before their dearest friends discern them. Experience tells me that such is the case. For nights past I have recognised the fearful fact that my reason is tottering; and, doctor, if something be not speedily done to stay the morbid influences that tyrannize over me it will be your sad office—to treat me as one who is mentally afflicted.'

I saw that these words had a powerful effect upon him. He paused in his movement towards the door, when I commenced ;—and, as I proceeded, he pierced me with a most peculiar scrutiny,—a gaze, so full of commiseration and sympathy, that it did not frighten me, although I knew it was taking note of every sign of my countenance, that could support my awful apprehensions for the stability of my mind.

‘Lady Byfield,’ he said, returning to his seat, ‘I won’t leave you quite yet. We must talk together a little longer.’

‘You know too well, doctor,’ I continued, ‘the fidelity of nervous susceptibilities to laugh at me as though I were a child. Beyond the agony I have undergone in Hampshire, in nursing my child, whom you vainly endeavoured to save by the prompt exercise of your benevolent art, I have been weighed down by a consciousness of the ill of my past life, and by an overwhelming sense of an urgent calamity—making a midnight gloom of the near future. A vague prevision of impending catastrophe has been one source of my unrest. *I am sure* that that dreaded calamity has fallen upon me. Why has Lord Byfield left me suddenly, on this night of all the nights of our life? Why do my servants eye me with

pity and curiosity? Why do *you* thus scrutinize me?'

'Lady Byfield,' said the doctor, 'if I were to tell you that circumstances have transpired which are likely to exercise an injurious influence on Lord Byfield's public position, and that he is greatly disturbed thereat,—how would you receive my intelligence?'

'As a relief—just as far as the information should be complete. Dear doctor, tell me *all* you know. You know my attachment to you for your kind attention years since to my father—and for your loving care to my child. You know that I would not trick you into doing that which would injure one of your patients—even though I be that patient. Tell me all;—and I shall sleep soundly. I shall need no opiate but the intelligence.'

Dr. Clarges was a wise, tender, and courageous man.

'All that I can tell you, Lady Byfield,' he said, 'is in the evening papers. One of them I have in my pocket, and I will let you have it on certain conditions. It is better that you should know now what you will be sure to learn to-morrow; for I am with you,—to watch the effect it has over you.'

'What are your conditions?'

'First, when I give the paper into your hand

and leave the room, you take sixty drops of your cordial tincture in a glass of cold water, having yourself measured the drops. Then you may read the report of a trial which you will have no difficulty in finding in the columns. That done (and here comes my second condition) you are to lock the paper up in one of the drawers of that table. Then (here is my third condition) you ring for your maid, and go straight to bed. What say you to these conditions?’

‘I promise to fulfil them.’

‘And now, Lady Byfield,’ the doctor said with increased gravity, rising as he spoke, ‘attend to me. Remember *what you owe to me*. If the contents of that paper should have any very prejudicial effect on your health, society will hold me accountable for it. I take a heavy—I am afraid I should say, an *immoral*—responsibility in showing you, thus unauthorized, this account of proceedings which must greatly disturb you. But I take the risk on myself, in the belief that I am acting mercifully to you. Now, then, bear in mind the interests of your father’s old friend.’

‘You will not leave the house, dear doctor,’ I said.

‘No. I will sit for an hour or so by the library fire. I’ll tell the butler to bring me a glass of that

Burgundy I used to drink here years ago, when I was a young man looking for patients, and your kind father gave me his friendship. And when I have had a cup of coffee after my wine, in all probability your maid will come and tell me that you wish to speak to me before going to sleep.'

'Thank you, my very dear friend,' I said.

'God bless you, dear,' he said, omitting my title. I noticed the omission, and was greatly affected by it.

'Oh, my dear friend,' I observed, 'you do right to speak so to me.'

These words pointed out to him the singularity of his last address,—a singularity which, till I spoke, he had not observed.

'My dear,' he answered with a smile, 'my white head renders an apology unnecessary.'

And with that the doctor left me.

Ere two hours had elapsed, I summoned the doctor to my bed-room, and on his entering I raised my head from my pillow to say,

'Dear Doctor Clarges, feel my pulse.'

He did so; and scarcely had my wrist rested in his hand, when I saw a smile of satisfaction in his humane face.

'That is well!' he said. 'You will need no opiate to-night.'

‘No, I shall not need it. Your medicine has cured me. My awful dreams will not return.’

‘And doctor,’ I continued, after half a minute’s silence, ‘you must be my friend and adviser again. You are my trustee. I shall begin again to call you guardian. The good white head will think for me. Will it not?’

‘Heaven protect you, Olive,’ replied my old friend.

‘Sleep in the house to-night, dear doctor,’ I added. ‘I am sure I shall go to tranquil rest; but should I wake up, I shall feel happier if I know you are under my roof.’

And then, when he had pressed my hand warmly, he left me for a second time.

I did not disturb Dr. Clarges in the night. A profound slumber came over me, and ere I woke, just as the grey dawn began to creep through the cedars in the garden, I had a vision of the ‘mad girl,’ unlike the visions of previous nights. Patient, gentle, beautiful as ever, but with a new tenderness of look for me, she stood at the foot of my bed saying, ‘Olive Blake, you will help me, and love me;’—and as I started in my bed and threw out my arms to embrace her, I woke, and found myself alone.

CHAPTER VII.

PARTED FOR EVER.

DURING the two next days, while all London and all the country were busy discussing the new *esclandre*, I heard nothing of Lord Byfield's movements. On the third day he wrote me a brief letter, soliciting me to give him an interview. Dr. Clarges was at Fulham when this note arrived, and I consulted with him ere I sent back to Lord Byfield by his messenger a note to the effect that I did not wish again to see him, that I was resolved never again to live with him as his wife, but that if he wished to give me the pain of bidding me 'farewell' in person, I would give him an interview during the afternoon of the next day in the presence of my old friend and guardian, Dr. Clarges. I thought this note would preclude him from appearing at Fulham. But I was mistaken. Ere the close of the next afternoon he came.

He did not know how completely his degrading influence over me had vanished. Subdued in

manner, pale, and with his dejection rendered more impressive by the mourning he wore for our child, he approached me respectfully, as a stranger might. I looked at him, as many months before I had regarded 'the mad girl;' and like her, he stopped at a distance from me.

He was the first to speak. He implored me to put a generous construction on the events which so justly incensed me. He even wanted me to believe that his grief, running into distraction,—his mad despair at witnessing the mysterious decay of our child,—had been one cause of his vile and unnatural wickedness. He tried to rekindle within my breast the dead embers of that fire of worldly ambition which he had lit. He even dared to remind me that we might reasonably hope for more children to perpetuate our wealth and miserable dignity. Every chord of my breast he touched, by pathetic allusion, or subtle flattery, or base suggestion of personal interest, but no tone or note could his skilful handling win from it.

At length he paused, and I said, coldly and firmly, as if I were passing sentence on him,

'You have come here, Lord Byfield, to serve your own selfish ends, careless how much your presence might pain me, so long as you won the stakes at a cruel game. But so completely severed

am I from you, that I do not even feel insulted by seeing you in this room. The anguish and the humiliation of this interview are yours, not mine. My note of yesterday communicated to you my resolution for the future, as far as our unfortunate marriage tie is concerned. You wished to hear me repeat my resolution by word of mouth, thinking that to see you would make me falter. You are mistaken. You have dared to suggest that a future still lies before us, in which we might play together your game of unhallowed ambition. You even dared to hint that we might yet have children to hand your disgraced name to posterity. Listen to my answer. This is your punishment. You shall never have a child to bear your basely won honours. I know not what power the law may give you to demand my return to your roof, nor what penalty I may undergo for refusing to obey such an order. But I am resolved never again to bear your title or your name. From this time, you will be a stranger to me. Dr. Clarges, my father's dear friend and my guardian, is here to protect me in your presence.'

Vulgar in his vices and crimes, Lord Byfield was vulgar in nothing else.

He was not a man to turn on the woman he had wronged with violence of language.

Bowing to Dr. Clarges, he said, 'Sir, I recognize the justice and dignity of all that has passed the lips of this lady, who has put herself under your protection. I have, sir, only to assure you that I will never by any act disturb the lady I have already so deeply wronged, or venture to exert any power with which I am invested for her discomfort.'

Having said this he quietly, and with a dignity of bearing which I could not do otherwise than respect, departed.

As the wheels of his carriage rolling down the drive reached my ear, I said, 'Now, Dr. Clarges, I am no longer Lady Byfield. Once more I am Olive Blake of Fulham Villa.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW PURPOSE.

My health of mind 'and body returned to me rapidly; for bereaved as I was of my child, I had now a new purpose in life,—a good work to accomplish; and I was soon busy devising measures for effecting that which the voice of my heart assured me it was in my power to achieve.

‘And now, Dr. Clarges,’ I said, when I had told my physician, and guardian, all the story of my wedded life, ‘you have heard the narrative of Olive Blake’s *sin* and *repentance*. You must now aid her in a work of *atonement*. I rely on you to assist me.’

‘What would you be doing, Olive?’

‘I must discover Etty Tree. “The mad girl” and her child must live under my protection. If she *be mad*, the more need has she of my care. If she *be wicked*, the more need has she of a Christian woman’s sympathy. But, doctor, the more I reflect upon the past, the more convinced I am she

is neither the one nor the other. *The man who has wronged me was capable of wronging her.* She said that he was her husband, and *I believe her!*

‘My dear young friend,’ said the doctor, seriously, ‘do you see all that that belief implies?’

‘I do, Dr. Clarges,’ I answered, a shudder running through me as I spoke, ‘I do see all it implies. And if my dear baby were alive I fear that I should be so wicked as still to wish to think the worst of this miserable Etty Tree.’

The doctor was silent.

‘The work of my life shall be to seek her out through the wide world. If she is steeped in wickedness, my tears shall win her to repentance. If she is sick in mind, I, who so recently almost knew the anguish of alienated reason, will cherish her. If she has been wronged, by God’s help I will do her justice.’

‘Olive Blake,’ said Dr. Clarges, ‘it is noble work you propose to yourself. I will help you to the best of my power.’

BOOK VII.

SUSPICION :—BEING PART THE FOURTH OF MISS
TABITHA TREE'S NOTE-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDSHIP, AND SOMETHING MORE.

JULIAN and I became friends again. Fully occupied as manager of an important bank, and as a civil engineer of extensive practice, he still found time to be a frequent caller in Marchioness Street. Truthful, earnest, and simple as ever, the world had changed him only in giving him greater experience, knowledge, and confidence. He was to me the Julian of years long since in the old 'corn-country.' Business was with him a noble pursuit, followed in accordance with high principles; and of the ample wealth it brought him a large portion was devoted to works of unseen benevolence. Only one feature of his life made me sad: he had not married. I speak the simple truth when I say that this fact filled me at first with lively

sorrow ; but ere long I was taught to look on this, as on every other circumstance which was a consequence of his own will, with thankfulness.

We became friends again, and more than friends.

Reverting to his life in America, and the effect which the melancholy intelligence of Etty's departure from Laughton had had upon him, he told me that which greatly surprised and affected me. In her last terrible communication to him Etty not only told him that she could not be his wife, but also informed him of a discovery she had made without my knowledge ; at least, *she said* her discovery was effected without my knowledge or suspicion. With a pathetic appeal to him to pardon her faithlessness and cruelty, she said that she should never have made him a good wife ; that she had never really loved him, further than having her childish imagination taught by me to magnify his fine qualities. And then, in mad impetuous terms, she told him the secret of my life, which I had been at such pains to conceal from her, and which I would have died rather than have revealed to him. 'Oh, Julian!' she concluded that terrible letter which I had seen her in the act of penning, 'what a curse my beauty has been to you and to her, as well as myself! If it

had not been for that, you would have loved her, and would be ere long a happy husband, and she would be saved from the gloom which only those women experience who love throughout life without return. I know well the past cannot be undone. In that is my chief agony.'

Julian did not tell me this till he had for several months been in the habit of calling on me in Marchioness Street. It was not till he had, with exquisite delicacy of consideration for my feelings, caused me to perceive that he hoped I might, in spite of the past, consent one day to be his wife. It was not till I had begged him not to cherish such a wish, that as a last resource of argument (brought forward to induce me to change my resolution of remaining single till the end of my life), he told me what had been familiar to him for years. 'Tibby,' he said, 'I know you love,—that you loved me, long ere I could appreciate your unselfish devotion, even if I had suspected it. Etty herself was my informant. Oh, let the words of the sister we have both loved so dearly prevail on you to alter your decision! Listen to her last words (penned after you had heard her voice for the last time);—they sanction our marriage. You cannot disregard them. They are to you her dying request. Obey them—in mercy to me, obey them!'

This was the story of his love for me. After years of toil had healed the wound inflicted by Etty's misbehaviour, and he was able again to look out cheerfully upon the future, he had resolved never to marry any one but me. He had several times gone down to 'the corn-country'—to Farnham Cobb, and Beachey, and Laughton—to seek intelligence of me ; but unable to gain a clue to my retreat, he had relinquished his search in a confidence that, if Providence thought it right for him to have sweet domestic joys, the care of a wife, and the endearments of children, he would one day be brought to me. 'Oh, Tibby,' he said, pitifully, 'you cannot be so cruel and ungenerous as to make the sorrow of years gone-by a reason for subjecting me to still more acute sorrow in the years to come.'

This appeal overcame me, and I said, 'Julian, I love you as I ever did, with all the strength of a heart that yearns for love. You know it. When my heart first became your servant you were poorer even than myself, and now you are rich and powerful I feel for you no otherwise. Whether I be your wife or not, I shall always love you more than my own life, more than—'

I tried to speak further, but I could not. My dear old grandfather, and the child Etty, with her

wayward mirth, came before my eyes, and the garden of the old College, and the gallant boy Julian, so strong, and generous, and tender-hearted, so bold of heart and light of tongue! they all came before me, and I could only sob out to the noblest man this mighty England of ours ever gave birth to, 'I'll be a good wife to you, Julian. If God will help me in my prosperity as he has comforted me in my sorrow,—I will be a good wife to you.'

So I consented to be Julian's wife; but we agreed not to marry till two full years had elapsed from the time when we met, after our long separation, before Etty's memorial at Highgate.

And my anticipations of the gladness before me in the coming days were without a cloud to darken my serene cheerfulness. It was no pain to me to think of my dear sister. Shame, anger, humiliation were gone—I had outlived them; and that strong confidence in the Divine love, of which I have already spoken, caused me to forget all the terrible features of her death, enabling me to think of her as one of those who are forgiven and are happy for ever.

Marchioness Street no longer seemed to me dingy and full of gloom. I had no longer to count the minutes on the clock, in the hope that some petty daily duty would come swiftly and win me from

brooding over my wretchedness. Dr. Merrion smiled his satisfaction with my altered looks, and the gentlemen of the Committee and the lady visitors of the hospital spoke amongst themselves of my changed appearance. The nurses told me, after my marriage, that I used to sing snatches of old songs in those days, not only to amuse the sick children, but as I went about the hospital by myself, up the staircases, and along the wide passages of 'The Doctor' and 'Grace Temple.' But I think that in this the kind-hearted women must have been amusing themselves with an exercise of the imagination. It is so very ridiculous and improbable a thing that the matron of a hospital should sing about the staircases !

But my lightness of heart by no means disinclined me to continue the discharge of those duties which had once been my comforters. I rose and worked just as heretofore, but during the two years intervening between my restoration to Julian and my marriage, I never read a single novel ; I was so happy that I did not need to be taken out of myself.

In place of my old moderate indulgence in novel-reading, I allowed myself the recreation of longer evening walks in the neighbourhood of Marchioness Street, in Gray's Inn Gardens, and Guildford

Street, and Russell Square. After dark, when the wind was blowing over the dry pavements, I used to trip and race along, thinking to myself of all that was going to happen. My step had altered very much; there was a spring in the sole of my foot, such as I had never in all my life experienced before; doubtless I had it in my childhood, but the rutted lanes of the corn-country were not such springy exercising-ground as the pavements round dear old Marchioness Street.

One bright starlight evening shortly before my marriage, I was out for a trot after a hard day's work, when I had a singular *rencontre* with a lady I had met before, which I may as well mention here. I had been for a turn in Gray's Inn Gardens. But somehow the gardens had lately become too grave and monotonous for me; I preferred the bright gas-jets over the hucksters' stalls in Red Lion Street and the brilliantly illuminated shops in Lamb's thoroughfare. So bidding my old friend the porter of the north gate farewell, I left the gardens, and darted about the pavements, as quick a little body as was to be seen in black habiliments that evening in the law neighbourhood. I am sure I couldn't recall my exact course, but I know I was passing along Guildford Street, when I had the sensation that I was followed by a tall lady, who, like me,

wore a veil, and for pedestrian achievements had certainly the advantage over me in respect of length of limb. I was positive that she was tracking me ; she had kept close upon my heels all round Russell Square, and now, as I walked past the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and looked back over my shoulder, the same slight figure was behind me.

I turned to the left in quiet Caroline Street, and, slackening pace, said to myself, ‘ Well, if she wishes to speak to me, she can catch me here.’

I was just entering Mecklenburgh Square, when, sure enough, the figure came close up to me and addressed me by name.

‘ Good evening, Miss Tree. I saw you crossing Russell Square, and I have followed you, half resolved to address you, and half fearing to offend you by intruding on the solitude of your evening ramble.’

‘ Oh, pray do not apologize,’ I answered ; ‘ what do you wish to say to me ?’

‘ Do you not remember me ?’

‘ No, indeed I do not. What is your name ?’

‘ Nay, I did not say you knew my name.’

‘ Well,’ I replied, laughing slightly, ‘ it is so dark here that I really cannot recognise your black veil.’

Her voice, however, told me that she was a lady,

and there was something in it which made me think I ought to know it.

‘You are going to be married, I hear,’ continued the lady.

‘How did you learn that?’ I said, starting, for I had kept my approaching marriage a profound secret, even from the Committee, and I knew that Julian had exercised the same reserve to his friends.

‘Never mind how I learnt it: you *are* going to be married shortly.’

I remained silent.

‘You have resigned your situation at the Hospital for Sick Children. To-morrow a new matron will arrive for you to introduce her to the duties of her office, before you yourself leave.’

‘Why do you tell me what I know so well, and what you might learn from any one of the hospital Committee?’

‘To show you that I am acquainted with your movements,’ was her answer, made with the greatest possible composure.

‘But these movements of mine, as you call them, are no mystery to any one acquainted with that institution, which is a public one. Possibly you subscribe to the charity yourself.’

‘I do. But I know more about your movements.’

‘Indeed!’ I replied, inquiringly, for my curiosity

was roused ; and eccentric as this strange lady's address was, her voice satisfied me that she was a lady, and that in conversing with her I was guilty of no imprudence that Julian would disapprove.

‘ You are going to live in that beautiful place, “ The Cedars,” on Highgate Hill. It will be a change to you after Marchioness Street. You'll be mistress of a noble residence. Why its last occupant was a peeress!’

‘ You *do* know something of my “ movements,” I said, with another start,—‘ and more than I care the public to know.’

‘ But I am not one of the public.’

‘ You are a friend of my future husband's ?’ I asked.

‘ Come, you are guilty, by your own admission,’ she rejoined with a laugh : and then she added, ‘ Yes, I am your future husband's friend. I wish him well ; but he knows no more of me than you do. You are a fortunate woman. You will be envied.’

‘ Why ?’

‘ Why ! is not Julian Gower known to be a rich man ?’

‘ I am prepared for that taunt from the world,’ I said, with heat. ‘ He is a very rich man. And if the world likes, it may say he bought me from the

Committee. For his sake, I would readily be called mercenary, or stigmatized by any other odious epithet.'

'No, Miss Tree, the world won't call you mercenary; it will content itself with saying that your husband is a fool. Yours will be a love match. But you should not be severe on women who make mercenary alliances. Men and women are very differently placed with regard to matrimony. To a man, marriage is only a field for the exercise of his affections; to a woman, it is both a field for the development of affection, and the only career open for her ambition. A man may advance himself in life—by business, speculation, labour of body, labour of brain. If he fail once, he may begin again, and yet win a prize in life; but when a woman is once married, she has lost all control over her career, as far as worldly prosperity is concerned. It is as much a woman's place to look out for her interests in marriage, as it is a man's place to strive for advancement in his profession. Indeed, to marry is a girl's profession—marriage is her vocation; and whether she succeed in life or not, depends altogether on the one selection she makes of a husband. You should then be charitable to girls who display a certain amount of worldly prudence in the one great act of business,

which is to decide their worldly position for them.'

She said all this with so much quiet earnestness, that I was impressed by it. It struck me that she was possibly touching on some past personal experiences, of which I had rudely reminded her.

'I would judge no one uncharitably,' I said.

'I am *sure you would not!*' she said kindly.

'You deserve to be happy, and I think you will be happy.'

She seemed to be considering within herself for a few moments, when she added, in a tone that caused me to remember her words long afterwards, 'You *will* be happy if you have children; but a childless wife no husband can really love. May you never learn the truth of my words! Mr. Gower is a man of high principle, and under any circumstances, he will show you much consideration and tenderness; but if you should not have children, you'll have reason to regret that you did not remain till old age the matron of the Marchioness Street hospital.'

As she said this, she changed the direction in which she was standing, and the street lamp under which she stood revealed to me the features of a face I remembered. She had drawn up her dark veil above her mouth; and looking under the folds

I saw the delicate, composed, thoughtful countenance of the lady I had spoken with, four years before, in Hyde Park.

‘ I have seen you, and spoken with you once before,’ I said.

‘ You have : in Hyde Park ;’ she answered, without any ruffle of her tranquillity.

‘ You know me and my history,’ I said. ‘ Let me know you too. I feel we ought to know each other.’

‘ I knew you,’ she answered, ‘ and your history, long before the day I took you fainting in my arms, and conveyed you in my carriage from Hyde Park to Marchioness Street. I had then watched you for many a day. Do not resent my care for you. Indeed there is no person of your sex, who, more sincerely than I do, wishes for your well-being. But you may not know me yet. Perhaps one day we may be friends ; but not yet. Good night.’

I saw tears in her eyes, as I looked up into them under the street lamp, and said ‘ Good night. I thank you for your good wishes. If we may not be friends in this world, let us look forward to meeting in another life.’

‘ God bless you, dear,’ she answered softly, ‘ I will pray that we may meet there.’

As she moved away, I did not feel it right to follow her.

In another minute she had turned into Guildford Street, and was out of my sight ; her quiet departure causing the streets to appear very still and tranquil. It was as though a lull had come over the night traffic.

It was but a step to Marchioness Street ; and when I stood upon the steps of Grace Temple, looking up and down the antique way,—the grim, deserted mansions had a more solemn aspect than they had worn for many a night.

‘ Poor lady !’ I said. ‘ And I am so happy !’

CHAPTER II.

A WEDDING WITHOUT ORANGE-BLOSSOMS.

I DID my utmost to keep the approach of my marriage a secret; not that I was ashamed of myself for intending to become a wife at so advanced an age as thirty-eight years, but because the circumstances of my history made me still unduly sensitive of the curiosity of my neighbours. So I told no one of the step I was about to take till a few days before the event, when I wrote to Mrs. Gurley, informing her of my determination,—and to Mrs. Monk of Clapton, asking her for her prayers for my happiness. Those epistles written, I next let Dr. Merrion into my confidence.

‘I am going to say good-bye to Marchioness Street next Wednesday, Dr. Merrion,’ I said.

Looking at me with a queering, curious expression in his kind face, the doctor answered, ‘I hope you won’t altogether desert us. You’ll come and see us occasionally—ay?’

‘There will never a week pass over without

my spending several hours here, unless I am ill,' I answered.

'Then you are not going far out of town?'

Whereupon I communicated to him the great intelligence.

'Aha!—aha! Miss Tree, this is an unexpected piece of news! Now then the secret is out! 'Tis no longer a marvel that you should walk about the hospital singing!' he answered, with unaffected merriment; and then, suddenly checking himself, he added with touching earnestness, 'My dear Miss Tree, from the depths of my heart I trust that you may be as happy as you deserve, and that God may reward you for your motherly care of the sick poor children of this institution by giving you babes of your own!'

'Dear—dear doctor,' I said, 'speak just as kindly to me, but don't speak so seriously to me, or you will make me cry, and that would trouble me, for I want to ask a favour of you.'

And so near was I to breaking down, as it was, that I had to put my hands over my eyes, and bite my lips quite hard, and count ten before I could go on.

'And what is the favour?' inquired the doctor.

'I am going to be married very quietly, doctor,' I answered. 'Julian will call here at nine o'clock

on Wednesday morning, and we shall breakfast in my sitting-room ; and after breakfast we shall walk up the street, just as if we were going for an airing and a shopping, but we shall at first go no further than the Square church, where we shall be married quite privately. On coming out of church we shall find Julian's carriage waiting at the door for us, and he will take me with him to "The Cedars" at Highgate, where we are going to live. Now, doctor, can you spare the time to come to the church at ten o'clock, and sign your name in the register as a witness of the ceremony ? I have written to Mrs. Monk of Clapton to ask her to attend also, and be the other witness ; but otherwise I shall invite no one to the church.'

'My dear Miss Tree,' replied the doctor, 'it will give me great pleasure to witness your marriage, and you may rely on my punctual attendance. If the greatest lady in Mayfair sends for me next Wednesday I won't attend to her summons till I have seen you married. But tell me—who is Julian ?'

'Mr. Gower,' I answered.

'What !' cried the doctor, with an exclamation of surprise. 'Mr. Julian Gower the civil engineer !'

'Why, yes,—who else should it be ?'

‘This *is* the romance of real life!’ cried the doctor emphatically.

And then I told Dr. Merriion all about Julian Gower:—how he and I had lived in our childhood like brother and sister in the happy ‘corn-country’; how I had loved him then, when he was quite unaware of my passionate devotion to him; how he had gone away to America, ignorant that my heart beat first for him, and only cared in a less degree for other persons; how after his departure for South America we lived separated for many long—long years; how during all the long years of my service in the hospital I had never laid my head on my pillow without praying heaven to protect him—wherever he might be, whatever he might be doing, and whatever suffering; how we finally met near the resting-place of a dear dead friend, and once more joined hand to hand; how he, grown rich, and powerful, and honoured, was the same simple, generous, and merciful man that he had ever been; and how he had learnt to love me, and was going to exalt me to be his wife! And when I had told the doctor all this, I did that which I was sure from the first he would make me do,—I began to cry. And I had to hurry from the doctor for fear of annoying himself and myself with ‘a scene.’

The night before my marriage was a very happy one, but full of solemn thoughts, grave reflections, tender and pathetic recollections. I spent the evening by myself, reading in that book which had been my comfortable light when I travelled in dark places, offering thanks to my heavenly Father for all his wonderful mercies vouchsafed to me, and earnestly begging him to still guard my up-rising and my down-lying with paternal care. When the wards were at rest, and none in the hospital (save myself and two or three very sick children, and the nurses on night duty) were awake, I walked, for the last time at that still point of the four-and-twenty hours, through the spacious halls, and ceiled and painted rooms, and dark passages of 'The Doctor' and 'Grace Temple.' The moon rained down her soft light through the ornamented windows, touching with a delicate pencil the outlines of the Graces and Venuses on the dimmed panes, and flinging dark shadows athwart the effulgence of the spacious galleries. Memories of children who had come to those wards in sickness and left them in health, and of others who had breathed their last prayers on the hospital beds, ere the merciful emissaries of Death took their souls to heaven,—faces chastened by suffering, flawed by vice, sharpened by sickness,—memories of such

strange, sad, fearful, weird, pathetic faces, rose before and around me!

But I went to bed very happy, and my sleep had many pleasant dreams!

In the morning I was up early, and dressed myself—not in mourning, but in a light muslin walking-dress, and a white muslin bonnet, trimmed with a few bright flowers and a spray of green. I would not be married in black,—nay, I could not. At nine o'clock Julian came; and after reading together in the Bible, and saying a short prayer on our knees together, we had coffee, and in much excitement recognised to ourselves that the time of our hope was drawing nigh.

When the clock struck ten, I had my arm in Julian's, and he led me down the broad staircase of 'Grace Temple' without any one seeming to observe us,—and across the spacious marble hall of 'Grace Temple,' also without encountering nurses, or servants, or spectators of any kind. When we were at the door my heart fluttered very fast, and I thought I must return to take another look at my darlings in the wards; but it was too late to do so, for Julian had opened the outer door of 'Grace Temple,' and in another moment we were in Marchioness Street, where the sun was shining brightly, making millions of

little diamonds of the last remains of the morning's haze.

The church to which we were bound was within sight of the door of 'Grace Temple.' It was the church that I had regularly attended during my ten years' residence in Marchioness Street, and stood in the dingy deserted square at the end of the street,—the square which I have already spoken of as being given up to forlorn third-rate lodging-houses and boarding-houses, even as Marchioness Street is given up to charitable objects. But though Julian and I had not to walk more than a hundred yards to the church, that distance was long enough for me—excited as I was—to observe a great alteration in the quietude of the quarter. Such an unusual number of people were stirring in Marchioness Street, all walking in the same direction—towards the church. I could not make it out. Then I began to be aware that glances were turned to me, and I discerned signs of emotion and pleasure in the faces that looked at me. And looking forwards, I saw quite a crowd of people round the church door.

'Why, Julian,' I said, 'there must be something going forward at the church. What can it be? There's quite a commotion.'

'I declare, Tibby,' answered Julian with a voice

of great agitation, 'I believe, in spite of all our precautions to keep our intention secret, the people have learnt our purpose, and are bent on doing us some honour.'

'Don't be so *absurd*, Julian,' I answered, quite sharply, for really for just half-a-second I thought he was joking, and I did not exactly like him to jest at so serious a crisis of our lives.

We had just time to exchange these words when we arrived at the church door, and found it quite blocked up. Fortunately, Dr. Merrion met us, and said, 'Here, come round to the vestry door, and you'll be admitted there. Mrs. Monk is there waiting for you. They have kept the vestry entrance all clear for you.'

'But, dear Dr. Merrion,' I asked, catching hold of the physician's arm, 'what is the matter? What are they doing? It can't be about us.'

'Keep yourself calm, my dear,' answered the doctor. 'There's quite a scene in the church.'

On entering the vestry, Mrs. Monk came forward and took me into her arms; and when I had kissed her, another lady—a stranger to me—came and offered me congratulations on my approaching happiness. She was Mrs. Merrion, the doctor's wife.

While I was exchanging a few sentences with

these ladies, Julian left me for half a minute, and looking through the glass of the inner door of the vestry surveyed the interior of the church, in which there was literally not a vacant place. Every pew and every bench was crowded, and the aisles were thronged with people pressing against each other.

Julian had at all times a very powerful voice. It could be very soft and gentle; but its ordinary tone was very full and sonorous, and when exerted to its utmost he could overpower the uproar of any multitude.

When he had surveyed the interior of the church through the glass-door, he turned round and exclaimed with a shout of thunder—‘Good heavens! the church is full of poor people. Every corner is crammed. They are all poor people—and they’re all her friends!’

He addressed these words to Dr. Merrion, quite unconscious of the stentorian voice with which he uttered them. Never shall I forget the magnificent exultation of those words, and of that triumphant smile which crossed my husband’s face as he uttered them.

‘Hush! my dear sir,’ said Dr. Merrion, ‘command yourself, or you will upset Miss Tree’s composure.’

After the lapse of a minute or two I stood in the church before the officiating clergyman. I was told afterwards that the ceremony all went off well, and that I acted my part to perfection. I was glad to hear that, the more so, as I myself heeded nothing of what went forward. I did not distinguish one of the clergyman's words;—whether he addressed us, or offered up the solemn prayers of the marriage service, it was all the same. I noticed nothing, remembered nothing. I could not think of Julian, or of my future, or of the solemn purpose which had brought me to the church. The one vision present to my mind, whether I stood or whether I knelt, was that of the dense, countless multitude of human faces that were turned to me as I passed through the vestry door and entered the church. My head and my heart were so full of that it was impossible for me to think of anything else. I only recovered my consciousness when I found myself again with Mrs. Monk, and Mrs. Merrión, and Julian, and the doctor, and the officiating clergyman, and I heard myself addressed on all sides as Mrs. Gower. I looked at my finger, and found a wedding-ring upon it. So that was all right. And then I looked at my husband, and he said, 'You behaved beautifully, Tibby.'

When we had all put our signatures in due form in the register, the question was debated how we could best effect our exit from the church.

‘You mayn’t,’ said Julian, decidedly, expressing an opinion in which I heartily concurred, ‘slip out by the vestry door. You must walk down the church and show yourself to the people. It would be ungracious not to do so.’

‘But where is your carriage, Mr. Gower?’ inquired the clergyman. ‘I question whether you’ll be able to get it through the crowd up to the chief entrance, if it is not there already.’

‘Tibby,’ said my husband, ‘wait here for an instant, and I’ll go into the square myself and see about that.’

So he left me for an instant, but did not return for several minutes. In the square he found the people bent on taking the horses out of the carriage, and dragging us in triumph to the hospital, whither they not unnaturally supposed we were about to return.

‘Don’t do that, my good friends,’ cried Julian, his powerful voice now doing him good service,—‘the lady wont like it. Indeed, she wont. Don’t interfere with my horses and servants.’

‘Are you the matron’s husband?’ cried a score of different voices at the same time.

‘Yes, my friends, I am,’ answered Julian. ‘I see you don’t like me the worse for that.’

A deafening cheer was the response accorded to this address.

‘Now, my friends, listen to me. I am much affected by this demonstration of your regard for my wife. That I am. Just hear what she wishes to do. She wishes to leave the vestry and walk down the middle of the church (so as to show herself to her friends there), and to leave by the great door. If you’ll let my carriage come up to the door, she’ll be able to see you all, as we drive through you.’

There was more cheering at this address, but still the crowd did not seem to relish the notion of being forbidden to pay me the compliment they intended.

‘Order ’em, your honour!’ cried an honest workman, who stood near my husband. ‘Order ’em! They’ll like to be ordered by you. They’ll regularly *enjoy it*, your honour! Order ’em.’

But Julian had no need to act on this suggestion; for the members of the dense crowd, of their own accord, and very good-naturedly, gave way, cheering as a London crowd likes to cheer, and my husband’s carriage speedily drew up against the door.

When we had all put our signatures in due form in the register, the question was debated how we could best effect our exit from the church.

‘You mayn’t,’ said Julian, decidedly, expressing an opinion in which I heartily concurred, ‘slip out by the vestry door. You must walk down the church and show yourself to the people. It would be ungracious not to do so.’

‘But where is your carriage, Mr. Gower?’ inquired the clergyman. ‘I question whether you’ll be able to get it through the crowd up to the chief entrance, if it is not there already.’

‘Tibby,’ said my husband, ‘wait here for an instant, and I’ll go into the square myself and see about that.’

So he left me for an instant, but did not return for several minutes. In the square he found the people bent on taking the horses out of the carriage, and dragging us in triumph to the hospital, whither they not unnaturally supposed we were about to return.

‘Don’t do that, my good friends,’ cried Julian, his powerful voice now doing him good service,—‘the lady wont like it. Indeed, she wont. Don’t interfere with my horses and servants.’

‘Are you the matron’s husband?’ cried a score of different voices at the same time.

‘Yes, my friends, I am,’ answered Julian. ‘I see you don’t like me the worse for that.’

A deafening cheer was the response accorded to this address.

‘Now, my friends, listen to me. I am much affected by this demonstration of your regard for my wife. That I am. Just hear what she wishes to do. She wishes to leave the vestry and walk down the middle of the church (so as to show herself to her friends there), and to leave by the great door. If you’ll let my carriage come up to the door, she’ll be able to see you all, as we drive through you.’

There was more cheering at this address, but still the crowd did not seem to relish the notion of being forbidden to pay me the compliment they intended.

‘Order ’em, your honour!’ cried an honest workman, who stood near my husband. ‘Order ’em! They’ll like to be ordered by you. They’ll regularly *enjoy it*, your honour! Order ’em.’

But Julian had no need to act on this suggestion; for the members of the dense crowd, of their own accord, and very good-naturedly, gave way, cheering as a London crowd likes to cheer, and my husband’s carriage speedily drew up against the door.

When we had all put our signatures in due form in the register, the question was debated how we could best effect our exit from the church.

'You mayn't,' said Julian, decidedly, expressing an opinion in which I heartily concurred, 'slip out by the vestry door. You must walk down the church and show yourself to the people. It would be ungracious not to do so.'

'But where is your carriage, Mr. Gower?' inquired the clergyman. 'I question whether you'll be able to get it through the crowd up to the chief entrance, if it is not there already.'

'Tibby,' said my husband, 'wait here for an instant, and I'll go into the square myself and see about that.'

So he left me for an instant, but did not return for several minutes. In the square he found the people bent on taking the horses out of the carriage, and dragging us in triumph to the hospital, whither they not unnaturally supposed we were about to return.

'Don't do that, my good friends,' cried Julian, his powerful voice now doing him good service,— 'the lady wont like it. Indeed, she wont. Don't interfere with my horses and servants.'

'Are you the matron's husband?' cried a score of different voices at the same time.

‘Yes, my friends, I am,’ answered Julian. ‘I see you don’t like me the worse for that.’

A deafening cheer was the response accorded to this address.

‘Now, my friends, listen to me. I am much affected by this demonstration of your regard for my wife. That I am. Just hear what she wishes to do. She wishes to leave the vestry and walk down the middle of the church (so as to show herself to her friends there), and to leave by the great door. If you’ll let my carriage come up to the door, she’ll be able to see you all, as we drive through you.’

There was more cheering at this address, but still the crowd did not seem to relish the notion of being forbidden to pay me the compliment they intended.

‘Order ’em, your honour!’ cried an honest workman, who stood near my husband. ‘Order ’em! They’ll like to be ordered by you. They’ll regularly *enjoy it*, your honour! Order ’em.’

But Julian had no need to act on this suggestion; for the members of the dense crowd, of their own accord, and very good-naturedly, gave way, cheering as a London crowd likes to cheer, and my husband’s carriage speedily drew up against the door.

When we had all put our signatures in due form in the register, the question was debated how we could best effect our exit from the church.

'You mayn't,' said Julian, decidedly, expressing an opinion in which I heartily concurred, 'slip out by the vestry door. You must walk down the church and show yourself to the people. It would be ungracious not to do so.'

'But where is your carriage, Mr. Gower?' inquired the clergyman. 'I question whether you'll be able to get it through the crowd up to the chief entrance, if it is not there already.'

'Tibby,' said my husband, 'wait here for an instant, and I'll go into the square myself and see about that.'

So he left me for an instant, but did not return for several minutes. In the square he found the people bent on taking the horses out of the carriage, and dragging us in triumph to the hospital, whither they not unnaturally supposed we were about to return.

'Don't do that, my good friends,' cried Julian, his powerful voice now doing him good service,— 'the lady wont like it. Indeed, she wont. Don't interfere with my horses and servants.'

'Are you the matron's husband?' cried a score of different voices at the same time.

‘Yes, my friends, I am,’ answered Julian. ‘I see you don’t like me the worse for that.’

A deafening cheer was the response accorded to this address.

‘Now, my friends, listen to me. I am much affected by this demonstration of your regard for my wife. That I am. Just hear what she wishes to do. She wishes to leave the vestry and walk down the middle of the church (so as to show herself to her friends there), and to leave by the great door. If you’ll let my carriage come up to the door, she’ll be able to see you all, as we drive through you.’

There was more cheering at this address, but still the crowd did not seem to relish the notion of being forbidden to pay me the compliment they intended.

‘Order ’em, your honour!’ cried an honest workman, who stood near my husband. ‘Order ’em! They’ll like to be ordered by you. They’ll regularly *enjoy it*, your honour! Order ’em.’

But Julian had no need to act on this suggestion; for the members of the dense crowd, of their own accord, and very good-naturedly, gave way, cheering as a London crowd likes to cheer, and my husband’s carriage speedily drew up against the door.

It took me nearly an hour to get through the church, for the women pressed upon me from all sides to wish me 'God speed.' Then they began to shake hands with me, and of course I was only too glad to respond to such a form of greeting. Many of them were the mothers and sisters of children who had been in the hospital; and as many of them as could get near enough to me to do so spoke a few words into my ear. But who, to my most extreme surprise on that morning of surprises, should stop me in the middle of the aisle but Mrs. Gurley, who had now made a second journey up to town from Laughton to rejoice with me in my joy,—even as she had previously travelled up from the corn-country to show her sympathy with my sorrow. 'You see, dear,' she said, kissing me, 'I did not care to trouble you with a note to say what I intended doing, for fear you might forbid me. Ah, dear creature, I shall write such a letter to Gurley about it this very day! And, as I am going to make quite a long stay in Oxford Street this time, I shall be able to come and see you in your own home before I leave London, and go back to Laughton.'

At last I reached the door, where my husband's carriage was waiting for us.

'Throw it open—throw it open,' cried my dear

husband to the servants; 'let the people see your mistress.'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'let me see them.'

While the servants were carrying out this direction, we stood in the vestibule of the church, surrounded by strangers, but still not yet manifest to the crowd outside. 'Madam,' said a gruff voice to me, 'last night as the wind was toppling the silver clouds about the moon, and I smoked my pipe at the gate, I talked it all over to the 'little-un,' and he's right pleased, as am I. I hope, madam, we shan't lose you quite.'

'No—no,' I said. 'I shall have many a walk yet in Gray's Inn Gardens.'

The carriage was ready for us, and my husband, giving me his arm, led me over the threshold of the church entrance. What a burst of cheers! what reiterated bursts of cheering shook the windows of the old deserted mansions, as I took my seat by Julian—and we slowly made our way through the dense masses of our friends, down Marchioness Street, and round into Guildford Street, by which route we entered Russell Square, and then turned off towards Highgate. Brave, honest, affectionate crowd! They did not commend *me* only! The romance of their rugged natures was stirred by the spectacle of 'a great rich gentle-

man,' taking away as his wife 'their hospital matron,'—one inured to humble toil like themselves!

'Julian,' I said, 'as their concluding hurrahs followed us, 'I have done nothing save the faithful discharge of duties I was paid to perform. And see how they love us!'

'My dear Tibby,' he answered, 'it is the *lesson of the Rose*. It is the benediction after the sermon.'

CHAPTER III.

THE EMPTY QUIVER.

OCTOBER has come again. It is the second October since my marriage.

Two years are long enough to enable me to say whether the actual felicity of married life has equalled my anticipations. A shrewd country dame I used to be familiar with in my childhood, always declined to give an opinion of new settlers in her neighbourhood until (to use her own language) she 'had summered them and wintered them.' My wedded experiences have twice passed through the process of 'summering and wintering.' What is the result? Is it well or ill for woman to live alone?

The luxuries and refinements that wealth can command are mine of course. My gardens and conservatories elicit the admiration of my neighbours, and bring distinguished visitors to 'The Cedars.' I have again returned to music and water-colour painting, under the guidance of able

artists—such as in my childhood and girlhood I never hoped to number amongst my personal acquaintance. For literature, I have in my library whatever I wish to order. My husband is very popular in society, and he attracts to his house all the principal personages of London circles who are distinguished by any gift, or achievement, that men deem honourable. My tastes lead me to persevere in seclusion, but my husband's guests are pleased to visit him—and appear to have a cordial liking for his wife. My mind has also been enlarged by foreign travel—for I have been to Paris and Berlin. Wherever my husband goes in Great Britain it is, moreover, my wont to accompany him. Besides all these sources of enjoyment, I have the exquisite pleasure of being my husband's almoner; and to distribute the large sum that Julian Gower devotes to benevolent uses, is to scatter bountifully amongst the indigent the means of obtaining physical comfort.

What more shall I add to this enumeration of my blessings?

My dear husband's worldly prosperity and dignity increase. He is wealthier and more honoured than when he married me. An important constituency in the north of England has made him their representative in the House of Commons; and

new as he is to the House, he is already regarded as a man of mark,—ready to speak, powerful to convince, and lofty in his aims. To me he is all I knew he would be. His will is so completely mine, or my will so completely his, that I seem to govern our domestic concerns according to my own humour. Really I sometimes feel as if a little opposition, or manifestation of control, on the part of Julian would be for my benefit, and save me from a tendency to imperiousness of manner. We are still young lovers, thinking and fearing and hoping for each other, as poets represent their young men and maidens.

I have no lack of occupation. The Hospital for Sick Children has much of my time and attention. My name is on the list of lady visitors now ; and always once, and often three or four times a week, I am to be seen in Marchioness Street. Julian has given me a cottage at Highgate within a quarter of a mile of our garden-gate, which I have converted into an establishment for the convalescent children ; so that they can breathe the invigorating air of my beloved Highgate Hill, before returning to their humble homes.

Surely I have nothing to desire ?

I often *say* I desire nothing more, and try to persuade myself that my heart agrees with my

lips. I argue that children are an uncertain good, —growing to shame and sorrow, as often as to joy and gladness. When young girls of my neighbours marry, and leave their homes, for new interests and engrossing cares, I whisper, 'Ah, I am preserved from the anguish of such desertion! How could I bear to lose my children, when I had guided them through the dangers of early life, and reared them to the charms of womanhood.' Last week a lady of my acquaintance received intelligence of her son's death, shot in an Indian battle. 'Poor woman!' I said, 'she knows a sorrow that will never touch me.' If the question concerned only myself, I do not think it would trouble me much. It would be only now and then that my heart would see the hollowness of its own falsehoods. But with Julian by my side, how can I ever pretend to believe that which I am continually saying to myself?

I remember how in the garden of Lymm Hall (when he was only a boy) he declared his longing to be 'a master,' so that he might have 'wife and children.' He has a wife now,—but he has no children. How hard to him, that his strong instinctive yearnings for offspring—(strong in all men, strongest in those who are noblest)—should be disappointed! Of course he conceals his sorrow—at least as far as

fortitude and generous love can enable him do so. He is no whit less tender to me than he was. At times he displays such an excess of delicate thought for me, that a discomfiting suspicion crosses my mind, and I ask myself, 'Does he feel it necessary to be on the alert to hide his uneasiness from my observation?' As I said before, he is a lover rather than a husband. But he does not deceive me. I see too clearly. By one way only could he blind me; but he does not see it. If he were only to say to me now and then, that he hoped ere long to be a father, I should be put into a slight transient ease. He used to say so once; he never says so now.

'Lo,' says the Psalmist, 'children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.'

'Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children.'

'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.'

The time was, when I thought these words very beautiful. They are now very cruel to me,—sharp-pointed 'like as the arrows in the hand of the giant!' In the stillness and in the crowd they often recur to me. I know so well that *he* would

be happier with children! 'Julian, Julian!' I murmur to myself, as he sits in his arm-chair, *without* a child on his knee, 'is it indeed a reproach to you amongst your enemies, that our home, so rich in the devices of art, wants that music which no wealth can buy?' And then I retire to a solitude where I may undisturbed pray to be endowed with the 'heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.'

I think I should be less unhappy if I could take hold of Julian's hand, and ask him to forgive me. But I dare not even let him know that I ponder such a grief. I school myself to bear this cross, but it is the heaviest, and rudest, and hardest that has ever been laid upon my shoulders. It wears my spirits terribly, and wears them all the more, because I may not own to Julian that I am so worn. For several days past he has been urging me to make a trip to Brighton, to restore the lost colour to my pale cheeks; and he speaks of my evident weariness and dejection as signs of an indisposition consequent on the situation of our house. To-morrow he will perhaps account for my ailing health in some other way; but whatever he says, or leaves unsaid, he will endeavour to hide from me the sorrow which I know lives within him.

CHAPTER IV.

MYSTERIOUS PERSECUTION.

I HAD been for months very languid and depressed, utterly beaten in my spirits with continually thinking about my childlessness, and the deep mortification it must necessarily be to Julian. Since the October mentioned in my last chapter, more than six months had elapsed; and now in the freshness of early spring I was sitting at the window of our library (which we used as a breakfast-room at 'The Cedars'), and looking out upon the smooth green of the lawn, the shrubs displaying their first buds, the grey haze still hanging on the decline of the hill and defying the splendid sun, and the nearest outskirts of London in the distance. I was meditating on that which barred me from participation in the ordinary joy of creation. Every object in nature was displaying fresh signs of innate force—either clothing itself with the rich treasures hoarded during the coldness of winter in the secret places of its internal structure, or otherwise engaged

on the mysterious task of reproducing life,—life that in due course should be independent of its parent source, and in turn be life-producing. Such was nature's occupation ; but I was cut off from it. I was precluded from participating in the universal and harmonious operations of nature. With all my gifts of fortune, I lacked the one endowment that human creatures rightly prize beyond all others. An alien in the life, where crooked destiny had fixed me, I could neither give expression to the longings of my own breast, nor be other than a dark thread in the fair and delicate web of Julian's existence.

Julian had to visit the city that morning, before going down to a committee of the House of Commons ; and he broke in upon my sad meditations with the announcement of his intended movements.

‘Tibby, my favourite horse is lame,’ he said, and ‘I do not care to-day to ride any other. Drive me about town in your phaeton this morning. Take me down to the Bank. I shan't be there more than half-an-hour ; and when I have transacted my business in Princes Street, you shall take me on to Westminster. I'll get back here to dinner in a cab ; and then go down again to the House late, for the debate.’

‘How soon shall we start?’

‘In half an hour.’

‘Very well, Julian. The plan will suit me admirably. After I have left you at Westminster, I will drive to Marchioness Street.’

‘Ay,’ replied Julian cheerfully, ‘and if you see Dr. Merrion, ask him why he does not come here more frequently, and prescribe for a certain lady who is getting as thin as a wafer and as white as alabaster.’

‘No, no,’ (rather pettishly,) ‘I shan’t trouble the doctor with any useless complaints about my health.’

‘What are you looking at there, so sadly?’ my husband next inquired, following the course taken by my eyes across the lawn.

‘Look at our father of the trees,’ I said, pointing to a plantation at the corner of the garden, ‘it is sapless and dead; the cold winter has killed it. I’ll order Crofts to cut it down.’

‘Why—cut it down, my dear?’

‘It is a culprit, and disobeys the laws of nature. Moreover it is mournful and unsightly—Let it be removed, Julian.’

As I said this, Julian took my right hand in his right hand, and looking down at me covered my trembling self with the light of his eyes. He read

my heart—and all its bitterness; exactly, utterly, and with deepest commiseration. I knew he read it,—as well as years before, I knew that my dear grandfather detected my love for my sister's betrothed, although no words had passed between us on the subject,—as well as I knew that Etty had seized and wrung my secret from me, though I used every art of self-delusion, to persuade myself that she was ignorant of it.

'Go, darling,' said Julian, with grave and exquisite tenderness, 'go, and get ready for our drive: I will order the carriage. And, Tibby, we will keep our old father of the trees where he is. I only admired him when he was like all the others round him. But now that he is withered and dead, I love him, as if he were a living creature.'

I took my husband into the City and to Westminster; after which I went to Marchioness Street, returning home to 'The Cedars' by about three o'clock in the afternoon. But my drive had not dissipated my gloom. How should it? I tried to read, but the work in hand could not command my attention. I tried to make progress with a painting I had in hand, but the colours would not mix. I sat down at the piano, but every minute I struck a wrong note. At five o'clock, a message

came from my husband saying that he could not return to dinner, and that I must console myself without his company till a late hour at night.

‘John,’ I said to the servant who waited at the door, to hear if I had any answer to return to my husband by his messenger, ‘tell cook not to trouble herself about getting any dinner for me. I shall not dine at home, but will take tea at “The Cottage.”’

‘The Cottage’ was the dwelling which Julian maintained for the reception of the convalescents from the Marchioness Street Hospital. To gratify me, he had ornamented it with carved wood pointings to the gables, and with trellis-work, just as ‘The Cottage’ at Laughton was ornamented; and in the same way he had laid out the garden round it in imitation of the miniature ‘grounds’ that girt the pretty building in which I and my dear sister had years ago established our school. Our regular number of convalescents in the hospital was twelve, the servants engaged for their comfort being two—a cook, and another respectable woman who acted as nurse and nursery governess to them, teaching them to read and sew, taking them out for walks, and superintending their games. ‘The Cottage’ was Julian’s gift to me on the first anniversary of our wedding-day; so that at the time of which I am now speaking, I had had it nearly a year and seven

months. I think, of all my sources of pleasure it was the one from which I derived most enjoyment; and often I spent an entire day at it, when Julian was absent from home.

It set me almost right again at the close of that spring day, which was so sad a one. They were all very nice children in 'The Cottage' just then; and they so pleased me that evening when I took tea with them, that a thought which during the past year I had often taken up, and often laid aside as romantic and impracticable, renewed its power over my imagination. There was a beautiful child of the party—a sturdy, manly, blue-eyed, curly-pated boy, just seven years old. He had no mother living, and his father was a bad selfish man, not caring enough for him ever to come to the hospital and see him during his sickness. The illness for which the child was admitted to the hospital was merely a common childish malady; and Dr. Merriam pronounced the boy to have a sound and vigorous constitution, as well as all the physical signs of active intelligence. Why should not Julian adopt him, or some such child? He would not be *our own*; we could never care for him altogether as *our own*; but still we might love him dearly, give him our name, and make him in the coming generations a memorial of our strong

mutual affection. This plan of mine may be cause of smiles to such as do not sympathize with sorrows unlike their own. And it *does* make one smile sadly to see what tricks human love has recourse to, in order that it may avoid the blank dreariness of its own disappointments.

Comforted and serene in mind, I was returning from 'The Cottage' to 'The Cedars.' It was only a few steps from the one dwelling to the other; so although it was dark, I took no servant to protect me for that short distance, but turned by myself from 'The Cottage' garden into Highgate Lane. I had often and often done so before, and had made the transit from 'The Cottage' to my own grounds, without being accosted by, or even meeting, any one.

On the present occasion, however, I had not advanced twenty paces, when I was addressed by my own name, the sound of which in the quiet of the lane startled me, and made my heart beat fast.

'Why,' said I, putting my hands upon the palings that ran alongside the foot-path, 'how came you here?'

'You remember me, then?'

'Oh, yes; I remember you.'

It was that strange, mysterious lady who had

twice before spoken to me, once in Hyde Park, and once in Mecklenburgh Square.

‘Well,’ she asked in the same composed voice, of gentle womanly sympathy, tintured at times with a tone and accent of mockery and bitterness, ‘are you as happy now that you are Mrs. Julian Gower of “The Cedars,” as you were when you were only matron of the Sick Children’s Hospital?

—Are you as happy?’

‘I am very happy.’

‘Nay, that is to avoid my question. Are you as happy as you were three years since.’

‘Why do you so cross-examine me? Let me pass on. Indeed you do not show consideration for my feelings.’

‘Poor woman!’ she said, with touching commiseration. ‘You are indeed to be pitied. Raised to wealth, and social position, married to a man you love with your whole soul, surrounded with the means of doing that good which every reasonable person finds pleasure in effecting, you are still steeped in misery, and you would now rather have remained what three years since you were,—a servant in a charitable institution.’

‘You speak as if you knew me thoroughly.’

‘I do know you thoroughly. When your husband is asleep you lie awake, and spend the

hours of darkness in silent tears, which you dare not show him. In the morning he sees your pale face, and feigns ignorance of its cause. You are well aware that he only *feigns* ignorance. It's an affectation that is forced upon him, but it deceives neither him nor you ; and what is more, *he knows that it does not impose upon you.* Were it not for the sin, I'd rather be an outcast in the street, than put my lips to the cup from which you have to drink night and day, day and night.'

'Would you,' I asked, 'goad me to rebel against the will of Providence? God gives each of his creatures a sorrow. Happiest are they who know how to extract most profit from so stern a discipline!'

'It is a stern discipline.'

'Ay, but it is a merciful one also.'

'You have found out its mercy?'

'I shall, one day.'

'I sincerely hope you will! Do you remember what I said to you a few nights before your luckless marriage?'

'I do,' I said sharply.

'I told you,' she continued, speaking very slowly, and throwing the venom of bitterness into each of her words, 'then, what experience teaches you now. I said, "You will be happy *if* you have

children. But a childless wife no husband can really love. May you never learn the truth of my words! Mr. Gower is a man of high principle, and under any circumstances he will show you much consideration and tenderness; but if you should not have children, you'll have reason to regret that you did not remain the matron of the Marchioness Street Hospital."'

'Wicked, cruel woman,' I said, hoarsely, 'you struck that arrow into my heart then; and you come to-night to turn round its barbed fangs. What have I done to rouse your hate that you thus come to exult over my wretchedness? Is not woman's nameless grief sacred to you?'

'Then you *are* wretched?' she observed, with composure, taking up my admission.

'Leave me,' I said. 'You have no right to speak to me thus. Oh, that we were men!'

'But we are not, we are only two weak women, privileged to cut ourselves into pieces with our tongues! Come, Mrs. Gower, have my words proved true, or have they not?'

'They have not proved true,' I answered indignantly. 'Never was wife loved,—as I am loved by Julian Gower.'

'He treats you with tenderness. I *told* you he would treat you with tenderness; but his increasing

gentleness and consideration are only employed by him to hide from you the growing coldness of his affection for you. They are but artifices to spare you the pain of seeing that his love for you is on the wane. *You know that.* Why even now he is casting about to find out some one to love better than yourself!

She paused, and I spake next; but not until I had checked my passion, by counting the seconds of a minute. Then I said, 'That is a foul false calumny, and none but a very wicked woman could have uttered it.'

'Ah!' she laughed, quite unmoved by my scornful anger. 'You disbelieve me. I gave you a prophecy before your marriage; it has proved true, but you notwithstanding refuse to believe in me. You want a sign;—come, I will give you one. On your next birth-day, Mr. Gower will bring home with him a boy, just about thirteen years old, and say to you, "Tibby, love this boy for his sake and my sake. God has given us no children. Let us then make this dear little lad our son." When this shall happen, you will remember my words of to-night, and say, "It is a sign that what *she* says will prove true." Mrs. Gower, you'll welcome that child more with your lips than your heart! At first you'll generously award him your protec-

tion ; but when you see how your husband loves him better than yourself, you'll have little charity to him. Now I leave you for the present ; but you have not seen the last of me. When the boy, of whom I tell you, has become one of your family, I'll come and ask you whether the sign has come, and whether my words have proved true. Something more too, before we part. You have called me a calumnious and a wicked woman. Your past experiences, Mrs. Gower, should have taught you charity. Not many days shall pass over your head, before you say, "That woman's motives of action are unknown to me, and the course of life she has taken is mysterious ; but I cannot believe that she is altogether wicked."

She did not say this angrily or vindictively, not even sternly. While I trembled with anger at the insult I had received, she was perfectly cool, and collected, and composed under the reproaches I had given her.

She left me close beside my garden ; for during our interchange of words we more than once progressed several paces, I wishing to bring our painful interview to a close, and she bent upon not letting me escape till she had effected the impression she desired to effect upon my mind.

When I was safe within the enclosure of 'The



Cedars' garden, I felt I could not rest in-doors. That which I had heard, and the woman from whom I had heard it, had so excited me, that I felt a necessity for continued bodily motion. Up and down the gravel drive I therefore paced, recalling all the circumstances, and all the events of my previous life in connection with this woman, whose mysterious purpose it clearly was to track me into every retreat, and watch not only my outward conduct, but all the secret workings of my inmost heart. Who was she? When did she first begin her supervision over me? What was the motive of her curious persecution? She knew at least many of the facts of my early history. It was from her lips that I had first learnt much of what was most terrible in my poor sister's story. She spoke of Julian Gower, as though she maintained a similar observance over him. And now, not confining herself to the past, she was telling me what was to occur to me in the future. Who was this child, that my husband would soon bring home and adopt? It was clear that she wished to imply something more than that the child would supplant me in the affections of my husband.

The first resolve I made in the course of my meditations was to tell Julian, immediately he returned from London, all that had happened to me in his

absence. He was already acquainted with the circumstances of my previous intercourse with my mysterious persecutor, and I would tell how she had renewed her impertinent and unfeeling action towards me. But then, I reflected that I could not impart to him all the woman had said, without touching upon that sad subject on which I could not speak to him, though I and he might both think of it unceasingly.

So here was a second subject in my married life, on which my lips were sealed to Julian; and I began to fear that as the days passed over us, other topics would arise on which we could not hold free interchange of thought, and that so ere long, like many married couples, we should lead separate lives.

This was the most torturing thought of all!

CHAPTER V.

A VISITOR IN MARCHIONESS STREET.

DURING the weeks intervening between the events narrated in the last chapter and the next anniversary of my birthday, I did not pass a day without thinking frequently of the lady's words. I waited impatiently to see if those words should be fulfilled. My husband of course saw that I was occupied with an engrossing topic, but he neither rallied me on my absence of mind, nor made any comment on the irritability that I more than once evinced to the servants, and those around me. Far from being pleased with his placidity and forbearance, I construed them as indications that he either read so plainly the cause of my discomposure he could not find it in his heart to reproach me, or that he was too much engaged with a private scheme of his own to care about my fretfulness.

No words could have been devised with greater subtlety to rout the happy feeling existing between me and Julian, than those in which my persecutor

(as I was pleased to term her) had given form and precision to my own vague suspicion, that his gentle demeanour was but the cloak of the chagrin and mortification which consumed him secretly. I caught myself watching him closely, and in doing so I learnt to discern that I in my turn was scrutinized not less assiduously by his truthful eyes. And thus the form and genuine spirit of suspicion rose up between us. My life had taught me self-control. I therefore never in his presence was betrayed into any violent expression of emotion. I never shed a tear that he saw; and if I smiled less frequently, when he was with me, I still did my best to make him cheerful in his home. But that best effort was altogether ineffectual.

I learnt to be thankful that his commercial and political engagements took him away from 'The Cedars' for the greater part of his evenings, as well as his days. Yes, it had come to that! My persecutor had spoken truly; for I was steeped in misery, and would gladly have surrendered my proud position as the wife of Julian, and resumed my life where I had left it some two years and eight months before, so that he might be more happily married. It may not be supposed that my loyal love to him wavered, or became less ardent. Far from it! Though the seeds of a terrible dis-



trust of his love for me had been planted in my breast, and were there germinating, I loved him more than ever. In the depths of my consciousness, beneath the fret and trouble above, there abode a steady conviction that he was unalterably good.

As Julian, while the mists of suspicion were growing thicker and darker between us, steadily continued to discharge the duties which each day brought him, so did I persevere in attending to all the graver engagements, amongst which my time was distributed. I was more regular than ever I had been since my marriage in visiting my poor dependents in Highgate, and making arrangements for the greater efficiency of 'The Cottage' and the Marchioness Street hospital.

An event occurred, at that time, in the hospital which even added to my perplexity at former occurrences. I was in the committee-room of the hospital with Mrs. Monk and one or two other ladies interested in the institution, when the matron who had succeeded me entered, and informed us that Miss Grace Temple was then in the part of the hospital which bore her name, and was talking to the sick children in the wards. The announcement justified the expressions of surprise with which we received it. Miss Grace Temple had always been

to us a most mysterious personage. Through her solicitor we had received the 1,000*l.* which enabled us to take the larger of our two houses, and since that time her solicitor had transmitted us annually the munificent subscription of 450*l.* She was therefore by far the principal benefactress of the charity. Yet no one connected with the institution had ever been able to learn anything of her. Her name appeared in no Directory. And beyond having sent the poor child, entered in the register as Alfred Jourdain, to the hospital for treatment, it did not appear that she had ever made any demand on the powers of the institution, to the support of which she so liberally contributed. It was not known that she had ever before entered the walls of 'Grace Temple.'

From the matron's account it appeared that Miss Temple, on hearing that the lady-visitors were then present in the hospital, had expressed a wish to see them after the transaction of their ordinary business, in order that she might learn from them some particulars relative to the institution. Of course on hearing this we were anxious to display every attention to the great benefactress of our hospital; and Mrs. Monk immediately went to the wards of 'Grace Temple,' to find the lady, and lead her to us. At the termination of five minutes

Mrs. Monk returned with the stranger. Graceful and singularly prepossessing in style, but not beautiful, Miss Temple entered, bowing slightly to us. It was a warm day, so she was dressed lightly,—in grey and black silks. Her attire, indeed, was half-mourning.

‘I have to offer you a thousand apologies for disturbing you,’ she said, with agreeable composure and cordiality, ‘and the more so as Mrs. Monk has been kind enough to gratify my curiosity about this admirably managed institution. But as I asked my solicitor, Mr. Castleton, to meet me here, I think I had better wait till he arrives. Dear me, there is a carriage now stopping at the door; and there is a ring at the bell. Surely that must be Mr. Castleton.’

In another half minute the door was opened, and Mr. Castleton, the solicitor, who had more than once brought Miss Temple’s cheques to the Committee in his own person, was announced.

Immediately upon his entrance, Miss Grace Temple rose from the seat she had just taken, and bowing to us placed her hand on her lawyer’s proffered arm, and retired.

‘What a sweet-looking woman!’

‘What a fascinating smile she has!’

‘In what admirable taste she was dressed!’

These and many other similar exclamations were the criticisms expended on Miss Temple, as the carriage containing her and her solicitor rolled down Marchioness Street.

‘How singular she should never have been here before!’ observed one of the lady-visitors.

‘How very singular!’ was a general chorus elicited by this remark.

When there was silence, I said quietly,

‘Miss Temple has been here before. She visited the hospital for something less than a minute, when I was matron.’

‘Indeed? Are you sure, Mrs. Gower?’

‘Quite sure,’ I answered. ‘Mrs. Monk, you may remember that some seven years ago I fainted away in Hyde Park, and a lady brought me home to the hospital in her carriage.’

‘To be sure, I remember it,’ answered Mrs. Monk.

‘The lady who befriended me then is the same lady who just now left this room.’

The meeting of the lady-visitors broke up, and each one of them doubtless told the story of the morning’s adventure in her family circle; but I was the only one of them who saw the object Miss Grace Temple had in paying this unexpected visit to the hospital. She had said to me in Highgate

Lane, 'Not many days shall pass over your head, before you say "That woman's motives of action are unknown to me, and the course of life she has taken is mysterious, but I cannot believe that she is altogether wicked."' At least in that, she had spoken truly. My persecutor's name was Grace Temple; and her unobtrusive benevolence, manifested in the support she had given the hospital for more than twelve years, compelled me to acknowledge to myself that, however vexatious her conduct had been to me in Highgate Lane, she 'could not be a wicked woman.'

But if her appearance in Marchioness Street (in all her fourth apparition to me) caused me to modify my opinion of her, it greatly increased the mystery with which she was enveloped. Disappointed, unhappy, embittered, she might be; but clearly she was one who did good deeds, with noiseless perseverance. I yet the more was impressed by a sense of her force and distinctiveness of character,—a sense which had been first created by the quiet dignity of her bearing in Hyde Park. But what could be her object in singling me out for attention? There was clearly a continuous method in her treatment of me and my affairs. She had not given her patronage to the Children's Hospital till I had been its matron for two years.

Was I the attraction which had drawn her aid to the institution? Or had she for the first time become aware of my existence, by seeing my name on the reports as matron to the charity? But in either case, her manifest interest in me was unaccountable. Why, again, should she be curious about my husband's happiness? If her announcement relative to the child he intended to adopt should be fulfilled (and momentarily I felt more certain of its fulfilment), how was I to account for her knowledge of his private affairs, or even her influence over his conduct, which the prediction indicated? Did he know aught of her? even as she knew much of him?

Julian and I dined together, without company, that day.

When the servants had left us over our dessert, I said, 'Julian, I have seen Miss Temple to-day.'

'Miss Temple? Miss Temple?' he repeated several times, apparently endeavouring to recal who the lady might be; and then with a look of sudden enlightenment, he added, 'What, not Miss Grace Temple, the benefactress of your hospital? Surely you do not mean her?'

Clearly, he had no private reasons for feeling an interest in her name.

I described to him very minutely her personal

appearance, her dress, her figure, her face, her manner, her voice; but without recalling to his mind any person he had ever seen. There could be no affectation in his ignorance of the lady. She had said plainly that his gentleness to me was in part hypocritical; but I knew that Julian Gower was no man of petty artifices and small reserves.

I must wait,—wait patiently, till the lapse of a few more weeks brought my birthday.

One thing, however, the discovery of that morning effected for my comfort. I was enabled to think of my mysterious acquaintance as Miss Grace Temple, instead of ‘my persecutor.’ It put my mind in some sort of ease with regard to her. I felt that, notwithstanding her cruel words to me, I could trust her as a woman of good character and benevolent intentions, however eccentric she might be. And there was comfort in that.

It would, I argued, clearly be useless for me to attempt to discover who she was. Most probably her name of Grace Temple was assumed; but the fact of her benevolence was no assumption.

I must wait,—wait patiently a few more weeks.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BUT though I was easier in my mind with regard to Miss Grace Temple, my life with my beloved husband became daily more full of pain. It could not be all mere suspicion on my part. Why his eyes no longer delighted to rest upon me with their old expression of tenderness! He would look at me for minutes together—eagerly, inquisitively, severely, but never with pure gentleness. At other times his glance avoided mine, as though he feared to betray that which he wished to keep a secret. He was moody and absorbed, not hearing the remarks I addressed to him,—or if he heard them neglecting to reply till minutes had elapsed, and my mind had gone on to another subject. I could no longer indulge my grief in silent tears during the still hours of night; for he became sleepless, and to avoid his observation I had to feign slumber for hours together—when I longed for the relief of weeping, unwitnessed.

The summer came, the flowers and the green of my garden bursting out with brightness and freshness. The birds played and chattered in the trees, the young ones chirping as the old ones sang out bravely. Our 'father of the trees' stood up sere, and leafless, avoided by the birds. *They* had no pity or love for barren branches.

'Tibby,' said Julian to me one morning, 'to-morrow is our birthday.'

I started.

'Why, child,' he returned, in answer to my shiver, 'do you dread the day? Remember how we enjoyed it in childhood! What happy birthdays they were at Farnham Cobb! I would give the best bin in my cellar for one bottle of the grandfather's "Madeira!" You don't dread growing old?'

'No, Julian, it is the appointed order for living things; only some find their old age at threescore years and ten, and some in childhood. We must all wither and pass away.'

'Ay, but it is too early for us to talk of withering. We shall be only forty-one to-morrow.'

At this I smiled and said, 'We are quite a young couple still.'

'Darling,' continued my husband, 'business will take me out early to-morrow. But I shall be back

early in the afternoon. So do not be "at home" to callers, for I wish to spend the anniversary of our birthday with you alone, according to our wont.'

'Of course, dear. I should not like our custom to be changed.'

That night I never closed my eyes for a single wink, and by six o'clock Julian (having also passed a restless night) rose, and left 'The Cedars' in my open carriage—having borrowed it of me for the day.

I breakfasted at my usual hour; and after breakfast I spent an hour or more in the garden, wondering what the day would bring forth, and then to get diversion from the painful reflections that crowded upon me, I walked down the lane to 'The Cottage,' and busied myself with my colony of convalescents. The bonny blue-eyed little boy was still with them, though he had for several days been restored to perfect health. There was no home in the world where he was needed, and I could not make up my mind to part with him. As I passed through the wicket of 'The Cottage' garden, I found him busy, digging away on 'his plot,' and he looked up at me with a smile which said, 'Praise me, ma'am, for my industry.' And I praised him as I best could, but my thoughts wandered from him to my husband.

What would the day bring forth ?

As the clock struck two, I re-entered the dining-room of 'The Cedars,' and I had just taken a seat on the sofa, to rest myself after my exertion, when I heard wheels on the drive. It was my carriage, I knew the sound of it well. It passed the window, but it bore no one besides the servants.

'John,' I exclaimed, running out into the porch, 'where is your master?'

'Master got out of the carriage, ma'am, at the bottom of the hill,' answered John. 'Master and the young gentleman thought they'd like the walk up the hill.'

The young gentleman! Grace Temple had spoken truth! Here was my birthday present!

I went out to meet them; but as I approached the garden gate, my heart failed me; and just as I heard their voices, I turned from the carriage way into a by-path winding through the shrubbery, and stood concealed behind a wall of fir and laurel, while they passed. I saw them as they passed. The young gentleman was a slight, elegant stripling, with bright flaxen hair worn long, so that it curled upon the collar of his jacket. Blue eyes, a nose somewhat aquiline, thin merry lips, and an animated countenance; I remarked that he had these features, as he walked daintily, looking up

into my husband's face with a delighted expression. He was moreover endowed with a singularly musical voice and laugh. I heard them both, as he went up the drive.

Short as that moment of observation was, I caught the aspect, never to be forgotten, of my husband's face. A radiant glory was upon it. Never, not even on our wedding, not even on the day when he had won Etty's promise to be his wife, had I seen such intense happiness cover him.

Like one who had been guilty of meanness I slipped out stealthily from my place, and following my husband and the young gentleman, speedily overtook them.

'Tibby,' said my husband, 'let me introduce you to my young friend Arthur Williams, who has come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and spend his holidays with us. He's at school at Dr. Renter's of Blackheath, and has a vacation of six weeks before him.'

'I am afraid you will find it very dull, my dear boy,' I said kindly, 'but I will do my best to make you enjoy yourself. We have a capital boy's cricket-club in Highgate, which you can join.'

Raising his gaze from the ground, the boy flashed his clear honest eyes full upon me, and the colour

rising in his delicate face, he answered frankly, and at the same time with a pretty assumption of manly courtesy, 'Thank you, Mrs. Gower. I will gladly join the cricket-club, for I am very fond of cricket; but there is no fear of my days passing slowly, if you will allow me the privilege of waiting on you, and accompanying you in your drives about the neighbourhood.'

'Good heavens, my dear child!' I said, having first started back, when I saw his full face. 'You almost alarm me, you so closely resemble one who was very dear to me, but is now in heaven.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' the boy said simply, as though he felt he had just received a compliment, 'I am glad you like me. I hope I shall remind you of him in other things besides my face.'

'My friend was a girl,' I answered. 'You may not be angry, Arthur.'

The boy came close up to me, and taking my hand pressed it to his lips. 'Oh, Mrs. Gower,' he said, his eyes brightening, 'I never was called Arthur before by a lady.'

He had kissed my hand uninvited. So I saluted him on the forehead, when far from being offended as some schoolboys would have been, his face showed that he was well pleased with my attention.

'I know who it is you're thinking of, Tibby,' said my husband drily.

Julian and I took Arthur round the garden, displaying him all its treasures, the forcing-houses, the conservatory, the moat, the bowling-green. Then we showed him the stables; and my husband led out the pony set apart for his young visitor's sole use. 'You can ride, of course, Arthur?' said I. 'I suppose so, Mrs. Gower. At least I soon will,' answered Arthur with a touch of crimson on his cheeks.

'Have a ride before dinner,' said my husband. 'Here, Marshman, while Mr. Williams is with us, you must act as his groom. Bring his pony to the door in half-an-hour, and be yourself ready to accompany him. If he should need a hint about managing his horse you needn't be afraid to tell him, for he is not so accustomed to deal with horse-flesh as you and I are, Marshman. And now, Arthur, I dare say if you make love to Mrs. Gower she'll find you some lunch before you start on your equestrian venture. Don't ride quite as far as Cornwall, for we dine at six.'

At the appointed time the horses were at the door, and my guest mounted his steed, whilst I looked on.

'You wouldn't think I had never been on a horse

before, would you Mrs. Gower? I didn't get up like a tailor, did I now?' he asked, with a merry laugh.

'Marshman,' I said, in a low voice, to my husband's groom, 'be very careful that young gentleman comes to no harm.'

Of course this entreaty was not uttered till Arthur was out of hearing.

'I'll take care, ma'am,' answered the steady old groom; 'but a young gentleman like that young gentleman may be left to take care of himself.'

As soon as our guest was out of sight my husband led me to a shady part of the lawn, and walking by my side on the grass, began a conversation with me by going straight to the consideration of our young visitor.

'Tibby,' said my husband, 'you must be very careful not to ask that boy any questions about his parentage; and you had better as far as possible avoid displaying any curiosity about his past experiences. His history is briefly this. He is the son of a very dear friend of mine, whom I have long mourned for as dead,—a friend to whom I am indebted for much of the happiness I have experienced in life. This boy is that friend's only child. But unfortunately there is a cloud hanging over his birth, a cloud that neither you nor he ought to

penetrate, for shame, and disgrace, and sorrow are behind it. To this day he has never known his mother's name, nor seen his father's face. As a little child he was educated (I might almost say *nursed*) at Brighton in a school for children, presided over by a lady, but for the five last years he has been at Dr. Renter's school at Blackheath, spending the holidays with the doctor's family. His face shows that on the whole he has not had an unhappy existence; but it was very touching to hear him an hour since tell you that he had never before been called "Arthur" by a lady. Doubtless the doctor's daughters are in the habit of calling him by his surname.'

'Have you long known that he was at Blackheath?' I asked.

'On the contrary, it was not till three weeks since that I saw him, or knew of his abode. A mere accident led Dr. Renter to speak of the boy, (the doctor's business with me was on an altogether different matter,) and from inquiry I learnt that Arthur was my old friend's son. Tibby, we have no child of our own. Let us cherish that promising boy. The time is coming when he will need the countenance and support of powerful friends to shield him from the unkindnesses to which young men of dubious birth are subjected. Let us love him.'

It had come true.

But why did the advent of the boy disturb me? More especially, why did the tender regard manifested by my husband for the delicate, girlish, gallant stripling trouble me? It was only that very morning I had recalled my own romantic dream of getting him to adopt the child of some poor workman. And here had Julian, anticipating all suggestions from me, carried out my own scheme with an important improvement,—bringing to my house not a mechanic's hardy brat, but an elegant, gently nurtured boy, in whom physical and mental graces were combined. Yet I was far from pleased with the occurrence, much as I was prepossessed in favour of my new companion.

It was impossible to dislike the boy. Had he not been a most loveable lad I should have conceived a repugnance to him. But he was such a courageous, hearty, merry, leonine youngster, and withal so elegant, and dandified, and toy-like, I was compelled to take him to my heart. Whatever might be the merits or the demerits of Dr. Renter's school, the lad had picked up numerous accomplishments at it. He sang French, as well as English ballads, accompanying himself on the piano-forte; he wrote comic verses after the manner of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and rattled

away in the most delightfully innocent, and self-complacent, and joyous, and man-of-the-world style. After he had been with us a few days, I asked him how it came that the Miss Renters had never called him 'Arthur.' 'Oh, Mrs. Gower,' answered the urchin, laughing, 'that would never do. The doctor couldn't have allowed that. If they had called me "Arthur," one week, they'd have called me "dear Arthur" the next week, and then who knows what would have happened? So I am always "Williams Tertius" to them. Very queer isn't it, Mrs. Gower? But they are nice, dear girls, and in holidays they take me with them wherever they go, only they make it a rule to order every one to call me "Williams Tertius." It doesn't hurt me of course, but sometimes it makes me feel as if I was a queer sort of natural eccentricity,—a kind of flower instead of a pure boy. But they're jolly girls, and Miss Christabel is the neatest hand at *Les Grâces* that I ever saw in my life.'

'Julian,' I said, looking sharply round at my husband, as the boy ran on in this way, 'don't his voice and his pertness put you in mind of some one, as well as his face?'

'Good heavens, Tibby!' exclaimed Julian, almost angrily, 'do get that notion out of your head. It's a painful one.'

‘Perhaps, sir,’ said Arthur, ‘you’d like me to speak like Punch, with a squeak, and through my nose, and then I shan’t put Mrs. Gower so much in mind of some one.’

The boy was a great diversion to us. He treated me, and I do believe thought me one of the most benignant and important ladies in the world. Doubtless the size and freshness of our house, the garden, the stable full of horses, our carriages, and all the other appointments of ‘The Cedars’ greatly impressed and delighted the inexperienced child, causing him to esteem the mistress of so splendid an establishment more highly than he would have done had he found her living in a dingy cottage. The attentions and the flatteries that he lavished upon me were innumerable; the extravagant and magnificent terms in which he paid me the most elaborate compliments, rendering his courtly homage peculiarly *naïve*, and innocent, and piquant in effect. Every morning I had a flower on my breakfast plate, brought by him from the garden for my especial delectation, and every night he left me with an assurance, dressed up in dozens of different dresses of verbiage, that ‘the minutes flowed so quickly in my society, he never knew the proper time, or the desire to withdraw for the refreshment of his pillow.’

He was the most active, and *efficiently* active boy I ever met. He had always *just done* something. We never heard of his achievements, in their preparation or progress, but only at the moment of their triumphant accomplishment, or just afterwards. He made himself quite at home at 'The Cedars' and with our neighbours at Highgate; being at the close of his six weeks' visit altogether a more important person in the parish than his host. Every day he would slip out into the lane, and be absent for three or four hours, gathering gossip and news for our delectation at dinner. One day he came back from his trip into the lane (whenever he left 'The Cedars' garden, it was 'to take a saunter down the lane'), habited in his cricketing suit of white flannel, and swaying his bat to and fro with signs of elation. He had just *won* a match at single wicket. On another occasion he presented himself before me at the close of the afternoon with similar exultation, and informed me that he had just won the sweepstakes at a hurdle-race. It was rather jolly. 'Won the sweepstakes at a hurdle-race! what can you mean, Arthur?' I asked with surprise. On explanation it appeared that Arthur Williams, Esquire, of 'The Cedars,' Highgate, had got up a hurdle-race on the green, with seven other *mounted* lads. They had subscribed five shillings

each for the entertainment, of which sum they had paid 1*l.* to a man who fixed up the hurdles for them, and 1*l.* they had set aside as 'the winner's purse.' And the winner's purse had fallen to Mr. Arthur Williams, who had organized the whole affair, and rode his pony in his cricket jacket and blue cap. Julian was immensely tickled at the boy's narrative of this 'event of the turf,' but I don't think he was quite so well pleased when he learnt that Arthur, to create a more striking effect on the race-course, had cut the beautiful bush-tail of his magnificent pony, to make it resemble 'a regular blood racer.' 'I don't know how to account for it, Tibby,' said Julian with good-humoured malice, in revenge for the injury done to the pony's tail, 'but we always hear of Arthur's contests when he *wins*, but never when he *loses*.' 'Why, Mr. Gower,' responded the boy with an audacious simplicity that deprived my husband's sarcasm of all its power, 'of course I don't tell you when I lose. That would never do. For then you'd laugh *at* me, instead of *with* me.'

I soon saw that my husband had conceived an ardent affection for the boy. He took him the round of the theatres and places of public amusement—to the operas and principal houses of dramatic entertainment. They rode in the Park toge-

ther, Arthur all spick and span in his best dandy habiliments, with pink-tinted gloves, and a gold-headed whip with which my husband presented him. Julian carried him off one evening to the *soirée* of a scientific institution; but that entertainment Arthur frankly assured me was 'the awfulest bore he had ever been let in for.' So to make amends for this 'awfulest bore,' Julian gave him what the child afterwards designated as 'great fun,' in the shape of a dinner at the Conservative Club, where Mr. Arthur threw himself back in his chair, and was good enough to praise the wine, although in his opinion it 'would have been all the better for a little age.'

To me, as I have said, his gallantry was unbounded; and it really made me quite light-hearted to have him by my side during my drives. To accompany me he always made himself the most exquisite little dandy imaginable, putting on fresh light gloves, and arranging every item of his toilet with extreme care. He was such a sunny, dainty little fellow, that I always selected the brightest and prettiest drives, when he was my companion. Once, however, I took him into the 'old law neighbourhood,' and left him in the carriage in Marchioness Street, while I went into the hospital. On our way down to the institution, I did my best.

to interest him in its object and operations; but when I alighted from the carriage his only expression of sympathy with my labours was to say, 'Poor little wretches! I am sure my dear Mrs. Gower, I hope you wont catch anything by being so good to them! It must be very dangerous!' And having said this, the young gentleman lounged back in my phaeton in a most languishing fashion, and put up one of his patent leather boots on the opposite cushion, so that he might admire it at his ease.

I was quite irritated with his careless manner; and I punished him by being much longer than was necessary in the hospital. Indeed he had to wait for me nearly two hours at the door of 'Grace Temple.'

On returning to 'The Cedars' the first thing I did was to go to Julian and say, 'My dear, you told me the other day that you gave Arthur a tip of a 5*l.* note, so that he might return to Blackheath well supplied with cash.'

'Yes, what of that?' answered Julian.

'Can you tell me the number of the note?'

'Certainly, here is the number marked down in my pocket-book, 40,562.'

'I thought so!' I exclaimed triumphantly. 'While I was in the hospital this morning that

note was slipped into the contribution box, and that little monkey did it.'

'By Jove!' cried Julian. 'What a splendid lad he is! But why do you call him a monkey?'

When I told Julian of the boy's superb airs, just before he gave all his pocket-money to the sick children, our gratification and pride in his conduct did not preclude us from indulging in a hearty laugh.

CHAPTER VII.

A CALLER'S CARD.

I BECAME so attached to Arthur, that towards the close of his visit I almost ceased to trouble myself about the mysteries connected with his appearance at 'The Cedars.' Both I and Julian were so much the happier for his presence that I not only felt grateful to him, but conceived for him a love similar to that which mothers feel for their own offspring. But even while he was with us, and while his company reconciled me in some degree to all its circumstances, I was not pleased with the inordinate fondness that Julian exhibited to him, whereas I never praised the boy, or declared my affection for him, without a flood of satisfaction and delight rising in my husband's face. And when I observed that difference between us, I began to seek after its cause. How was I to account for it? What was its explanation? Did Julian love him more than I did? If so, what was the cause? what especial hold had the boy upon his heart? Then, looking

at the subject from another point of view, I would regard it as evidence that Julian was only more anxious than I to have the amusement and kindly pleasure of seeing a child moving about our house. But that view of the matter greatly troubled me, as it seemed to involve reproach to me.

When Arthur returned to Blackheath, it was with a promise that he would spend his next holidays with us. After he had gone, the house was strangely altered. In a few days Julian became again silent, and absorbed, and moody. 'He was happy,' I said to myself, 'while Arthur was with us; but now that the boy has taken his departure he finds my society flat and wearisome.' He loves him, I thought, better than he does me; and in five minutes I was fretting with jealousy, and I saw that I should never be happy with an adopted child whom my husband loved. I desired such an object on which to expend the force of *my* surplus affection; but I could not endure the thought of letting my husband have the same gratification. It is with shame I own I was so selfish, that it never occurred to me my husband would have an equally valid reason for not liking me to expend the warmth of my heart on a child not really his own. Let childless couples rely on me. If a childless husband and wife love each other, they

must reconcile themselves to their hard lot as they best can. An adopted child would only be a cause of jealousy and pain to each. Nature's decrees cannot be overridden by a mere artificial arrangement.

So much was this the case with me, that though I wrote to Arthur three days after he returned to Blackheath, and told Julian I had done so, it vexed me at the end of the week to see my husband sitting down at his desk to pay the boy the same attention.

I have just spoken of Julian's silence and moodiness. They lasted for ten days, and then they were exchanged for a boisterous hilarity, such as I had never before witnessed in him. He literally frightened me with the extravagance he committed, running and leaping on our lawn like a schoolboy, laughing at and making a jest of every ordinary subject that engaged his attention. I asked him, with absolute fear and trembling, how he could account for his high spirits; but he either only put me off with a kiss or began to talk in a rapturous way about Arthur. 'Tibby,' he cried, 'you are not forty-one;—I am not forty-one. I am younger in heart, limb, life, than I was when I returned from South America. My midsummer holidays with *my* boy Arthur have brought youth back to

me again. Oh, Tibby, how I love the pretty scamp, and thank you for taking him to your affection! We'll make a man of him. He shall head his generation,—lead it in wealth, intellect, honour, achievement!

Yes! his love for me had come to that—*gratitude because I cared for another!*

When he had spent a few days in this mad, spasmodic exultation, and while his spirits were still at the highest pitch of their unnatural excitement, he informed me that he had to leave home on special and very important business for ten days or a fortnight. He told me neither where he was going nor with what object. Half an hour after making the announcement he was off, to catch the train, and I was left by myself to suffer under the miserable jealousy and distrust of him, which were corroding all the good qualities of my nature. I could not endure to think that he loved that plaything boy better than he loved me. What had been the words of that mysterious woman who persisted in influencing me and him,—yes, *him*, though he professed to be ignorant of her existence? 'Mrs. Gower,' she had said, 'you'll welcome that child more with your lips than with your heart. At first you will generously award him your protection, but when you see that your husband loves

him better than yourself, you'll have little charity to him.'

Every word she had spoken had come true. I had been compelled to modify my harsh opinion of her! The boy had been brought to my house on the very day she had named, and already I was beginning to feel resentment to him for having stolen from me the affection of my husband!

I had spent the whole morning next after my husband's departure brooding over these facts, when at a customary calling hour a carriage drove up to the entrance of my house. I was at the time walking in a distant part of the garden, and as I did not recognise the equipage, I remained where I was till a servant should come, and tell me the names of my visitors. As I waited at my station of observance, I remembered with regret that I had not ordered the servants to refuse me to callers.

In a minute the servant came across the lawn to me, bearing the caller's card.

On the card was this inscription—*Miss Grace Temple.*

For a few seconds I felt so indignant at her intrusion that I was on the point of sending the servant back with word that I could not see her. But if no other motives had influenced me, after

two or three moments' reflection, curiosity would alone have determined me not to act on my hasty resolution. Whoever she was, however much she had tried to poison my peace of mind, whatever her purpose might be towards me, she held the key to the mysteries which had for days been cruelly torturing me. If I was to obtain the information for which I yearned, the acquisition would be made through her. I dared not set myself in antagonism to her.

So I told the man to take back an assurance to the lady that I would be with her almost immediately.

I consumed a moment in regaining my composure. Then I walked slowly across the lawn to my house. On my way through the hall I told my servant that, if any other callers came, they were to be told I was so particularly engaged that they could not see me. With Miss Temple's carriage standing before my door, the man could not well refuse them with a simple assertion that I was not at home.

Having taken this precaution against interruption, I entered my drawing-room, and stood face to face with *Miss Grace Temple*.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLEASANT SUGGESTIONS.

SHE was standing by one of the windows, surveying the garden, when I entered. Dressed in the same colours and style, wearing the same lofty composure on her delicate face, advancing towards me with the same elegant carriage as I had remarked on our previous interviews, and covered with all that best womanly refinement and grace, by which ladies are to be distinguished from women of humbler degree, Miss Temple (notwithstanding my roused antagonism to her) impressed me more favourably than ever. Her persecution and impertinence were not those of a vulgar adventurer. I could not do otherwise than treat her with the respect due to one of my own sex and social condition. Even though it was her whim to sport with my feelings, I felt the necessity of patiently enduring the torture.

A sense that it was prudent to conciliate her, made me throw more than ordinary cordiality into

my manner, as I assured her that it gave me great pleasure to see her in my house.

‘No, Mrs. Gower,’ she said quickly, ‘you do not feel *great pleasure* in seeing me in this pretty drawing-room. You experience the uneasiness of an irritation which you deem it imprudent to express, and just a little hope that the cause of my calling on you may not be an evil one. Surely such feelings do not constitute *great pleasure*.’

‘My words,’ I answered, with as much stateliness as my diminutive figure and insignificant presence would permit me to assume, ‘were intended to imply that since you had paid me the compliment of a visit, I was anxious to receive you courteously, *as though* it gave me great pleasure to do so.’

‘For *that* I sincerely thank you, Mrs. Gower. I trust the day will still come when such a welcome will be accorded to me by you, not in mere courtesy, but in genuine kindness of feeling. We ought to be friends. You know well how large a share of my sympathy you have had for years. And now I do most heartily pity you. You are very unhappy.’

‘I am *not* unhappy.’

‘Are you not? Well! have my words proved true?’

‘Much that you told me should transpire has taken place.’

‘Good! Your husband brought Arthur Williams home to you on your last birthday. You have learnt that the calumnious and wicked woman, who spoke to you some weeks since in the lane by your garden fence, is not so utterly bad as you imagined. And now you are mad with jealousy because your husband loves the boy.’

To this speech I made no answer.

‘You would like to find out the secret of Arthur’s parentage?’ she resumed, after a minute’s silence, in which she was evidently considering how she should proceed. ‘You say to yourself, “What can that mystery be? does it cover any reason which can account for Julian’s infatuation with that school-boy dandy?”’

‘I should like to know the secret of the child’s birth,’ I admitted.

‘Of course you would. What has Mr. Gower told you about it?’

‘That the boy—encountered accidentally—was the son of a dear friend of his early days,—that a cloud hung over his origin, beneath which lay sorrow and shame. He told me so much, and just nothing more.’

‘Then you have no idea who the boy’s mother was?’

‘None. I shrunk from inquiring, for I presumed the worst.’

‘You did well to do so!’ was Miss Temple’s comment, made bitterly and mockingly. ‘It is prudent always to infer the worst. Did it not occur to you that the dear friend of your husband’s early days might be the boy’s mother, about whom you shrunk from inquiring,—though you presumed the worst?’

I started from my seat as she said this, and advancing a step towards the sofa on which she sate looked into the cold gentleness of her face.

‘You remember,—he never told you that the dear friend of his youth was a man.’

‘You are right, Miss Temple,’ I said, recovering my self-control, and resuming my seat. ‘What then?’

‘Nay—nay—let me ask the questions; you shall answer them. Here is one. Reply to it, Mrs. Gower. Is not that pretty boy the faithful reproduction of your sister Etty, who died years since in the slough of ignominy?’

‘Woman!’ I exclaimed, starting again from my seat, ‘why do you torture me with these questions? Tell me what you have to communicate at once,

and do not cause me needless suffering. Are you so fond of inflicting pain that you cannot deny yourself the pleasure of prolonging my agonies?

You who have been tracking my steps for years,—*you* who told me the awful story of my sister's guilt,—*you* who brought Arthur into this house,—*you* who can influence my husband, as well as myself, by some secret and fearful source of knowledge,—*you* know what my answers to your questions must be.'

'Enough; you need not entreat me so passionately. You were struck by the likeness of the child to your sister; you know that your husband (although he strives to conceal it from you) is not less struck by the likeness; and in your own heart you believe that this remarkable likeness is the real cause of Mr. Gower's strong and sudden affection for the boy. And this belief annoys you far more than the mere recognition of the fact that you are superseded in your husband's heart. Such was his love for "Etty"—'

'How do you know that we called her "Etty"?' I exclaimed.

'Tut!' she laughed. 'Is not the name engraved on the memorial in the burial-ground of this parish? Let me go on. You say, "Such was his love for Etty that even the semblance of her

features, in a boy he had never before seen, has that powerful effect upon him ;”—and you are almost jealous of your dead sister ! Now I'll put another thought into your head, and you shall tell me what you think of it. I have heard of men, disappointed in their loves, who drug themselves into temporary forgetfulness of anguish by indulging a base passion for women who *are* women—however much we may scorn and loathe them. Such men, I have been told, are drawn by an irresistible fascination to those who most closely resemble the objects of their luckless wooing. Let us imagine a case. Suppose that Mr. Gower, soon after your sister Etty cruelly broke her troth to him, fell under the influence of a frail girl—in person and in vivacity of manner the exact counterpart of Etty. Suppose that such a woman became his mistress, and the mother of a child dishonoured by its birth. Suppose that, growing weary of the vile thralldom of such a woman, Mr. Gower, after a few years' experience of her vicious nature, separated himself from her,—making provision for the liberal education of the child. Suppose that, after an interval of years, he learnt your forlorn condition, and in that spirit of Quixotic generosity by which nine fine-hearted men out of every ten mar their fortunes, said, “I'll make that poor little

Tibby Tree my wife, and give her a glimpse of happiness after her long experience of gloom. I have outgrown the age when a man in choosing a wife ranks a pretty face above every other consideration. She will give me children to love; and I have enough confidence in her sweetness of disposition and in her general intelligence to feel sure that she will make me a cheerful fireside companion." Suppose him (as he is) married to you, and, disappointed in the one anticipation which made him feel it right to indulge his commiseration for the matron of the Sick Children's Hospital. Suppose that, after nearly three years of bitter and fruitless expectancy, he formed the resolution to bring his own dishonoured child into his home, and see if you could not be induced to love the lad as your own child,—before you discovered him to be his offspring. Suppose that he carried out this scheme; and that, when you saw his eyes grow eloquent of pride at the dandy airs and dashing manliness of our little "man-of-the-world," school-boy Arthur,—he loved the child not merely because he resembled Etty, but far, far more *because he was his own son*. What say you to this?

'That your suggestions are groundless,' I answered, as firmly as I could, while faintness made

my brain swim, 'and utterly false. My heart tells me they are false!'

'What! is it false that your husband married out of pity rather than love?'

I heard this cruel taunt; but I did not reply to it. My womanly pride and delicacy were matters of no consideration by the side of the accusations preferred against my husband. When I replied it was to reject them, not to ward off from myself the strange and embittered woman's scorn.

'You ask me what I think of your suggestions—made under I know not what unworthy motive. I tell you that your insinuations are groundless. I answer now, just as I would have answered if I had never married Julian Gower—*My husband is unutterably, unalterably good.*'

'Mrs. Gower,' Miss Temple said, after a pause, in an altered voice, the changed tone of which greatly relieved me, 'you must remember that I have not put forward my suppositions as anything but suppositions. Far be it from me to shake your conviction in your husband's goodness,—a conviction which I must readily admit I share with you. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take you with me in my carriage, and put you face to face with Arthur Williams's mother—his own mother. Will you come?'

She saw I wavered.

‘You cannot help nursing a painful curiosity with regard to this child,—brought to you under circumstances calculated to arouse your most painful suspicions. If you will trust yourself to me, I will convey you to a house in the country, on the opposite side of London, where you shall hear the boy’s own mother tell you her story and his. And in the course of the evening I’ll bring you back to “The Cedars.”’

‘Am I to listen to more black slanders against my dear husband?’ I answered, fiercely.

‘Be calm, be calm, Mrs. Gower,’ she replied, her composure still unruffled, as it had been when she rained down her sarcasms and contempt upon me. ‘In spite of your angry feelings towards me, *you know that you may trust me*. My name was a household word with you for years ere you ever rested eye on me. Trust to me—when *I give you my serious assurance that*, while you remain under my charge, neither your credulity nor your suspicion shall be practised upon by falsehood of any kind. Come with me and speak with Arthur’s mother. After you have heard her story you can decide whether it is right for you to receive him into your house.’

I considered for a minute, trying honestly to

balance the considerations forbidding me to accept her offer against the considerations urging me to avail myself of it. It was a trying crisis. If I consented, my conduct might seem to imply distrust of my husband. If I declined the invitation, I might lose an opportunity of gaining information that would be useful both to him and me.

‘Miss Temple,’ I said, bringing my indecision to an end, ‘I will accompany you. I will join you in a minute, equipped for a drive in your carriage.’

CHAPTER IX.

A MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

MISS TEMPLE had not to wait long for me.

I was speedily assisted into her carriage, and, taking her place by my side, she ordered her coachman to drive as quickly as possible, since she had not a moment to spare. Excited and pre-occupied though I was, I kept my ear on the alert to catch her directions to her servants; but instead of inquiring in the customary manner whither they should next proceed, the footman shut the door of the chariot without a word, and the coachman drove off at a rapid speed,—clearly in obedience to orders he had already received.

‘To what quarter or suburb of the town are we going, Miss Temple?’ I inquired, as the horses bore us down the steepest part of Highgate Hill at a swinging trot.

‘Oh, some distance; but we shan’t be long on the road,’ answered the lady, avoiding the ques-

tion. 'My horses are good ones. We will not talk; we have each of us enough to think about.'

That was true. Desirous as I was to ascertain the route we were taking, I soon left off watching for way-marks on the road. That we entered London by a road unknown to me, that we sped swiftly through a western quarter of the town, that we emerged from the clattered pavements into the green country, that we drove for a considerable distance along the banks of the Thames—where the river still deserves the epithet of 'silver'—I knew; but more I could not have stated, when the carriage dashed through a gate with a lodge on either side, whirled along a sinuous drive under the branches of a thick plantation, and then suddenly stopped at the postern entrance of a large and well-built mansion.

'Here we are at our journey's end,' observed Miss Temple, speaking for the first time since she had peremptorily announced her intention not to converse with me during the drive.

By the sun I judged that it was between six and seven o'clock P.M.; but my whole day had been so strangely disordered, and since I had been in Miss Temple's company I had experienced so much intense excitement, I could not form any conjecture as to the length of time consumed in our

transit from the 'The Cedars' to our destination. Whether the time so employed was half an hour, or an hour, or two hours, or three hours I could not say. I could have given a better account of what I had been thinking about, whilst with a sensation of flying through the air I was borne from the green lanes of Highgate into spacious squares and close streets, and from spacious squares and close streets into green lanes again. The series of 'suggestions,' with which Miss Temple had brought her morning call to its highest pitch of painful excitement, occupied a principal share of my thoughts. That Julian had, in his bitter grief, fallen into unworthy pleasure, was the supposition that stung me most acutely, and wounded me most deeply; and for that very reason it was repelled with the most difficulty. Time after time I rejected it as untrue, saying to myself, 'It is false; altogether false;' but every time I so hurled it from me it presented itself again—appearing, each time it did so, less repulsive, less incredible, more excusable, more natural. I could not trace each link of suspicion, and fear, and alarm, and hypothesis with which in a few minutes I strung together the romances of many distinct lives—all of which my Julian,—lofty, earnest, generous Julian—might have led. But this I know;—as the horses galloped

in the sunshine on the smooth road, after we had emerged from the town, and as the calm, lustrous river was now concealed from my observation and now revealed to my sight, I mentally formed this decision more than once. 'If Arthur is his son,' my decision ran, 'I will say to Julian, "Let me be his mother. Now that I know how good a reason you have to love him I shall never again be jealous of him; but will love him dearly as my own, and will rejoice in witnessing your pride in and affection for him."'

At Miss Temple's invitation I alighted from the chariot, when, entering the mansion by the postern door, she led me straight through the hall and upstairs into a large room, fitted up partly as a library and partly as a boudoir, on the floor immediately above the ground floor. No servant had met us in the interior of the house. It seemed to me that Miss Temple was in her own dwelling, and yet I had not understood she wished to take me there.

'This is a place,' she said, answering my look of surprise and inquiry, 'where I always have a room ready for me, so that I can use it whenever I wish for a breath of country air. Is not this a splendid view?'

As she spoke she led me to a window, overlooking a noble prospect of that rich conjunction of

woodland and farm, of which the banks of the Thames are formed. The river ran close to the house,—washing, indeed, the outward roots of one of the skirting plantations that surrounded the lawn.

‘Just rest your eyes for a minute on that lovely scene, and I will then give you a glimpse of “an interior,”’ observed Miss Temple, going to the back of the apartment and pulling aside a crimson curtain, which had till she moved it concealed a door from my observation. I was curious to see what she was about; but I did not feel justified in watching her operations. So I turned my eyes away, and once more surveyed the magnificent chestnuts and copper beeches on the lawn, and the boats gliding silently up and down the bright, clear river. I might have stood at the open window for five minutes, it might have been a longer time, when a ring at the lodge gate attracted my attention, causing me to take my eyes off the water, and look in the opposite direction. In another minute, a gentleman walked with a quick, firm step along the hard gravel drive. I heard the step, and recognised it several seconds before the trees permitted me to see distinctly the person to whom it belonged.

‘What is the matter, my dear Mrs. Gower?’

inquired Miss Temple, running across the room to me, as I uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The gentleman was now full in sight, walking in the middle of the gravel drive.

'See—see,' I said, clutching hold of Miss Temple's hand.

'Exactly—you know your own husband of course,' she answered, composedly.

'How comes he here? why comes he here?' I gasped.

'He is a frequent visitor. He has been here six times within the last six days.'

'What for?'

'Never mind what he has come here for on former days. I'll tell you what his business here this evening is.'

'Quick—tell me.'

'You shall see for yourself. Here, come with me.'

As she spoke she put her hands upon my shoulders, and conveyed me across the room, as if I had been a rebellious school child. I did not resist her, for I was too scared to have purpose or thought of my own.

'Here—stand there!' she said, placing me before the door at the further end of the room, 'and tell me what you see.'

Whilst these words were leaving her lips she withdrew a silk curtain from before a pane of glass, which was let into the wood-work of the door.

‘Look through that pane of glass.’

I obeyed.

‘You see,’ whispered Miss Temple, lowering her voice so as not to disturb the occupant of the next room,—‘you see a room similar to this, but brighter—and more luxuriously furnished. The pink silk blinds are drawn to keep out the light of the setting sun, which bears down on the other side of the house. On a sofa, placed in the middle of the room, you see a lady lying,—her face turned away from you, and fixed upon the door. Mrs. Gower, that lady is watching the door intently,—she is listening for a beloved step on the staircase; it seems to her as though that door would *never* open. Mrs. Gower, that lady is Arthur’s mother. You know whose visit she is expecting. Remain where you are. See the scene out to its close.’

For a minute she left me, just to ring a bell on the other side of the room. Then she came back to me again, and put her arm kindly and in sisterly fashion round my waist.

I still continued to watch. The door, to which the lady’s face was turned, moved. She started up. The handle moved round and stuck,—im-

peded in its action apparently by a nervous handler. The wood-work of the door shook. In another instant it flew open, and my husband entered the room. The lady with a scream of agitation sprang up from the sofa, bounded towards him, caught both his hands in hers, and fell upon her knees at his feet, saying, 'Oh, Julian—dear, dear, noble, generous, forgiving Julian. Pardon me, say that you pardon me,—and that you will love my boy.'

I saw Julian raise the lady from her abject position. I saw him lift her in his arms, and seal his pardon with a kiss. I heard him say, 'Darling, we will never part again. Our boy shall be our chief care. By our love, our sorrows, and our separation, I will hold you a sacred charge—dear to my heart.' I heard him give utterance to other strong assurances of love,—and then I could hear no more.

A mist came over my eyes, and I fell back into Miss Temple's arms, saying—'Take me away—I feel very ill.'

I heard her clear quiet voice, say, 'Be calm, be calm! Tell me, Mrs. Gower, do you believe in your husband now? Is your faith unshaken?'

I remember that as she uttered these words, she

gazed at me with an expression of exultant triumph in her face, which I could not interpret.

‘Miss Temple—Miss Temple,’ I said, beating my hands upon my heart—‘Julian is unutterably, —unalterably good.’

I was unaware I said this. Miss Temple told me afterwards that just ere I fainted and fell back unconscious, I used those words. And now that I reflect on the past, it is an inexpressible source of satisfaction to me to know that even in my agony of suspicion—when I was still unable to explain the scene I had witnessed—my faith in my dear husband enabled me to cry out, ‘He is unutterably,—unalterably good!’

BOOK VIII.

PART THE THIRD OF A WOMAN'S STORY:—
BEING THE NARRATIVE OF OLIVE BLAKE'S
ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

I TOOK a trip of a few months, to gain a perfect restoration of my health; and then I resolutely set to work to accomplish the business marked out for me in life.

The more I thought of my position with regard to my husband, and the nature of his conduct towards me, the more convinced I was that Etty Tree had been made the victim of a wicked plot. My sense of my own injury, without (I am thankful to say) embittering me, sharpened my perceptions, and made me look at life in a more business-like and practical manner than I had ever done,—the period of my worldly married life being even included in the retrospect. It was the first time in all my existence that I had consciously ex-

perienced a wrong. My feelings of justice, always acute in a woman, had in the confined circle of my personal affairs never before been shocked. I had therefore with all my precocity of intelligence, and all my knowledge of the ways and practices of unscrupulous men, taken the world as it came, in trust and without suspicion. Now however that a terrible blow had roused me from my blind confidence, I saw my past history with unscaled eyes.

I knew, at length, that Lord Byfield was a bad and heartless man. This knowledge was the key by which I set to work to read the riddle of his life. It was the light by which I now prepared to examine his gravest, and at the same time his apparently unimportant, acts. It made me prejudge the cause in which I was interested, and inspiring me with confidence in his guilt gave me heart to collect evidence, search for motives, and devise theories by which the problem of his dark courses might be solved,—in the same way that a professional advocate tracks crime to its lurking place.

Knowing Lord Byfield to be utterly bad, it was not difficult for me to point to a motive sufficient to account for his committing the crime, with which he stood charged in the court of my secret consciousness. The very large fortune he acquired by marrying me was a sufficient reason for his marry-

ing me without love. As I told my readers at the outset, ours was a *mariage de convenance*;—I out of a sentiment of filial duty offering (in the absence of any grave objections to the step) to render him the services of wifely duty, and he accepting my wealth as a consideration why he should confer upon me social distinction by making me his wife. The terms of my dear father's will had been carefully arranged to protect me from the misery of being united to a husband, either unworthy of me, or distasteful to me. They had expressly directed that I should not give my final decision whether I would become the bride of Arthur Petersham, until the completion of my twenty-fifth year, when my future husband would have attained the age of forty. If he wished to possess the wealth of Blake as well as Petersham, he was required to wait till he had attained middle life, ere he should enter upon marriage. Of course he, a wicked man (as I knew him to be), had not passed the period between youth and forty years in purity. More than one poor girl had doubtless rued his corrupting passion. At the best, he had only lived according to the ways of men of fashion, a generation and more since. But by the terms of my father's will, if any distinct act of immorality could be proved against him, I was at liberty on completing my

twenty-fifth year to reject him, and at the same time to enter on possession of the 300,000*l.* which was to be his in case of our marriage. It was therefore incumbent on him, if he would win all the stakes on the table at which he was playing, to maintain an unassailable reputation. He could not, therefore, afford to imitate the wicked of his own rank in running a career of open and avowed profligacy. An *esclandre* might cost him a third of a million of money. The consequences of this necessity would be (and, as I afterwards discovered, *they were*) most injurious to his character. Without sufficient moral strength to restrain himself from sinful gratification, he would indulge his vicious propensities with every precaution against discovery. He would contract a habit of sinning secretly. He would not only be a child of evil, but his evil would be done darkly, in tortuous and hidden ways. He would by his evil desires and his cupidity be educated to fraud. It was thus I reasoned, and my reasoning led me to see his capability of the crime with which he was charged, and also to discern his motive for committing it.

He had doubtless (I argued to myself) been enamoured of Etty Tree's surpassing beauty at Laughton, and had determined to possess himself of it. He had possibly first felt his way to see if

he could not accomplish his purpose without indulging the poor girl with a form of marriage; but, finding that impracticable, he had consented to make her his wife. Giddy at the prospect of being elevated to share his fortune, the simple creature had not only consented to a secret marriage, but had agreed to leave Laughton under circumstances that would lead the inhabitants of the town to the conclusion that she had fled, not with her betrayer, *but* with his friend, Major Watchit. Whenever I came to this point of my hypothetical arguments, I always experienced a sense of poignant regret that Sir George Watchit was no longer alive. It was clear that he had been Lord Byfield's accomplice in an infamous crime. Ettie Tree had herself told me, that she left Laughton with him (Mr. Petersham following her up to London), and that she also left the church in which they were married, and travelled to Monaco with him (Mr. Petersham again travelling by a different route, and meeting them in the principality). What had been Sir George Watchit's early history? I knew but little of it. He had been at Eton with Lord Byfield, and since that time they had, up till Sir George's death, been close and most intimate friends. What had been the bond between them? It was not equality of for-

tune; for while Lord Byfield was at the outset of life the heir apparent to prodigious wealth, Sir George Watchit had commenced his career a soldier of fortune! Then I recalled all the substantial benefits that had flowed to Sir George Watchit through his connection with my husband;—his rapid promotion in India (for he entered the Company's service at an unusually late period of life); the ease with which he obtained leave of absence from the East to enjoy himself in Europe; and, finally, his last advancement to high command, obtained for him (as Lord Byfield had himself told me) by the late Mr. Petersham's influence exercised upon his brother Directors. *These*, then (said I to myself), were some of the accomplice's rewards.

I had only seen Sir George Watchit a few times in all my life, on which occasions I had been powerfully impressed by his silent force of character, and his singular, I might even say his *comical*, taciturnity. He was an energetic and capable soldier (*that* he had, ere his death, shown the world); and from the slight recollection I had of him, I was quite able to believe him unscrupulous enough to have acted (for a sufficient consideration) as Lord Byfield's tool in works of secret crime. I knew well that, were he alive, he would

be little likely to reveal to me the facts which I wished to discover. Base honour to a base friend, and, above all other considerations, concern for his own reputation, as well as for his security from legal punishment, would seal his lips. Still I could not endure the thought that he had perished without making any sign. There was no longer a chance of extracting evidence from his fear, his penitence, his cupidity, or his singular personal appearance. He had gone from the reach of earthly judgment.

The first work I proposed to myself, was to discover not only Etty Tree but also her sister. The latter might tell me something by which I could the better pursue my search after the former.

Lord Byfield had assured me that he was ignorant of Etty Tree's place of abode; but this statement (although credited by me at the time it was made) I now of course regarded as false. As it was to his interest to conceal the girl, and to keep the place of her concealment known only to himself, he of course would not have told me her abode, since I of all people was the one individual from whom he was most desirous of keeping her. I knew by his own admission that he had on one occasion given her to a physician to take charge of her, as a person of disordered intellect. He had doubtless again consigned her to medical care as a lunatic.

To any person less intimately acquainted with Lord Byfield than I was, the evidence which he could offer of her insanity was conclusive. She persisted in calling herself *his* wife, and had positively entered his residence and alarmed me (the woman he had wedded in the open light of day, and in the presence of the fashionable world) with a statement that he had married her on a particular day in the parish church of a London parish, whereas the carefully kept registers of that church gave her words a complete refutation. What physician would hesitate to give his certificate that a young woman so conducting herself was demented? Therefore, still reasoning with a defect in my chain of evidence, I was as confident that Lord Byfield had immured her in an asylum, as I was confident that he had married her under circumstances which rendered it highly improbable that I should ever be able to trace the deed home to him.

Where was Etty Tree?

This was the question that I, and Dr. Clarges, and my solicitor, Mr. Castleton, were bent upon answering.

My readers have already made the acquaintance of Dr. Clarges. Let me now introduce them to Mr. Castleton. He is an eminent member of his branch of the legal profession, and, like Dr.

Clarges, was an intimate and valued friend of my dear father. He it was who superintended the construction of that last will and testament, which led to my unfortunate marriage; and ever since my dear father's death, he has given my affairs his constant attention. A learned and highly cultivated man, Mr. Castleton unites to the caution, accuracy, foresight, and secret vigilance of the *beau-idéal* of a solicitor, the graces of an accomplished and most honourable gentleman. He is not only my business adviser, but my good friend. Let my readers now imagine Mr. Castleton as of sixty years of age, but with the appearance of not having seen more than forty summers; let them imagine him of the middle height, with light-brown hair and whiskers, and a singularly benevolent and courteous countenance, and they will have a sufficiently complete and accurate notion of my legal coadjutor in the work that lay before me.

‘In the first place,’ said Mr. Castleton, when, in Dr. Clarges’ presence, I had laid my case before him, ‘we must proceed with the utmost secrecy, and in the second place, we must not be disheartened, if we have to labour for years without achieving our object.’

‘Why such a need for secrecy?’ asked the doctor.

‘Because,’ replied the lawyer, ‘if we do not

work quietly, we draw upon ourselves the attention of Lord Byfield. Our assumption (favoured, I confess, *by some*, but far from supported *by all* the evidence I could desire) is that Lord Byfield has been guilty of at least one grave offence against the laws of his country. We assume also that the young woman we wish to discover has been consigned by him to a lunatic asylum, or some other place of security. Now, if our assumptions are correct, should Lord Byfield learn that we are endeavouring to obtain access to the young woman, there can be no doubt that he would do his utmost to defeat our purpose, and secure himself from every chance of detection.'

'But, surely,' I said, 'Mr. Castleton, it ought to be easy for us to discover if a particular person is confined in any public asylum, or in any private house registered for the reception of the insane. The houses themselves anyhow are known?'

'True, and under ordinary circumstances,' returned the lawyer, 'it would be comparatively easy to discover whether a particular person was confined in any one of them, if there were no necessity for avoiding observation in the prosecution of search. For instance, we could go from one house to another, and with the assistance of a Commissioner of Lunacy search throughout all the lunatic

asylums in the land for this missing girl. But to do so, would be simply to say to Lord Byfield, "My lord, we are bent upon proving that you are guilty of bigamy." You must remember that we are dealing with a very powerful personage, a man possessed of means to influence those whom you might deem placed above the reach of corruption. We must be very cautious. At present we may not let a single person into our counsel besides ourselves.'

'But still, Castleton,' observed the doctor, pettishly, 'it remains for you to chalk out *some* line of action. We can't sit still. It is all well to say what we *mayn't* do. Can't you tell us what we *may* do?'

Mr. Castleton was silent for a couple of minutes, during which time he tore a sheet of note-paper in minute pieces, and scattered them on the floor of my library—not altogether to my satisfaction, for I have always been known as a particularly neat person.

'I'll tell you what we must do,' said the lawyer, after a pause.

'Good,—now for it,' said the doctor.

'We must commence, and steadily carry out by ourselves, a search of the following nature, without the assistance of agents of any kind. Of course our first object is to ascertain if the young woman

be in a madhouse. Now it is easy to get a list of all the asylums in the kingdom. I'll send you such a list, doctor, this very night ; and I'll send you one also, Lady By—(I beg your pardon, I forgot), I'll send you one also, Miss Blake. Now, into several of the most expensive private asylums, where a person of Lord Byfield's rank would be most likely to confine such a young woman as Miss Tree (for considerations of *rank*, Miss Blake, are regarded even by the patrons of madhouses), I can obtain admission. I have frequently to send a patient to one or the other of them. Possibly I have at the present time persons, in whom I am professionally interested, detained in some of them. Anyhow, I can get admission to them.'

'Good,' said Dr. Clarges, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, 'now I see how I can be of some use in the hunt.'

'You, doctor,' continued Mr. Castleton, 'can obtain admission to many more. Your professional reputation will not only introduce you to their keepers, but will secure you a courteous reception from them. Now you and I, doctor, must get into as many of these prisons as we can, and by the exercise of a little pardonable artifice, obtain an inspection of the lists of inmates, without letting our object transpire.'

'Yes,' said the doctor more gravely, 'it will be a tiresome task.'

'No doubt about that,' responded Mr. Castleton, quietly. 'We shall have to take many long journeys into the different counties of England, as well as spend many a day in visiting the metropolitan asylums, ere we shall be able to say that we have done all that lies in our power in this line of inquiry; and perhaps, after all, it may turn out that we shall find our labours have been misdirected.'

'Oh, you good, dear men!' I exclaimed, 'don't fear the labour. Look at the *end*. What is the toil compared with *that*?'

'There are more difficulties in our way,' observed Mr. Castleton, 'than even you can see, Miss Blake.'

'What are they?—tell me the worst.'

'The young woman may be confined in an asylum—but under a wrong name.'

'Good heavens!' I said, 'what a suggestion! How should we discover her then?'

'Humph!' replied the lawyer. 'Personal inspection. We shall have to disguise you, and take you about with us; for you have seen the girl.'

'I should remember her anywhere,' I answered, warmly.

'She may,' continued Mr. Castleton, 'be in confinement, and under medical care as a lunatic; but

not in a house registered for the reception of the insane.'

'May she?'

'Lord Byfield,' quietly went on my terrible solicitor, 'in such a matter would regard money as an affair of no consideration. He may possibly have a physician in his pay, to whom he gives 2000*l.* a year for keeping charge of this young person, in his own private residence.'

'Oh, Mr. Castleton!' I exclaimed, 'how should we discover her in such a case? And it *is* exactly what Lord Byfield actually did with that physician at Nice.'

'Well, well,' returned Mr. Castleton, smiling, 'don't be alarmed. We must hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst. And to console you, I may say that I hardly think Lord Byfield would adopt such a plan in this country. It would be attended with too much hazard, and rouse suspicion of him—at least in the mind of one individual.'

'Castleton,' said Dr. Clarges, 'come and talk this matter over with me to-night, and then we'll settle how we must proceed to action. I must now be off to see my patients. Good morning, Olive. God help you, dear!'

Mr. Castleton also wished me a valedictory

good morning; but ere he took his departure he added; 'and besides entering on this long, tedious search, Miss Blake, I will forthwith institute inquiries after the young person's sister, Miss Tabitha Tree.'

It is worthy of remark that Mr. Castleton entertained an angry feeling, a sort of sub-resentment, towards the poor girl in whom I had so lively an interest. It was a long time ere he ceased to speak of her habitually as 'the young person,' or 'the young woman.' But the time came when he altered his opinion of her.

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD OMEN.

FOR many months (they seemed to me *very* long months) I had to wait without advancing a single step in the journey before me. Dr. Clarges and Mr. Castleton were too much occupied with urgent professional affairs to be able to visit me frequently; but whenever they came to Fulham (where, with Aunt Wilby for a companion, I resumed the life of my most quiet days previous to my marriage), they assured me that they were devoting all their leisure moments to my service.

‘You were patient, Olive,’ the doctor said to me frequently, ‘under heavy afflictions. You must now bear patiently the irksomeness of delay.’

‘I will, dear doctor,’ I answered; ‘but every day I learn how much harder it is to bear a comparatively light trial with equanimity, than it is to endure a graver evil with fortitude.’

At the expiration of five months, however, Mr. Castleton made his appearance at Fulham, with

such an expression of serene satisfaction in his countenance, that my first words to him were, 'You bring sunshine with you, Mr. Castleton. Good news is written in your face, but I cannot read it; you must tell me.'

'Don't raise your hopes; for if you do, I shall have to begin by throwing cold water upon them,' replied my solicitor. 'Lady clients are most agreeable to a man of business as a change. Their gratitude is quite refreshing to lawyers, who are too much in the habit of regarding their avocations solely with a view to profit. But they are so oversanguine, that they are continually subjecting themselves to unnecessary disappointment, and, as a consequence, subjecting their professional agents to a certain amount of mortification;—so don't let your hopeful imagination run away with you.'

'I will not. But what is the intelligence?'

'To begin,—I have not yet been able to get a trace of "the young person."'

'Well?' I put in, as my heart sunk.

'But I have discovered her sister.'

'Indeed!—where is she?'

'I have already,' continued Mr. Castleton, telling his story in his own way, 'made several inquiries about her, and they have resulted in my entertaining a very favourable opinion of her. I should say

that Miss Tabitha Tree is a lady deserving our deepest commiseration; that she is a truly excellent woman.'

Mr. Castleton paused. If he had a fault it was a mischievous pleasure in playing with the feelings of others, when he was about to make an important communication.

'Since we first discussed this business, I have made a visit to Laughton, the town where "the young person" and her sister kept a school,—and to Farnham Cobb, a secluded parish, in which they were brought up by their grandfather, the vicar of the parish. I there made some important discoveries relative to Miss Tabitha Tree. The principal solicitor of Laughton, who is the steward of the important property known as the Laughton Abbey estate, was fortunately not unknown to me. Indeed, I may say that we have for many years been connected in business. When I was a young man, more in want of clients than I am at present, I carried on an agency business; that is to say (for the term needs to be explained to you), I transacted for country solicitors business to which they could not attend without living in town. Agency business to a London solicitor means business, of which he undertakes all the responsibility, and nearly all the labour, and for which he obtains

only half the fees legally due for the work done. Mr. Gurley was one of my agency clients. On achieving success in my profession, I relinquished agency work, retaining however the business of those of my provincial clients who had shown me consideration and liberality, and who expressed a decided wish to retain my services. Amongst my old agency clients Mr. Gurley is one. My visit to Laughton therefore took me directly to him. I knew him well (as young men, we were articled pupils at the same office). However, I did not think it right to let him altogether into my confidence. I told him I was anxious to inform myself of all particulars relative to the history of Miss Tabitha Tree and her sister, more especially of all particulars relative to the departure of the latter from Laughton. His story, of course, was that "the young woman" had left Laughton under painful and disgraceful circumstances with Major (afterwards Sir George) Watchit. He described her as singularly beautiful, but petted and spoiled by over-indulgence in childhood, and by the attentions showered upon her by the Laughton gentility. Till her scandalous flight from Laughton "Cottage," Mr. Gurley had deemed her a girl naturally amiable, and devoid of wicked propensities, just as he also deemed her devoid of the high principle, and rare

unselfishness of her elder sister. Lady Caroline Petersham's notice of this unsophisticated girl (in Mr. Gurley's opinion) turned her head, and was a chief cause of her ruin. Of the elder Miss Tree, Mr. Gurley spoke in very different terms. "Many people called her plain," he said, "but she never appeared plain either to me or my wife. No competent observer could call her an ordinary-looking woman, for extraordinary goodness was expressed by every line of her face. But you shall hear what my wife says about her." I dined that day with Mr. Gurley, and after dinner he told his wife that I was anxious to gain information about Miss Tree, and especially to hear her opinion of her. "Then, sir," cried the honest lady, flushing up with generous excitement, "let me tell you, that if there is an angel on earth, it is little Tibby Tree." On my pressing the kind lady to give me some reasons for her high opinion of this Miss Tree, she answered with tears in her eyes, and much emotion, "Sir, I know much about Tibby Tree, that I could not tell you, even if you were my most intimate friend, instead of being almost a stranger to me. But this I can say: she is the most unselfish woman I have ever known in the whole course of my days; and I know that from the day she came to Laughton, till the day she left it in sorrow (*not* disgrace, sir,

—shame, real shame, has nothing to do with her!) the one chief thought of her heart was to work the happiness of that heartless, vain, little minx of a sister who plunged her in misery!"'

'Go on, Mr. Castleton,' I said, so interested in the account, that I had ceased to be impatient for its termination.

Mr. Castleton went on. A poet could not have drawn a more beautiful picture of all he had learnt to Tibby Tree's advantage. He gave me the minutest particulars of his trip into 'the corn-country.' The care and ingenuity with which he had carried on his investigations were absolutely wonderful. From the gossip of the villagers, and the admissions of Mr. Gurley, he had arrived at the conclusion that Tibby Tree had conceived a pure and lofty love for Julian Gower, who, unconscious of the treasure he had won, centred his affections on the pretty face of her sister. He found out that the Gurleys maintained an epistolary correspondence with this excellent woman; but they were either ignorant of her place of abode, or steadily refused to impart their knowledge of it to him.

'I impressed on Gurley,' said Mr. Castleton, bringing the first part of his communications to a conclusion, 'my anxiety that my name should be kept a profound secret to any curious inhabitants

of Laughton, who might wish to know who the stranger was who had been over to Farnham Cobb, gossiping to the villagers about the late vicar's grand-daughters. I told him frankly, that it was not in my power to reveal to him, at present, my reason for wanting to trace out the two sisters; and he, as a sound business man, appreciated my caution and secrecy. On *him I can rely*; and I am quite confident that no one in "the corn-country" will suspect that the excursionist, who sought news of Tabitha and Annette Tree in the haunts of their childhood, was—a London solicitor.'

'Well, now, *do go on*,' I cried, getting impatient again.

Mr. Castleton paused, refreshed himself with a glass of water, and then recommenced, 'I returned three months since from "the corn-country" more anxious than ever to discover "the young person's" sister. I caused a trusty agent of mine to search every directory in the kingdom for her name. I inquired of all the principal haberdashers, milliners, and shirt-makers in London, if they had ever given work to a person of her name. It would weary you, if I enumerated all the efforts I made unavailingly to unearth her. Of course I did not advertise for her. Such a step might have attracted

Lord Byfield's attention, and made him suspect that the persons anxious to discover Tabitha Tree were really searching for her sister.'

'But how did you discover her at last?'

'*By pure accident.*'

'How?'

'By pure accident. A fortnight since, a clergyman called at my office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and sent up his card. I was busy, but still did not like to refuse a clergyman, who had assured one of my clerks that he wanted to see me on urgent business. So the caller was admitted. He was a well-dressed, personable man. "A new client," thought I. But not a bit of it. He sat down on my own peculiar chair, as if the room belonged to him, and taking a packet of prospectuses from his pocket, coolly informed me that he wanted me to subscribe to the "Hospital for Sick Children, in Marchioness Street." (That's the way in which the enthusiastic promoters of Charitable Institutions tout for them, now-a-days.) "Sir," I said, rudely enough, immediately I learnt his business, "what charity I do in this world, I do myself, and without the aid of any of the mushroom hospitals that infest the streets of London, and absorb the funds of the benevolent, without doing any appreciable good to the poor. I am a subscriber already to

two large hospitals, with medical schools attached to them, and I must decline throwing away 5*l.* on a trumpery infirmary, got up in all probability to bring an obscure physician or two into public notice. I am very busy. My time is very valuable; and therefore I must beg you to say 'good-bye' to me instantly." Most men would have been abashed by this speech. But far from being put out of countenance, the reverend gentleman smiled at me, opened my own case of note-paper, and taking from it a sheet of paper said, "That's right, sir, I like to be received in this way; I shall get 10*l.* out of you. Now, as your time is valuable, be quick about it, and write a cheque on this slip of paper at once." This audacity didn't amuse me. I felt myself getting into a lively rage,—quite a rage, Miss Blake. Doubtless the importunate gentleman saw I was not to be trifled with, for he suddenly changed his manner, rose from my chair, and pushing one of the hospital prospectuses into my hand said, "Well, sir, I won't disturb you; but you shouldn't speak so harshly to a clergyman who, at the worst, is only a little too zealous in behalf of a public undertaking." I was so far mollified by this speech, that I took the proffered prospectus, and glanced my eye over the first sheet, before crumpling it up, and putting it in

my pocket. "Here, sir," I cried, calling the clergyman back, "wait an instant, I apologize for my rudeness; but a lawyer in the middle of term may be excused for being a little fierce with strangers who enter his office, and consume his time to no purpose. Here, sir, take your cheque. Good morning." The man took up my cheque; but, confound his impudence, he could not leave the room without saying, triumphantly, "I told you so, sir. Here's your cheque for 10*l.*, written on the very same piece of paper that I took from your case." I am not an irritable man, Miss Blake; but really, if he had not been a clergyman, I don't think we should have parted without more words. "Never mind!" I said to myself, taking out the crumpled prospectus from the pocket of my coat-tail, "that paper is more worth having than my cheque!"

'Why, what was on it?' I asked.

'Look,' he answered, taking the same crumpled prospectus from his pocket once more, and laying it out on the table before me, 'look! do you see the matron's name?'

I followed his finger to the point indicated, and there to my inexpressible surprise and gratification, I saw amongst the names of the permanent officers and servants of the Hospital for Sick Children in

Marchioness Street, these words in full capital letters, 'Matron :—Tabitha Tree.'

'Bravo!' I cried, with genuine exultation.

'There! there! we've unearthed her!' said Mr. Castleton, looking at me with the keen sense of pleasure which a player experiences, when he wins a point in a difficult and important game.

'We must put ourselves in communication with her at once,' I exclaimed, impetuously.

'No,' said Mr. Castleton, recovering in a moment all his ordinary composure, 'that would be useless, and to do so might only be to show our game to others. Mr. Gurley assured me that Miss Tabitha Tree knew no more than he or I did about the fate of her sister. It would therefore do *us* no good, and would only pain *her*, to show her that her retreat is discovered, and to cross-question her about the points on which we are already sufficiently informed. My trip to Laughton put me in possession of everything that she can tell us. We must let her keep quiet where she is. She is a card in our hands, and it is possible that one day she will turn out a trump-card for us. Let us be cautions, and leave what is well already, alone in that quarter. Caution! caution!—anyhow, if I am not mistaken, we know more than Mr. Gurley of Laughton.'

This last reflection evidently gave my solicitor great satisfaction.

‘But,’ said I, with a painful doubt, ‘may there not be two Tabitha Trees? After all, this may not be our one.’

‘The name is singular,’ said Mr. Castleton, sententiously.

‘True; but that singularity does not amount to proof.’

‘I’ll tell you something else. As soon as I had reason to take an interest in this Children’s Hospital, I looked at the names of its supporters, and amongst the names of the lady patronesses, I found the name of Mrs. Monk of Clapton, a good and charitable woman, in whose family Mrs. Castleton’s present housekeeper lived some years since. At my request Mrs. Castleton questioned our housekeeper about her former mistress, and the result of her questions was the discovery that Miss Tabitha Tree, the present matron of the Marchioness Street Hospital, entered Mrs. Monk’s service as a nursery-governess, at a date that must have been very shortly after your Etty Tree’s flight from Laugh-ton. In Mrs. Monk’s family, the housekeeper and the nursery-governess were on terms of equality, and consequently my wife’s housekeeper had good means of ascertaining all that Miss Tree allowed

the world to know about herself. It appears, then, that when she entered Mrs. Monk's family, she had only recently arrived in London from the country. She was quite ignorant of the topography, public buildings, and amusements of the town; but she never manifested any curiosity about them,—all her care being apparently directed to the welfare of the children placed under her charge. To my housekeeper's inquiries she admitted that she had passed all her previous life in an out-of-the-way province; or, as my informant expressed it, "right in the country." But she was "*very close about her past life, would never talk about the places in which she had lived before coming to Mrs. Monk's, and always kept herself to herself.*" She was an excellent nursery-governess, and much esteemed by Mrs. Monk, but in the opinion of the housekeeper was "*a mystery!*"

'All these facts,' I said, when Mr. Castleton paused, 'go far to accomplish the work of identification, but still *they are not conclusive.*'

The doubt having once risen in my mind as to the identity of Tabitha Tree of Laughton, and Tabitha Tree of the Marchioness Street Hospital, it was not to be removed by any ordinary sort of circumstantial evidence.

‘Well, then, I will tell you something else,’ said Mr. Castleton.

He always kept the best point of a communication to the last, and I felt sure that it was now about to be revealed. The smile of my lawyer’s face told me so.

‘When I was at Laughton,’ he continued, ‘I saw her portrait—a rather well-executed crayon sketch, which a travelling artist had taken of her for Mrs. Gurley’s pleasure. I remarked that portrait, examining it carefully, and laying up all its peculiarities in my memory. Well, yesterday I happened to be passing along Marchioness Street, when it occurred to me that I should like to inspect the interior of the hospital, to which I had so recently contributed 10*l*. So I knocked at the door, and on the porter opening it, I stated that I was a subscriber to the hospital, and I should wish to look at the wards. From the man’s countenance it was clear that my application was unusual; but he went to the matron’s room, and brought her to me. The moment that I saw her *I knew her to be the lady whose portrait I had seen at Laughton*, in Mrs. Gurley’s drawing-room. It only took me a few minutes to inspect the wards, but during that short time, I saw enough of Miss Tree—in the

kindness of her tone to the unhappy little patients, in the delight their countenances evinced when she approached them, and in her graceful simplicity to me, to be sure that the Gurleys had not over-rated her good qualities. She manifested a little curiosity about my name, and asked me if I would not make an entry in the visitor's note-book, to the effect that I had inspected the wards, and been gratified by what I saw there. But, of course, I did not comply. It was my business to learn who she was,—not to let out who I was. Now, Miss Blake, have we unearthed her ?

‘We have unearthed her !’ I answered emphatically. ‘Oh, Mr. Castleton, you wonderful man ! You seem to know something about everything and everybody. At present, we cannot say what good this discovery will do us. But anyhow it is an omen,—a bright omen for the future !’

‘Exactly so, Miss Blake ;—it is a bright omen ! We had just come to that point, when we sorely needed a little refreshing encouragement ; and now we have it.’

But though I saw clearly the propriety of not disturbing Tibby Tree in the retreat she had chosen for herself, I could not rest content without doing something to aid her in her charitable undertaking.

Mr. Castleton's inquiries into the system and object of the hospital convinced him that it was a most excellent institution. Its only want was a want of funds; and that want, after much consideration, I determined to supply. I was no longer the rich woman I had once been; but I still had the use of my villa at Fulham, the land round it, and the interest of the 50,000*l.*, in the hands of my trustees. In all I had a well-appointed residence, and a little more than 2,000*l.* per annum. Precluded as I was from society by my domestic troubles, I therefore still had ample wealth; and I resolved to devote a portion of it to protection of the poor sick children of London. The solemn and sacred memory of my own darling babe, lying in its last rest in Burstead church, encouraged me to give such aid to Tibby Tree. I therefore directed Mr. Castleton at once to take measures to put into the hands of the hospital committee 1,000*l.*, on condition they forthwith enlarged the hospital and increased their number of beds. I also promising to give the charity a sufficient annual income to support the new wards, and a part of their inmates.

The details of this arrangement I left to Mr. Castleton; and he, persevering in his plan of caution, paid my contribution in to the committee, under the name of 'Grace Temple;' whereupon

they added another huge, dusty old mansion, to the original domicile of the charity, and in compliment to their benefactress named it after her, 'Grace Temple.'

I more than once recreated myself with walking down the pavement of Marchioness Street, and with looking at the front of the hospital I had benefited; but I neither entered its walls, nor set eyes on Tibby Tree, till about two years had elapsed since the date of my benefaction.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT IT POINTED TO.

AFTER another ten months, when as I sate in my garden at Fulham, with bees and butterflies making music and brisk life around, and with the silent traffic of the river aiding the sunlight and the shade to detain me in a luxurious day-dream, Dr. Clarges drove up to the door, and alighting from his phaeton came across the lawn to the corner, where I was sitting.

Mr. Castleton had brought down the first game, in our long search; and now Dr. Clarges was to show that he also was a good sportsman.

‘My dear,’ the kind old man said, ‘I came up last night from Berkshire.’

‘From Berkshire?’

‘Ay, and you must be prepared to-morrow by nine o’clock A.M. to start with me on an excursion down into Berkshire.’

‘What!’ I exclaimed, starting up from my chair—the butterflies, and the odoriferous flowers, and

the silent silver Thames, and my happy day-dream all driven out of my head, 'you *have* not discovered Etty Tree.'

'That remains to be proved; but I have discovered at the Belle Vue Lunatic Asylum, just nine miles distant from Reading, a lady named Annette Watchit.'

'Annette Watchit?'

'Ay! And if I am not mistaken, we shall find that Annette Watchit is Etty Tree.'

'Dear doctor, don't be slow. Tell me everything in an instant.'

'Nay, I can't do that. You made a heart-rending story of how Castleton tortured you, when he revealed to you his discovery of Tibby Tree; now it is my turn to play with your feelings. But I will be as brief as possible. To begin, then: two months since there came to my hands a cheque for 100*l.* drawn by Dr. Hankinson, the proprietor of the Belle Vue Asylum, upon "Petersham and Blake," of Lombard Street. I had no personal knowledge whatever of Dr. Hankinson, but I knew him by repute to be one of the most successful mad-doctors in the kingdom. His establishment, called "Belle Vue," is a magnificent country mansion,—one of the best houses, indeed, in all Berkshire,—and stands in a fine park, through which a river, well-known to

anglers, takes its course. His rates of charge for the care of patients I also knew to be very high—varying between 300*l.* and 400*l.* per annum. The cheque of which I speak was passed into my hands by a Berkshire tradesman, and roused the suspicion of my already suspicious temper. “A cheque,” I said, “for 100*l.* on Petersham and Blake! The *sum* would be exactly the fee for one quarter of a year’s care of one of Dr. Hankinson’s first class patients.” Of course, by itself, the circumstance was not worthy a moment’s thought. Doubtless many of the wealthy persons, who had confided insane relatives to Dr. Hankinson’s care, kept accounts with “Petersham and Blake,” and it was quite natural that any such person (to relieve himself of unnecessary thought and trouble about a painful matter) should empower Dr. Hankinson to draw to the amount of his fees upon his London banker. Such an arrangement is not only explicable, but accords with every day usage. It was credible that Dr. Hankinson drew quarterly a hundred-pound note from several different London bankers, who had received directions to honour his cheques to that, or even a far greater amount. Still the occurrence was enough to put me on the alert, and to make me determine that I would on the first opportunity pay Dr. Hankinson a visit. Without much difficulty I

found a physician, who could give me a suitable letter of introduction to Dr. Hankinson; when, just as I was looking out for two vacant days on which to go down to Berkshire, I fortunately was consulted by the family of Lord Oakfield, as to a proper asylum for the confinement of that unhappy and notorious nobleman. Knowing that Dr. Hankinson in his spacious establishment received patients of both sexes, I suggested "Belle Vue" as a fit place, and offered, as I happened to be going into Berkshire in the course of a few days, to speak to Dr. Hankinson on the subject. This offer was, I need not say, accepted, and I went down to "Belle Vue" with two introductions to Dr. Hankinson's favour,—namely, a letter from one of his most intimate friends, and a mission to place in his hands an aristocratic and opulent patient. I think that the latter was the more effectual.

'Of course Dr. Hankinson was familiar with my professional position, and was well pleased to receive as a guest one so well able to assist him in his vocation. After inspecting all the arrangements for the doctor's patients (and the arrangements I must say are admirable;—really, no one would object to be mad, if he was secure of being sent to such a delightful place as "Belle Vue!") I found myself sitting down to an excellent dinner with Dr. Han-

kinson's wife and daughters. Dr. Hankinson and I were the only gentlemen of the party; and when the ladies left us, we had a little confidential chat over some Burgundy, that really, Olive, is almost as good as yours.

“What is the history,” I said, “of that young melancholy creature you spoke to, near the fountains, half-an-hour before dinner, just as we left the aviary? You remember her?—slight figure, and delicate face (full of sadness), with a profusion of golden hair?”

“Ah,” said Dr. Hankinson, filling his glass (I noticed that he drank rather freely), “that’s a painful and very singular case. That beautiful girl was some years since Sir George Watchit’s toy,—either mistress or wife (there is some doubt, whether he married her), and she is the victim of a most extraordinary hallucination. Sir George Watchit lived with the girl abroad, in Monaco and elsewhere, and when he grew tired of her left her and her babe, and went back to the East. Her madness takes as strange a form as I have ever known insanity take. Sir George Watchit’s intimate friend was Mr. Petersham, now Lord Byfield, the eminent capitalist; and when Sir George was bent on deserting this poor girl, Lord Byfield took her part, and urged his friend to treat her honour-

ably. Sir George, however, took his own heartless course, and left the girl in Italy bereft of her senses. She almost died; but Lord Byfield humanely took charge of her, and saw her restored from the danger of death,—but not restored to her original soundness of intelligence. Grateful to Lord Byfield for his kindness in taking her part against her betrayer and deserter, she conceived the preposterous notion that she had never lived as the wife of Major Watchit, but was actually married to Lord Byfield. A more painful position for Lord Byfield (Mr. Petersham he then was) cannot be imagined. She had no friends who would naturally be looked to to take custody of her. So Lord Byfield very properly and liberally provided for her care abroad, until he should hear from Sir George Watchit in India. But she soon contrived to escape from her place of detention, travelled (Heaven knows how!) through France, and positively burst into Lord Byfield's house in Grosvenor Square, shortly after his marriage (which, by-the-by, has turned out badly), and frightened the lady of the house, by telling her that she was the victim of a *bigamist*. She even stated the very church in which she asserted she and Mr. Petersham had been married. In that she showed the imprudence of madness, just as in other particulars of

her story she displayed the prudence which often marks the insane. A reference to the church register proved that her assertion was only an astounding fabrication of *dementia*; and it was just as easily ascertained that she had been Sir George Watchit's mistress. Well, of course, such a person could not be allowed to go at large. Mrs. Petersham was already expecting the birth of an heir to the vast fortunes of "Petersham and Blake;" and a repetition of the alarm she had already undergone might be the cause of lamentable disaster. Under these circumstances, therefore, the beautiful demented creature was, of course, captured and sent to me.

"By Lord Byfield,—that is, Mr. Petersham?" I put in.

"Oh no," was the answer, much to my surprise; "the order consigning her to my care was signed by the Right Honourable Sir Charles Norton."

"What?" I said, "by our present Secretary of State?"

"The same," answered Dr. Hankinson. "You seem surprised, but there is no occasion for it. Lord Byfield of course would not send me the lunatic, on his own responsibility, since he was so peculiarly pointed at by her madness. So he spoke on the subject to Sir Charles Norton, and

that statesman, whose integrity and loftiness of purpose are beyond even the stabs of calumny, ordered me to take charge of Annette Watchit. Sir Charles had also some personal acquaintance with Sir George Watchit, and had therefore private means of knowing the nature of the girl's relations to Sir George."

"Whose names were appended to the medical certificate?" I inquired.

"Really I forget—but if you are curious, I'll go to my library, and get the order and the certificate for your inspection."

"I expressed a moderate wish to see "the papers" mentioned,—a wish decided enough in its expression to make him leave the table, and forthwith produce the papers; and at the same time not sufficiently pronounced to rouse suspicion on his part.

"The order and medical certificate were both in proper form. The two physicians, certifying the insanity of the patient, were men of high character—Dr Atkins and Dr. Teesdale. I am familiar with their hand-writing, and there is no doubt that the signatures are genuine. In the order, too, there was nothing to remark upon, save that the space in the ordinary form, where the person ordering the detention of the lunatic is required to state

his relationship or position to the insane person, so committed by the order to custody, was filled up with these words in Sir Charles Norton's hand-writing : "I am in no way whatever related to the lunatic, Annette Watchit, but I act in behalf of a personal friend, now in foreign parts, whose wife I believe the lunatic to be.—C. N." I know Sir Charles Norton's hand-writing, as well as I do the writing of Drs. Atkins and Teesdale, and I have no hesitation in saying that the signature of the order is his.

'Now, Olive, you have heard my story. Do you not think I am justified in suspecting that Annette Watchit will turn out to be Annette Tree?'

'Dr. Clarges,' I said, when I had heard this astounding communication, 'Sir Charles Norton may have signed the order, but it was done at my husband's—I mean, Lord Byfield's—request. I remember that three days after I told my husband of Etty Tree's visits to me in Grosvenor Square, Sir Charles Norton dined with us, and Lord Byfield led me on to tell him—as a very old and intimate friend—of the vexation I had undergone during the few previous weeks. I now remember, as clearly as if it happened only yesterday, that as we dropt the topic, Lord Byfield and Sir Charles Norton exchanged glances, and Lord

Byfield said, significantly, "*She won't repeat her visit.*" Those glances and those words were the first cause for my suspecting that Etty Tree had been reconsigned to medical care by Lord Byfield.'

'Indeed;—that is most important, for it establishes an association in this particular business between Lord Byfield and Sir Charles Norton. But Sir Charles is a most honourable man.'

'True, doctor,' I answered, 'but he has been imposed upon by the same considerations which led Dr. Atkins and Dr. Teesdale—also honourable men, and of unassailable reputations—to sign the medical certificate.'

'And, by Jove! Olive,' Dr. Clarges exclaimed, with unusual warmth, 'he might well be so imposed upon! I am sure that had I been in the place of either Dr. Atkins or Dr. Teesdale I should have done as they did. And after all, apart from our positive convictions, based more on suspicion than anything else, what have we to offer as proof that she is not insane?'

'Anyhow we have arrived at this,' I answered, 'that Lord Byfield and Sir Charles Norton acted in concert; and that when Lord Byfield told me he had searched, and was still searching, *unavailingly*, for "the mad girl"—he told me that which was utterly untrue. What does that *lie* point to?'

Answer me, Dr. Clarges. What does it point to ?'

'Well, it looks awkward,' said the doctor, evasively.

'Dr. Clarges,—I'll tell you what it points to. *It points to guilt.*'

'I am afraid it does.'

'Dr. Clarges,—*I hope* it does ! Why do you say that you are *afraid* it does ?'

'My dear girl,' said the doctor, 'I cannot help remembering what you would be in the eyes of the world, if you should succeed in proving that Lord Byfield had done you the most cruel injury a man can do a woman.'

'Never mind that, my dear old friend,' I said, feeling, however, warm tears rise in my eyes; 'I should then only be in reality what I now call myself,—*Olive Blake.*'

CHAPTER IV.

BELLE VUE.

As we travelled down into Berkshire, Dr. Clarges and I had time to discuss more fully the nature of Etty Tree's position at Belle Vue, and the probability of our being able to induce Dr. Hankinson to surrender his patient into our custody. My wish was to take her back with us to Fulham ; but Dr. Clarges and Mr. Castleton both foresaw many contingencies which would render it unadvisable for me to do so. If Dr. Hankinson should be opposed to our taking possession of her, we clearly could not compel him to give her up to us, without using measures which would put an end to all possibility of keeping our movements unknown to Lord Byfield. Notwithstanding the exposure of the trial, Lord Byfield was still a personage highly respected by the world. The scandal of the scene in Westminster Hall had blown over ; and those who bore it in mind only regarded it as one of

those 'awkward affairs' which were too common, a generation since, to cover those concerned in them with lasting obloquy. As a financial power in the country, his position had greatly improved during the last year and a half; and though society severely censured him (for 'nine days') for his conduct to me, it had learnt to be charitable to the peer and the powerful capitalist. It was true, he and his wife lived apart from each other, by an amicable arrangement, but (said society) it would never do to put every man under a ban, who did not find it agreeable to live with a wife, united to him by a *mariage de convenance*. Moreover, Sir Charles Norton, who was responsible for Etty's confinement, was still the intimate friend of Lord Byfield. If therefore Dr. Hankinson should inform the Secretary of State, that an attempt was being made to remove Etty Tree from Belle Vue, there could be no doubt that the intelligence would be promptly conveyed to his lordship.

'I do not see how we can get hold of her, without letting Dr. Hankinson in some measure into our confidence, and inducing him to be a sort of negative coadjutor in our arrangements,' observed Dr. Clarges.

'To what motives would he be most likely to prove obedient?'

‘To interested ones,’ returned the doctor, curtly.

‘Indeed?’

‘Ay. Hankinson has a high reputation; but successful as he has been in his department of my profession, I know that he is to some extent an embarrassed man. His establishment at “Belle Vue” is necessarily very expensive. For the accommodation of his aristocratic patients, he has to maintain horses, equipages, and servants sufficient for the dignity of a duke. Moreover, he is a man of costly pleasures. He hunts, and visits on terms of equality, with the leading county families of his part of Berkshire, and he amuses himself with the turf and high play. I do not mean to say that he is running on the road to unavoidable ruin; but he is unquestionably improvident,—and has to jump at every chance of getting a new patient. Indeed, I know that in some cases he has lowered his terms, rather than have any portion of his house unoccupied.’

‘The more reason why he would be unwilling to give up a quiet patient who troubles him but little, and pays him 400*l.* a year.’

‘Well, so it is a reason, viewed from one point.’

The doctor said these words with such a peculiar accent and significance, that I started in my

seat, and said, 'Surely you don't think of offering him *a bribe*?'

'Well, Miss Olive,' answered Dr. Clarges with a smile, 'if I do, I shan't call it by that name.'

'Speak more plainly.'

'I will. Dr. Hankinson (agreeable and accomplished man though he is) is a determined, perhaps I might say an unscrupulous, man of business. He will do completely and thoroughly his duty to all patients committed to his care. That is to say, he will cure them if he can. But he will take every possible means to get more of them. Now he is doubtless this very day saying to himself, "It is very convenient to have one of the vacant places in my house filled up by Lord Oakfield; and I like my new patient all the better because he is sent to me by a successful and fashionable physician, with whom I have previously had no dealings, and who, if he likes, can send me one or two more patients every year. I must be careful what I do with Dr. Clarges. I must take care to please him."'

'Of course. I see.'

'Suppose, then, that I say to Dr. Hankinson, "Etty Tree no longer stands in need of your *surveillance*. She never required it from a medical point of view, but simply that she might not annoy a particular lady, who, far from wishing the young

woman to be confined in your asylum any longer, wishes to make her a member of her own family. I could easily *make* you give her into my hands, for I can produce the girl's next of kin, who would engage that the hallucination under which she labours should never be again a cause of annoyance to Lord Byfield. But compulsory measures would entail a certain amount of publicity, which I am especially anxious to avoid. Now your engagement with Sir Charles Norton is to keep her in safe custody. You shall continue to do so by me, who will act in the matter as your agent. I will become responsible to you for her security, and I will let you see her as often as you wish. Indeed, I will engage to bring her down here to stop for a few days once or twice in the year, so that you may still regard her as being on the roll of your patients. By acceding to this proposition, you would *greatly oblige me!*" Suppose, Olive, I said this to Dr. Hankinson, do you think he would accede to my wishes?"

'Yes; unless you have misread his character.'

'And I should not have to talk about *bribes?*' added the doctor, with a smile.

It was drawing on to the latter part of the afternoon, when Dr. Clarges and I drove through the park of Belle Vue. Dr. Hankinson was awaiting

our arrival on the terrace, and assisted me from the carriage, with an expression of the pleasure it gave him to receive me as his guest. He was a handsome, well-bred man of the world, but he did not please me.

Dr. Clarges had arranged that he and I should dine alone with Dr. Hankinson, and that I should not see more of Mrs. Hankinson and her daughters than the ceremony of a formal introduction should necessitate. I had come to Belle Vue purely as a 'business visitor,' and the proprietor of the asylum was in the habit of displaying hospitality to 'business visitors' of both sexes, without introducing them into Mrs. Hankinson's drawing-room. That lady and her family lived in a detached part of the house, and had their own grounds and conservatories, apart from those kept up for the delectation of the patients.

After dinner, as soon as the servants had left us, our conversation turned upon Etty Tree, when Dr. Hankinson, who either really was, or feigned to be, ignorant of my relationship to Lord Byfield, said, 'Dr. Clarges has already told me, Miss Blake, that you are aware of the alarm this poor creature's hallucination caused Lady Byfield some three years or more since. But perhaps you are not aware of another remarkable feature of her insanity. She

has a son, whose father was Major (afterwards Sir George) Watchit. This child she secreted somewhere, before she was captured and given over to me. Where he is, no one that we can discover knows besides herself. Again and again by arguments and artifices I have endeavoured to make her reveal where he is concealed, but my efforts have been ineffectual.'

'I knew she had a child,' I remarked, curtly.

'Her motive for concealment is the preposterous belief that Lord Byfield wants to obtain possession of the child, in order to remove him as an evidence of his intimacy with her.'

'Poor thing!' I said, pityingly.

'Ay, you may well pity her. Away from her hallucinations, and its attendant delusion with regard to her child, she is the sweetest creature imaginable. She is quiet, tractable, eager to please, and singularly devoid of the petty artfulness, which to their professional attendants is the most troublesome of the ordinary characteristics of the insane. I have long since allowed her unusual indulgences in the way of liberty. Attended by her nurse (a most intelligent and pleasant young woman) she may go wherever she pleases about the park; but on week days she hardly ever cares to go beyond the precinct of the little garden, in which we have

our ornamental water-works. She is very particular to attend the village church, which you may see in the corner of the park yonder, twice every Sunday, and when she is not observed, she is very fond of reading the Bible, and committing whole chapters to memory. Before she came to us, her favourite corner of our grounds used to be called "the fountain garden," but we have got into the habit of calling it now "Lady Byfield's garden."

'Oh, then, you address her by the title to which she imagines she has a right?'

'No, we do not. But my patients often play upon each other's delusions. It is strange how they frequently appreciate the folly of their fellow-sufferers' hallucinations, and yet retain faith in their own. Consequently, knowing that poor Annette believes herself to have been married to a Mr. Petersham, who has since been created Lord Byfield, they speak of her in mockery amongst themselves as "Lady Byfield." Usually such raillery does no harm, for the afflicted person at whom it is pointed takes it as a genuine recognition of the truth of that which constitutes his delusion. But this is not the case with poor Annette. She knows her insane associates call her "Lady Byfield" in mockery, and when she hears the title

applied to her, she blushes, and though she says nothing, I can see that she is in acute pain.'

'Oh, Dr. Hankinson,' I said, rising, deeply wounded by this revelation, 'take me to her instantly.'

'I will gladly do so,' he answered. 'She is most probably, this fine summer's evening, in her customary seat in the bower, watching the fountains. Will you accompany me?'

Leaving Dr. Clarges with the assurance that he would soon rejoin him for another glass of wine, Dr. Hankinson took me through the beautiful gardens of Belle Vue. Agreeable as it was to know that a favoured few of my mentally afflicted fellow-creatures had such a home, it was still painful to reflect that the terraces and walks that lay before me were daily trod upon by mad people!

'Are you not afraid, doctor, of your patients escaping?' I said, as I surveyed the magnificent gardens, lying wide and open before my vision, with apparently nothing but noble lines of ever-green shrubs separating them from the park.

He smiled, and leading me behind one of the luxuriant walls of shrubbery, showed me that the laurels and firs concealed a ha-ha containing a high fence of strong timber, that ran quite round the spacious grounds.

‘Ah, doctor,’ I said, unable to respond to his triumphant smile, ‘there are other prisons in this fearful world, the barriers of which are hidden by an appearance of that which may contribute to happiness,—but does not ensure it.’

‘My dear Miss Blake,’ answered my companion, ‘I am not a moralist, but only a mad doctor. But see, here we are in the “fountain garden,” and there is Annette. Now I’ll leave you. You can make yourself known to her. The only person in the garden besides herself is her nurse, who will keep at a respectful distance from you. You need fear no interruption from my patients; for every patient has a keeper, who follows him everywhere.’

As he spoke, he led me suddenly into a secluded nook of the garden, in the midst of which a fountain threw up four perpendicular jets of water, which rose to about thirty feet, and then curving gracefully fell down into a basin of white marble, bedded in green turf.

At the most distant corner of this nook I saw ‘the mad girl,’ sitting with her attendant in the summer-house. Oh, how altered she was! What cruel work had three years and three months of detention amongst insane companions, together with silent agony of heart, accomplished! Her

delicate face had lost its roundness; and the deep sadness that knows not bitterness of language sate on the brow of her—who once was Solomon Easy's merry little romp.

My step upon the gravel path fell on her ear while I was still thirty paces from her. Taking her eyes suddenly from the arches of sparkling water, she looked at me,—rose as if struck by an electric shock,—and advanced to meet me with long quick steps. Twice she paused with a glance of terror, as if fearing herself the victim of a delusion; but the pauses were only instantaneous. Then on again she came with the quick long strides, such as an Indian hunter tracking his prey might make, and in another five seconds she fell into my arms, and embracing me round the neck exclaimed, 'You've come at last, you've come at last to deliver me, to deliver me. Merciful God, I thank thee!'

Yes, the same merciful God who had brought me to repentance of my sin, and had hitherto guarded Tibby in her dark night of trouble, had comforted Etty also with an assurance that 'in his own good time he would *by my instrumentality* prove her innocent of that which I had laid to her charge.'

Drawing her to the nearest garden bench, I placed her like a child by my side, kissing and

caressing her, and covering her with endearments. I told her all the story of my life since I had seen her,—how God had punished my pride and cruelty to her with the death of my darling babe, and had freed me from the bondage of *our* betrayer, by showing me the full extent of his hateful wickedness. I told her that I believed her story from the bottom of my heart, perfectly, and without reserve of any kind; and that by God's assistance I would clear away the clouds of dishonour that hung over her. I told her that I had been seeking her for many long weary months, and now that I had found her she should be my friend till death parted us. I told her that I was acquainted with the history and noble occupation of her sister Tibby, who, in her stern tribulation, was labouring to lessen the sorrow of others.

The moon had risen and was watching us, when Dr. Hankinson found us arm and arm, walking like twin fond sisters in that fair garden of the mad. He said that we must part for the night, but promised that Etty should go home with me in the morning, for that Dr. Clarges had become responsible for her safety and wise treatment.

So we were constrained to part for the night.

'Good night, Etty,' I said, kissing her again.

She took me a few paces apart, and whispered

in my ear, 'Good night, Olive. Pray for me to-night. To-morrow night we will say our prayers together.'

Having said this she went away meekly with her attendant.

For me, I obeyed her request; and afterwards when I lay my head on my pillow, and thought of the silent sorrow of her quiet face, and her patient submissiveness under her just, but heavy punishment, I loved her, even as I love her now,—as though she were my sister.

And as I reposed that night in the home of the insane, I reflected on my awful sleepless nights of agony in Burstead House, when I used to cry aloud, 'Oh, God, have mercy on me, and do not shatter my reason!'

CHAPTER V.

ETTY'S STORY.

DR. CLARGES (as was intimated in the last chapter) managed his negotiations so successfully with Dr. Hankinson, that the latter promised to allow Etty to return with me to Fulham on the next day. By the night of that next day, I drove with the poor girl (rescued from the captivity of a lunatic asylum) through the plantation surrounding the grounds attached to my villa, and in another minute she was beneath my roof.

If ever woman sincerely repented the errors of a wayward and vain girlhood, Etty Tree experienced such repentance. After she had been with me at Fulham for ten days, and I had studied her disposition more at leisure, I saw that one of the duties incumbent upon me was to cheer her, and encourage her not to take too despondent a view of her past career. I found her literally steeped in self-abasement. To the agonizing shame with which she reflected on her heartless desertion of her en-

gement to Julian Gower, was a terrifying belief that in so breaking her troth she had been guilty of the perjury—most odious to her Maker, as well as to man. She told me, that for herself she had no wish in life but to consume her days in prayer and pious humiliation. If she could but accomplish one thing, she would with contentment lead all the rest of her life in laborious obscurity, or forthwith die, imploring the Divine mercy to pardon her evil behaviour.

The *one* thing she desired to accomplish was to prove the fact of her marriage with Arthur Peter-sham. She did not want to be recognised by society as his wife, or to receive a crumb of his prodigious wealth. But what she did want was to *prove* that the ceremony had been duly performed, so that when her boy grew to manhood he might know that his mother (however vain and frivolous and false she had been) had never been guilty of that for which there is no pardon on this side of the grave. ‘Dear Olive—dear, dear Olive,’ she said, ‘do not think me selfish in this wish, or imagine that for any less important object I would wish to render your position more painful than it is. But a mother’s heart beats for her offspring before all other things. Generous, noble as you are, Olive, if your darling boy were on the

floor there before us, singing lustily and talking nonsense to his toys, you would value your position as the *wife* of a wicked man differently from what you now esteem it at, and *even you* might find it beyond your power to aid in restoring to me my lost good fame—(I do not say my *self-respect*,—*that* you can never restore to me).' And my recollection of past trials told me how truly she spoke in saying this.

But what had become of her boy? It was one of the first questions I asked, as she and I were travelling from Berkshire in the direction of town. 'I do not know where he is,' she answered, bursting into a flood of tears at the mention of her boy, 'but we can find him.'

'How?'

'Mr. Arthur Williams, of the Carlton Club House, knows. You understand what they mean by the Carlton Club House?'

'But how comes he to know about your boy?'

'He was the gentleman who took me from Lyons to London. He was very, *very* kind to me, and wanted to have me tell him all the particulars of my sorrow, but I would not. Oh, he was so very kind to me. And just as we were parting in London, he said to me, "My dear lady, whatever your story may be, I am sure it is only one of wretched-

ness. Your sorrowful face tells me of your goodness." "No, no, sir," I said. "I am not a good woman. I have done what all good people condemn; but I have not committed any wickedness wherefore the merciful should shun me." Then he asked me, "Can I, now that we are in London, render you any service? Speak frankly to me." It was with a great effort that I said, "Sir, great peril surrounds me; and yet what I do now, I must do secretly. There is a person in this mighty and great city who wants to rob me of my child, and a terror is coming over me that my boy will be torn from me. It is a wicked man who wants to get possession of him." "Then," said Mr. Williams, "it would be a relief to you if I provided for the child's security for a few weeks, till you know what you ought to do for his future comfort." I said, "Indeed it would!" And he then took my little child and put him into his carriage, saying, "My wife will take good care of this little fellow till you communicate with me. Here is my card." And I took his card, on which was engraved, "Mr. Arthur Williams, Carlton Club." And so he took my child away, and I have never seen or heard of either of them since. After I left you on the day of my second visit to Grosvenor Square, I was as one distracted. I walked about the streets, hour

after hour, unable even to think what I should do. I can't say what I did in the streets, but I remember that people looked round at me with surprise. I went to St. Thomas's, Kennington. Of course I remembered nothing of the neighbourhood ; but when I entered the church I knew it was not the church in which I was married, for it in no way whatever resembled the church to which Mr. Petersham took me. Oh, dear Father in heaven, what a consternation fell upon me ! I saw that Mr. Petersham had married me in some other church, and had falsely told me that the name of the church was St. Thomas's, Kennington. But I was determined to find out the right church. So day after day I walked about the streets searching for churches, and wherever I found a church I sought admittance to it, to see if by its interior I could recognise it as *the* church which I remembered so well. But I knew nothing of the ways about London, and the churches began to seem all so much like each other, and often I entered a church and discovered that I had already inspected it. One day a beadle said to me angrily, "I don't believe, young woman, much as you look like a lady, that you ought to be walking about London alone. You've been to this church six times within three days, pestering me to let you look inside it. You

either are after something wrong, or you ought to be shut up in a mad-house." Oh, Olive, this frightened me almost into madness. He clearly thought me insane, and a fit inmate for such restraint as I had escaped from. But I still went on, wandering over the streets of London looking out for churches.

'Every night I found myself lost in the maze of streets and squares, and then I used to get into a cab, and be driven home to the lodging in Soho, which I had hired. But at last my money was well nigh gone, that the kind lady gave me on parting with me at Lyons; yet still I continued my perambulations, faint, and weary, and weeping, and hungry, and fearful that in another hour I should go crazed. That was my sad plight, when one day as I was walking over a square (in what part of London I know not), images of all the faces I had ever seen came before me. My dear grandfather, and Tibby, and Major Watchit, and Mr. Petersham, and you, and Mr. Williams, and my little darling son, surrounded me—flitting to and fro before my eyes. Then I remembered the parable of the Prodigal Son, and how in his dire trouble and despair he said, "I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and

am no more worthy to be called thy son." And I caught myself thinking of Tibby, and that I would go back to her, humbled and contrite, and say to her, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy sister." And as I repeated these words to myself, hands were laid upon me ; and struggling, and crying out for help which came not, I was captured, and forced into a carriage, and driven off to a house, where I saw Mr. Petersham and some other gentlemen.'

'Yes!' I said quickly ; 'you saw him?'

'Yes,' she sobbed, as she continued her harrowing reminiscences, 'he was there, and I called him my husband, and implored him to tell me the church in which we were married, as it was not St. Thomas's, Kennington. I told him I would no longer trouble him, nor claim position before the world as his wife, but that I wanted to be able to get the proofs of our marriage, so that my child might not be dishonoured when he grew up to manhood. Then two of the gentlemen present, who I afterwards found out were physicians, asked me where my child was, and I would not tell them. Then my husband lifted up his hands, and said aloud in my presence, "Poor, poor Watchit! it will break his heart if he cannot know where his son is."

Then I saw the full purpose and wickedness of the bad man. I knew I was in his power. So I closed my lips and would not answer a single question they put to me. And then—— You know the rest. I was taken down to Berkshire.'

There had not before existed in my mind any doubt that Lord Byfield had *himself* taken the measures which led to her incarceration at Belle Vue, though the order consigning her to custody was made out by his friend ; but till Etty made this revelation to me, my chain of evidence was somewhat defective. Hitherto I had rested my confidence on the revelations *he* had led me to make to Sir Charles Norton, on the *glances* between *him* and Sir Charles, on the *fact* that *he* had once before consigned her to medical restraint, and on the *motive* which I believed *him* to have for again incarcerating her. But now I had her testimony, which of course I could easily corroborate by applying to Dr. Atkins or Dr. Teesdale, that Lord Byfield was personally present at the medical examination which led to her committal to Belle Vue. And yet Lord Byfield had assured me (at a time when he professed to place every trust and confidence in me) that he did not know where Etty Tree was. To what did that falsehood point ? *It pointed to guilt !*

‘And Etty,’ I said, ‘you are quite sure about the name of the gentleman who has charge of your child? You are confident it is “Mr. Williams of the Carlton Club?”’

‘Quite,’ she answered, making another revelation that greatly affected me; ‘you see I have made it a rule never to keep anything about me that could lead to a discovery of that secret. So I destroyed his card; for though I was treated with much kindness at “Belle Vue,” I had no drawer, or writing-case, or place of any kind that was not liable to be searched by Dr. Hankinson. So I destroyed Mr. Williams’s card; but in order that I might keep his name and address fresh in my mind, I every day wrote them out on a piece of paper, and then immediately I had so written them out, I used to tear the paper up in small pieces, so that not a letter could be distinguished. Sometimes I was caught so tearing up my paper with a cautious air, and that simple act was set down as a sign of my insanity by Dr. Hankinson and his servants. You see, you see, Olive, I already talk of that fearful life, from which I have just escaped, as if it were altogether of the past.’

After my return with Etty to Fulham, almost my first work was to institute inquiries about Mr.

Arthur Williams of the Carlton Club. The task of discovering him was not a difficult one ; for his name was on the list of the members of the Club, to the frequenters of which place he was known as a gentleman of ancient family and large estates in Wales. Luckily he was still in London, not having yet left town for his country seat. Mr. Castleton called upon him at the Carlton Club, and was received by him with appropriate politeness and caution.

‘It is quite true,’ said Mr. Williams, after being informed by Mr. Castleton of the purpose of his call, ‘that I have under my charge a child—a little boy—confided to me under very peculiar circumstances ; but when I took charge of the child I promised his mother that I would surrender him to no one but her. I made this promise at a time when I was quite ignorant of her name and history,—as indeed I still am. Such being the state of the case, I cannot tell you the abode of the child till I am requested by her personally to do so. Perhaps you would not object to tell me the lady’s address, so that I may call upon her.’

‘He’s a handsome, gentlemanly fellow,’ observed Mr. Castleton to me approvingly, when he

reported to me the above speech, 'and I respect him for his caution.'

Having had thus far such good reason to be satisfied with what I heard of his position and character, I wrote to Mr. Williams, inviting him to call upon me at Fulham Villa, where he would see the lady to whom he had rendered an important service. The result of this missive was, that Mr. Williams saw Etty in my house, and told her of the school for little children in Brighton, where her boy was—thriving admirably, and having achieved a reputation for being the cleverest little fellow, as well as the most beautiful little fellow, that his governesses had ever taught.

'Sir,' said Etty, 'I wish I could show my gratitude to you by putting before you all the secrets of my unhappy life. But at present I must still be unknown to you. I trust however the day will come when my son will be able to thank you fitly for your goodness to his mother.'

As soon as Mr. Williams had taken his departure, I kissed her, and said, 'Now, my darling, get ready for a journey down to Brighton. We'll be posting to the Sussex cliffs this very night.'

But instead of cordially concurring in this pro-

position, she looked up at me piteously, and shaking her head said, 'No, no.'

'Why, Etty, what do you mean?'

'That I will not see him,' she said quietly, 'till I can tell him without shame who his father is.'

'But dear one,' I answered, 'it may be years and years ere we discover the proofs of your marriage.'

'Possibly,' she replied, dropping her head, 'we shall never find them. And in that case,—I—will—*never*—see him.'

'Do not say that, Etty.'

'Olive,' she said, turning up her gentle face, whilst the tears rolled down it fast, 'I will try to win Heaven's mercy for my sins by making myself—what our Lord tells us we ought to be. Help me in my resolution to be unselfish like Tibby. Don't let me ever again shape my course by the rule of my own feelings. Were I guided by them now I should hasten with you to Brighton, but my little boy is now old enough to ask his mother if he has a father. And soon he will be so old that, when he discovers his mother dares not answer this question *fully* and *truly*, he will feel the shame, and the bitterness, and the degradation

of dishonoured birth. I should give myself pleasure by discharging all the duties of a mother to him,—but I should cause him ever-increasing anguish. No, Olive, since your bounty is going to provide for his education, let him be brought up as an orphan, and let Mr. Castleton be his guardian. Let him be called “Arthur Williams” still, until we can show him that he has a right to the name of “Arthur Petersham!” Don’t oppose me in this, Olive! It is not an idle fancy, but a duty. It is part of my just punishment. What I have hitherto endured, I could not avoid. Let me not unworthily shrink from the rest of my punishment, which my conscience tells me I ought to submit to voluntarily.’

And when she had said this, I saw by the fervour of her tearful eyes and by her folded hands that she was secretly addressing herself to the Master whom she served.—So I was silent.

Mothers can only know the awful extent of the self-sacrifice which chastened, penitent, gentle Etty resolved to make. It was a sacrifice of the sweetest joys of human affection,—a sacrifice renewed each day for years and years. And she made it in love for her son, so that he might never know the anguish of looking on a shamed mother.

Shall she not win Heaven's mercy—*quia multum amavit?*

So little Arthur was still called Arthur Williams, and was educated as an orphan child,—first at Brighton, and afterwards at Dr. Renter's school on Blackheath; Mr. Castleton discharging towards him all the offices of a cold and reserved guardian.

CHAPTER VI.

THE USE OF THE TATTING.

ALTHOUGH Etty knew of her sister's abode and residence in Marchioness Street, she did not express a desire to visit her ; and I, instead of suggesting such a step, waited for a spontaneous manifestation of her wishes. It was not till she had been an inmate of Fulham Villa for some weeks that she gave me any intimation of her feelings on the subject ; and then I learnt that considerations, akin to those which kept her away from her child, made her shrink from the thought of asking for Tibby's embrace, while a cloud of uncertainty hung over her fame.

‘ Let me wait, Olive,’ she said, ‘ for a little while. Perhaps even this year may bring a successful conclusion to your labours.’

The topic having been once entered upon, she returned to it frequently. She told me the history of Tibby's childhood—her close companionship with Julian Gower—her strong affection (even to

love) for him—Julian's ignorance as to the state of her feelings for him—her deep gloom of disappointment bravely struggled against, and her inability to conceal on one solitary occasion from a sister's eye the secret of her heart. Indeed, she told me nearly everything concerning the early relations of Julian and her sister, which the reader of these volumes is familiar with. 'Oh, Olive,' she said to me, 'when I took my wicked departure from Laughton I sustained myself with a hope that when I became the acknowledged wife of Mr. Petersham, Julian, in his generosity—which is beyond that of all other generous men—might so far pardon me as not to consider my baseness as a reason why he should not love Tibby, who had in silence and in sorrow loved him for so long. That hope was one of the fair visions by which Satan tempted me from the path of duty, at moments when the allurements of promised wealth and grandeur had less influence on my foolish mind.'

'Etty,' I said, 'why should not your hope still be fulfilled?'

'Do not mock me, Olive,' she answered, so pitifully that I held back the thought which was wandering from my lips.

But that thought returned to me again and

again; and after an interval of months, I took a fit opportunity to clothe it in words, and put it before her.

‘ Etty, I will not mock you, but will speak most gravely to you,’ I said to her, one fine morning in the first spring of her eight years’ residence at Fulham. ‘ Let me cherish a romantic dream, and communicate it to you; for there is a charm about my life that makes my romantic dreams come true. I believe that Tibby may even yet become the wife of Julian Gower. He is rich, honoured, and surrounded by friends. Yet he does not marry. How is this? It is more than seven years since he met with a disappointment in your affections;—a period of time long enough for such a man to outlive such a sorrow in. He is not embittered;—*that* I know; for I have received especial tidings of him, his character, and his proceedings, several times within the last twelve months. Surely such a man as he is must yearn for the delights of home,—the affection and adoration of wife and children. *You*, in your farewell letter to him, told him that our good, heroic, self-sacrificing Tibby had always loved him ardently. Such a communication made to such a man was seed—that *must* bear fruit. Do you not think that the explanation of his not having ere this married is that he waits,

—hoping one day to find out Tibby, and force her to be his wife? Etty, let me take some means to inform him where Tibby is, and there will be good hope for the fulfilment of your dream—and mine.’

She shuddered as she said, ‘That could *never* be, so long as there was any uncertainty surrounding my career. If I were dead, what we hope might come to pass,—that is to say, if they knew that I were dead.’

She had of her own accord gone to the very point which had embarrassed me in my schemings, but which I could not myself have directed her attention to.

We were silent for several minutes,—she lying on a sofa in deep brown study, and I, that my presence might not disturb her meditations, continuing to embroider a piece of muslin.

‘Olive,’ she said at last, rising from the sofa, and coming close up to me, and looking with her earnest violet eyes into the secrets of my heart, ‘I know your thought. It is a right one and a glorious one. Cause Julian and Tibby to believe that I am dead. You can manage it, for you have Mr. Castleton and Dr. Clarges, and their strange, mysterious agents to carry out your wishes. Let them think that I am dead. They will mourn

me, and bury me tenderly in their sweetest imaginations; and after the lapse of one or two years they will look out on life,—as though I were not. Do this. Dear, darling Olive, do this.'

She was earnest in her entreaty at the time; and so earnest was she after the excitement of the first consideration of the scheme, that she again and again, in the course of the next fortnight, reverted to our vaguely-conceived plan, and urged me to act promptly.

The next thing I did was to speak to Mr. Castleton, who, after some ten days of consideration, told me that I must leave all the details of a certain project he had framed to him, and must do exactly what he bade me. He directed me to take an occasion to accost Tibby Tree, without letting her imagine who I was, and tell her a story of a wicked girl's life, in such a manner that Tibby should believe she was listening to the narrative of her own sister's shame. He told me the tale that I was to repeat to the hospital matron; and when he had given me exact instructions, how I was to conduct myself on the occasion of addressing her, he too prepared to take his leave of me, saying, 'And now I must devise a plan for your meeting her.'

'You must remember, Mr. Castleton,' I said,

‘I have never yet even seen her, and am altogether ignorant of her personal appearance, save from your description and Etty’s.’

‘True,’ he answered, ‘you must acquaint yourself with her personal appearance. Go next Sunday evening to Marchioness Street, and walk up and down the street till you see a little pale woman sitting in the bow-window of “Grace Temple.” Miss Tree is in the habit of sitting every Sunday evening in that window. You will not miss her.’

Acting on Mr. Castleton’s orders I drove into London on the following Sunday evening, and, leaving my carriage at the corner of Gordon Square to wait till my return, I went to Marchioness Street; and the very first time I walked down the street and looked up at the hospital, I saw, sitting at the open bow-window, a lady, whom I recognised immediately as Tibby Tree, from the verbal descriptions I had had of her personal aspect. She was very pale, and looked in wretchedly ill health. I passed before the hospital more than once; and each time I passed I scanned her face—so that I was sure I should know it again anywhere. And ere I returned to Fulham that night, I drove to Mr. Castleton’s

private house, and told him that my expedition to Marchioness Street had proved successful.

A few mornings afterwards, Mr. Castleton made his appearance at my breakfast-table at Fulham, and said, 'Miss Blake, I have business for you to attend to to-day. Miss Tree will in all probability be found walking in Hyde Park, somewhere near Apsley House, this very afternoon. You must meet her there.'

'How do you know she will be there?' I asked.

'Mr. Rover, the house-surgeon of the Sick Children's Hospital, who is a young friend and a family connection of mine, has induced her to promise that she will walk in Hyde Park for a little change,' answered Mr. Castleton, significantly.

'But are you sure that she will be near Apsley House?'

Mr. Castleton smiled good-naturedly as he answered, 'She told Mr. Rover that if she went to the Park she should go straight to the Duke of Wellington's house, and admire it. Now, no more questions, my inquisitive client. The compact between us in this matter is—that I am to *order*, and you are to *obey*.'

And I did *obey* him implicitly. I went into

Hyde Park; and, after walking about for a couple of hours, I encountered the person I sought; and I told her that story which Mr. Castleton had put into my lips; and she thought that Etty was a wicked girl, sinking down lower and lower in the abysses of crime. So moved was she by my words that she fainted in my arms; and I conveyed her home to Marchioness Street in my carriage, and ere she had fully returned to consciousness I left her with the nurses of the hospital, and departed—at the same time glad and sorrowful that I had accomplished my task so effectually.

About three months after that event, Mr. Castleton called on me and said, ‘Can you get me a piece of lace, or fancy-work of any kind, made by Miss Tabitha Tree? Mrs. Gurley told me that Miss Tree used to be very clever in the production of tatting-embroidery, and that she made some of a very peculiar kind, called “Cluster-tatting,” and gave it to her sister. Ask Miss Annette if she has any of that lace. If she has any, she must give it to me.’

It so happened that Etty had some of the very same ‘Cluster-tatting’ about which Mr. Castleton inquired. It was invented as well as worked by her sister, and Etty had it on a garment which she

rarely wore. At my request, therefore, she picked it off the article of dress, and I gave it to Mr. Castleton.

‘What do you want it for?’ I asked of him.

‘Miss Blake,’ he answered, passionately, stuffing the beautiful lace into his pocket, ‘I would rather cut off my right hand than tell you at present.’

Such excitement was so unusual with him, that it both surprised and frightened me.

It was not till after the expiration of years that I learnt what a terrible use Mr. Castleton had made of that tatting.

In the following January, after the event just narrated, Mr. Castleton said to me, ‘Miss Tabitha Tree not only believes that her sister and her sister’s child are dead, but she has erected a memorial to her in Highgate Cemetery. You had better not tell your friend Miss Annette this.’

‘Surely I will not,’ I said, trembling.

‘How have you succeeded in effecting this, Mr. Castleton?’ I then inquired.

And he again answered me passionately, ‘I will not tell you. I would rather cut off my right hand than tell you at present.’

So I asked him no more questions.

‘But,’ he added, when he had composed himself,

‘Here is an engraving of the memorial erected by Miss Tree, which you may look at.’

As he spoke, he took from his pocket a little hand-bill book, containing sketches of monuments and mural devices, with the prices of them underneath; and No. 1 of the series of engravings was one of Etty’s memorial stone, thus inscribed,—

In Memory of
ETTY TREE,
and of
All who loved her and are no more,
This Stone is erected by
TIBBY TREE.

‘This is a prospectus of a mural sculptor,’ said I, referring to the hand-bill book.

‘Exactly,’ said Mr. Castleton; ‘the mural sculptor who erected the memorial had, at my suggestion, prepared a few of these books; and I mean to-night to post one of them to Mr. Gower. The sketch of memorial No. 1 will meet his eye directly he opens the letter.’

‘A capital way to inform him of the fact.’

‘He will imagine that it comes to him, sent by the sculptor as an advertisement in the ordinary way of business. I know something of Mr. Gower’s character; and if I am not mistaken in him, he will, on seeing the sketch, pay a visit to

Highgate, and, as he lives in that neighbourhood, will frequently repeat his visit. Miss Tabitha Tree will also frequently go there,—and possibly, if we let them alone, they may one day encounter each other in the burial-ground.'

In due course Mr. Castleton's prediction was verified; for by the October next to the one succeeding the date, when this intelligence was communicated to me, Tibby and Julian met close to the memorial stone; and from that time they renewed their old intimacy with each other.

That Julian Gower was in the habit of calling on Tibby in the Marchioness Street Hospital, Mr. Castleton duly informed me and Etty. All their movements were known to us; for my vigilant lawyer kept close watch on them through his agents; and when, after the expiration of two years from the meeting of the two old friends and play-mates in the Highgate burial-ground, Mr. Gower bought 'The Cedars,' and prepared to leave his bachelor residence at Hampstead, we knew that a wedding was approaching.

And when Tibby and Julian were at last married, I and Etty, concealed behind a screen, were amongst the rejoicing multitude that thronged the church; and we knelt down together, and repeated after the

clergyman the beautiful collect of the Church Service,—‘O merciful Lord, and Heavenly Father, by whose gracious gift mankind is increased ; We beseech thee, assist with thy blessing these two persons, that they may be fruitful in procreation of children, and also live together so long in godly love and honesty, that they may see their children christianly and virtuously brought up to thy praise and honour, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*’

At the close of that day, which we spent in gladness at Fulham Villa, Mr. Castleton communicated to me, and Dr. Clarges, and Etty, the awful use that he had made of the ‘cluster-tatting.’

CHAPTER VII.

FULHAM: MONACO: AND ELSEWHERE.

FROM the date of Etty's liberation from 'Belle Vue,' till I was able to restore her with an untarnished reputation to her sister, eight years and a few weeks intervened; during all which period she resided at Fulham Villa—never going beyond the boundary of my pleasure-grounds, save when she went into the village on missions of charity (which were frequent), or attended Divine service in the parish church (where she was a regular worshipper), or when on one or two very rare occasions (such, for instance, as Tibby's marriage) she had an especial reason for quitting her retreat for a short time. We left Berkshire, with an understanding that Etty should visit 'Belle Vue' once a year, and remain for a few nights within the walls of the Asylum, so that Dr. Hankinson might be able with an easy conscience to regard her as still upon the list of his patients. But

Dr. Clarges made certain fresh representations to the proprietor of 'Belle Vue,' which induced him voluntarily to relieve Etty from the vexatious obligation to pay the Asylum periodic visits. She was therefore a continual inmate of my house;—and a very gentle, quiet, loving, grateful inmate we all found her. Aunt Wilby (as her health broke up before the slow advances of old age) found in her an assiduous and devoted nurse. My father's faithful old servants became strongly attached to her. And I (as I have already said) loved her as a sister.—I loved her as I had never before loved any woman!

We called her by her maiden name,—the servants speaking of her as Miss Tree, Dr. Clarges and Aunt Wilby addressing her as Annette, and I employing for ordinary use in my close intercourse with her the endearing diminutive of 'Etty,' by which she was known in her girlhood.

Hers was a sad life at Fulham; and I knew it was so, though she made it one of her first duties to conceal her sadness from me, and to appear both cheerful to her companions and contented in her retirement. Never did exclamation of fretful repining or impatience escape her lips. Week after week, when, on summing up the

results of the previous six days' labour, I had to say, 'Not one step further made!' she only bowed her head submissively, and gave me some affecting proofs of her gratitude or resignation. 'Never mind,—God will do it in his own good time!' 'Oh, Olive, may the peace that passeth all understanding be your reward!' Such speeches as these she would utter in a soft silver voice; and then she would put her delicate arm over my shoulders, and kiss me.

Her only amusement was to play solemn sacred music upon the organ, which formed a part of the furniture of my library. She took such deep and manifest pleasure in music, that I endeavoured to prevail upon her to accompany me to the public performances of 'oratorios' during the season. But my proposal that she should indulge herself with even this grave diversion caused her so much agitation and pain that I did not ever renew it. 'No, no, Olive,' she said, 'I do not wish to go into the world; your organ gives my thoughts all the melody they require. In your lovely garden I have all the recreation I wish for. I do not wish ever to go beyond the boundaries of Fulham till it shall please God to take away my shame.' And so Etty lived with me for eight long years and

something more, leading as quiet, and secluded, and penitential a life as ever any religious lady lived, in the calm still ages that have left us only the tradition of their beauty.

But what steps was I taking to obtain proofs of Etty's marriage? My first proceeding (as the reader doubtless supposes) was to do that systematically, which Etty, scared, terrified, and almost crazed, attempted to accomplish by her own unaided weakness years before. I had all the marriage registers of London systematically examined. This was a work that consumed time, labour, and money; but it was accomplished. There was not a single marriage register in London from which I failed to obtain accurate copies of all the records of marriages entered in it during the month in which Etty stated she was married; but the labour was all in vain. The record of a marriage between Arthur Petersham and Annette Tree could not be found. How was this to be accounted for? My trusty and most reliable agents (procured for me by Mr. Castleton) were ordered to report minutely, in writing, the exact state of the registers from which the copies of registrations were made; and I had not had one intimation that a register had been found showing any signs of

mutilation, or obliteration, or alteration of any kind. The explanation, therefore, could not be that one of the London registers had been tampered with. Again, it could not be that Etty was mistaken as to the month in which she was married, for all her statements coincided with the information obtained by Mr. Castleton in the 'corn-country.' Between her flight from Laughton and her marriage only one entire night had elapsed. Of this she was sure. Mr. Castleton had learnt from Mr. Gurley the exact date of her flight, and it was the same as that given by herself. It was an unreasonable excess of caution, and an extravagant determination to do my work thoroughly, that made me order my agents to copy out the entries of all the marriages registered in the entire month of October, 18—.

'Mr. Castleton,' I said, brought to a stand-still, 'what does this mean?'

'It means,' he answered, 'that anyhow the young person was not married in London.'

The tone in which he said this made me respond sharply, 'Surely, Mr. Castleton, after all that we *have* discovered, you don't doubt that Etty was married?'

'She *may* have been married,' the lawyer an-

swered sententially. 'Your first question referred to the state of the London registers, and my answer to that question was, "the young person was not married in London."' "

'Surely she was not married in another city, and led by misrepresentation to believe that it was London.'

'Such *may* have been the case,' said Mr. Castleton, drily, after a minute's consideration. 'Anyhow, the suggestion is ingenious. When Sir George Watchit took her from Laughton, she had literally never seen a larger town than that petty rotten borough. She was put into a carriage and conveyed away post-haste in the hours of darkness. To avoid observation, as soon as the sun rose and it became light, the blinds of the carriage were drawn down, so that she could see nothing of the country through which she passed. By her own account it was quite a dark evening, with the lamps all alight, when she entered London. A young country girl, so conveyed to a provincial city, and assured that she was passing through the streets of an obscure quarter of London, would of course believe the statement. Then every circumstance of her experiences of the night *before*, and on the morning *of* her marriage, favours the hypothesis you have

just put forth. The necessity of avoiding publicity (I am using her own statement) was urged upon her by Sir George Watchit, as a reason why she should retire to rest immediately on arriving at the hotel, and decline the assistance of the chambermaid of the hotel in making her toilet for the night. The next morning when she rose and came into the private sitting-room for breakfast, she was surprised at finding the blinds of the room drawn down; whereupon Sir George Watchit explained to her that the windows looked upon a street, that curious eyes were continually fixed upon hotel windows, and that therefore, *to avoid publicity*, he had pulled down the blinds. After breakfast she was put into a close carriage; was conveyed to a church hard by; was married to her husband by an aged clergyman; was taken back to the carriage, and, without being allowed to return to the hotel where she slept, was carried straight off to the sea-side, where she was taken on board Mr. Petersham's yacht and conveyed abroad. On her journey from the church to the sea-coast the same excessive precaution was taken (for instance, that of keeping the carriage blinds down) *to avoid publicity,—or to prevent the young person, so abstracted, from taking any notes of the road on which she was travelling.*

‘Surely,’ I said, enthusiastically, ‘that is how it *must* have been.’

‘No, no,’ answered Mr. Castleton, coolly, smiling as he spoke. ‘Don’t be so emphatic. I see no *must* in the matter, but only a little *may*. That’s all. I say that your hypothesis is very ingenious, but it stands sorely in need of proof. Back it up with evidence, and I will say you are a very clever woman, and ought to be called to the bar.’

When Mr. Castleton left me, I went to Etty and told her my new hypothesis, and asked her if she could recall any circumstance that would show it to be untenable.

She was silent for several minutes, thinking over all the case I put before her. At last she raised her face from her two hands, in which she had laid it to rest, and with that singular expression in her violet eyes, which always showed when she was greatly moved, she said to me, ‘Oh, Olive! you have taken a weight off my heart! For weeks past, and months, as report after report came in, showing that the record of my marriage could not be found in the London registers, I have been afflicted with a terrible imagination.’

‘What was it?’

‘That Mr. Petersham had given me only a mock marriage, such as novels tell about; that he had taken me to a building which was only made to appear like a church, where the clergyman was only an impostor, dressed up to act a part, and where the register was only a fictitious imitation of a register.’

‘My dearest girl,’ I answered, laughing, ‘what a childish notion! That is just the kind of villany Lord Byfield, rich and powerful as he is, could not have perpetrated towards you. He could not have built his sham church, without attracting attention; and in all his arrangements secrecy has been his one grand object. Wealth, enormous wealth, Etty can buy almost anything more readily than it can buy privacy. But what do you say to my hypothesis?’

‘Why, that it is the true one,’ Etty answered, kissing me, and (a thing she very rarely did) weeping plentifully.

I determined to lose no time in proving it a correct one.

I forthwith caused my agents to do for the provincial cities, what they had already done in

London. One after another I visited all the large towns of England that could have been reached by Etty and Major Watchit, as they posted from 'the corn-country,' in the time that Etty well remembered they were upon the road. The time so consumed was just about the time which it took to post full speed from London to the corn-country ; and Etty and Major Watchit had travelled the entire distance of their journey, without stopping to rest on the road. If, therefore, the fraud I suspected had been really practised upon Etty, the conspirators had been prudent enough to make the time of the journey actually taken, correspond with the time consumed by the journey that would have been taken, supposing they had veritably made London the scene of the marriage.

At first therefore I sent my agents to the large towns, that lay about as far from 'the corn-country,' as London did. But such towns were searched unavailingly. I of course dared not advertise in the papers for the certificate I required, offering a reward to the parish clerk who should send me a copy of it ; for such a step would have attracted the attention of Lord Byfield. So I was compelled to work slowly and at great expense, by paid copyists who were ordered to get copies of *all* the

registrations, and were ignorant of *the particular registration* which it was my object to discover.

When my agents had visited the great towns, already indicated, in vain they were sent to smaller ones; for I reflected that even a humble country town might be made to appear a very great place to an unsophisticated country child like Etty, who had never seen a larger town than Laughton. Bent upon deluding her as to the magnitude of the place, to which she was taken in a close carriage, Major Watchit might have caused the post-boys to take the carriage up and down the same streets dozens of times, and so have caused his victim to deem herself in London, when she was only in a rural borough.

But my agents were not more successful in the smaller towns than they were in the larger. Every post they sent me dozens and dozens of copies of certificates, but not one of them related to the marriage of Arthur Petersham and Annette Tree. Then a thought struck me. 'Why,' I said, 'need the town in which the marriage took place be so far from the corn-country as London? Just as Major Watchit might have confused Etty as to the size of the town in which she was married, so he might have deluded her as to the nature and dis-

tance of the route taken. He might have travelled over the same country roads and lanes dozens of times, just as he might dozens of times have had his carriage rattled up and down the same streets. Thus while Etty believed herself posting from Laughton to London, she might only have been taken by devious roads, backwards and forwards in her native province, and the one adjoining it.' On this striking me, I caused my agents to send me copies of all the marriage registrations of the specified dates in every city and town, that could have been reached *in fifteen hours, or any less period*, by people travelling in a carriage, drawn at the extreme speed of posting-horses.

Five years I carried on this costly and harassing inquiry, and at the end of them I seemed no nearer attaining to my object than when I first commenced my labours.

'Come, Miss Blake,' at length Mr. Castleton said to me, 'you must in common prudence desist from this vain hunt. The mystery is beyond us to discover; and you are ruining yourself in health and fortune, by the excitement and the enormous expenses of a mad investigation. Do take my advice. You have shown romantic generosity to

your friend in doing what you have done ; and she must be satisfied that you have so acted. Indeed, you must pause. Already the cost of paying your agents, and paying the requisite fees for the privilege of searching the registers, has seriously embarrassed your income. You are in my debt now for several thousands, and ere you succeed in achieving your hope, or satisfying yourself that it is beyond achievement, you will incur liabilities which you will be unable to liquidate even by bequeathing to your creditors the whole of the fortune in the hands of your trustees, and which you are empowered to dispose of by your last testament. So do now rest quiet. Pardon the warmth and decision with which I presume to give you this advice. You know I have only your interest at heart in giving it.'

'Mr. Castleton,' I said, warmly, 'I will not desist, till I have spent every sixpence I can borrow for prosecuting my inquiries.'

'Why, what *can* you do?'

'I shall go to Monaco, and see if I cannot discover any clue to this mystery there.'

'My dear Miss Blake, what can you discover there, beyond what you already know—that Mr. Petersham, and Major Watchit, and Miss Annette

lived together for some time in a cottage in Castellare?’

‘It is no use for you to discourage me, for I am bent upon making the trip.’

‘You mean it?’

‘Yes, and if I cannot get you to accompany me, I will go alone.’

‘Nay,’ he said, ‘if you will in spite of my representations persevere, I will accompany you.’

After the lapse of a few months, and just a week subsequent to the wedding day of Tibby and Julian, Mr. Castleton and I set out for Monaco, he fortunately having a partner ready and able to look after his professional affairs.

We thought at one time of taking Etty with us; but as we knew the excursion would cause her great pain, we determined to leave her at Fulham, and send for her to join us, travelling under a suitable escort, if anything should transpire at Castellare, which should make us wish for her presence there.

I need not trouble my readers with all the particulars of my journey to Italy. I will be brief. We spent only three nights at Mentone, and made two separate excursions to Castellare. The only

person we saw at Castellare was the priest of the village, who in answer to our question whether he remembered an English gentleman of the name of Petersham living in the village, in a particular residence which we knew well how to designate, he shook his head, and said gravely, 'I remember such a person; he was a frequent guest of a gentleman named Watchit, who held the residence you mention for twenty years.'

'For twenty years?' Mr. Castleton and I exclaimed with surprise.

'Ay, for twenty years. He was a rich man, an English nobleman, who used to come from England to Mentone every year in his yacht. His visits here were mysterious, and in one respect painful.'

'How so?'

'There was always a lady in the casino: but not the same one throughout the twenty years. From this circumstance I am compelled to put a painful construction on that gentleman's life.'

It was impossible, I said to myself at first. Major Watchit was in India during the greater part of the twenty years! He could not have been in the habit of paying an annual visit to Monaco! Then, in another minute, the explanation of the mystery flashed upon me.

‘Can you describe Mr. Watchit to us?’ asked Mr. Castleton.

‘Surely, sir,’ said the priest, bowing; ‘he was of the middle height, of a fair complexion, light eyes, and light hair, worn long.’

‘Ay, exactly,’ said Mr. Castleton, not a single muscle of his countenance betraying the value he set upon the worthy priest’s words. ‘And Mr. Petersham was—’

‘Singularly tall, and thin, and dark, and sun-burnt.’

‘How often do you say Mr. Petersham was a visitor here?’

‘During the last two years and a half or three years, of Mr. Watchit’s tenure of the residence, he was here much. Indeed for as long as six months together he was here constantly. It is now more than nine years since Mr. Watchit relinquished the residence, and with suddenness and some mystery left the village, taking with him the poor young girl who had last lived in the residence for about three years.’

‘Why do you call her poor?’ I asked.

‘Ay, lady,’ he answered,—‘and is not sin the worst kind of poverty?’

‘Let us think the best for her.’

‘I do, lady. I trust that she has repented. My villagers are very simple; but simplicity and ignorance could not prevent them from knowing the nature of Mr. Watchit’s life. And she, poor girl, looked rather an angel of grace than a child of iniquity. She was very unhappy before she left, and twice I obtained means to have some religious conversation with her, and she seemed much moved by my address; but, alas! she displayed the worst sign of such guilt as hers.’

‘What was that?’

‘An obdurate determination to deny her guilt. She said she was married.’

‘And you did not believe her?’

‘Nay, lady, I could not. I had seen too many of her predecessors at the residence,’ he answered, meekly, and not uncharitably.

‘Do you think that you would recognise Mr. Watchit if you saw him?’

‘Ay, surely,’ the priest answered, raising his face with animation, and striking his breast with his right hand, ‘the man was too much the enemy of my flock, for me not to remember him well.’

‘If at any time,’ asked Mr. Castleton, ‘we should require you, in the cause of virtue and religion, to come to England to identify that man, and testify

that he lived here under the name of Watchit, could you come ?’

‘I would ask my superiors, and I doubt not, sir, permission would be accorded to me.’

We had much further conversation with the priest; but he told us nothing more of any importance, with which the readers of the preceding books are not already familiar.

‘Miss Blake,’ said Mr. Castleton to me, as we returned to Mentone, ‘you have rightly read the secret of Lord Byfield’s life. In his youth he contracted a habit of dark and hidden sin,—sin conceived and carried out in tortuous and secret paths. His school friend Watchit was from the opening to the close of his life an accomplice in his crimes, allowing him, his powerful patron, to use his name, as a curtain behind which he might with impunity perpetrate his atrocities,—as a blind to obviate any public scandal depriving him of his right to your fortune.’

‘Do you still advise me to relinquish my investigations?’ I asked, with something of triumph in my voice.

‘No,’ he answered, hotly. ‘And rather than have you desist for want of funds, I’d gladly give you 10,000*l.* of my own property, although I am only a professional man, and have a family.’

CHAPTER VIII.

SOMEWHAT LEGAL.

‘THE marriage,’ said I to Mr. Castleton, shortly after our return from the Continent, ‘must have been performed in a church, in which such a ceremony could be legally performed. Etty so distinctly remembers the interior of the building,—the position of the galleries, the fashion of the pews, the attire of the officiating clergyman. The font, she says, stood in the middle of the principal aisle—a fact that was impressed upon her by its station rendering it necessary for her to take a circuit round it, before she could reach the part of the church where the wedding rites were solemnized. The draperies of the communion-table were of blue cloth, edged with gold cord. The clergyman wore an M. A. hood, similar to her grandfather’s. Now of all the suppositions which can be made about this mysterious case, the most incredible is that which her own fears once suggested,—namely, that

Lord Byfield took her to an unconsecrated building, fitted up in imitation of a church, and duped her with a mock marriage. Such an hypothesis cannot be received for a moment. Where could Lord Byfield find such a building, with the requisite agents to serve him in broad daylight? Surely, in no town in England. There must be a record of the marriage in some legal register; and if we could find it, we should have gained our game.'

'It is possible,' said the lawyer, 'that the marriage was legally solemnized, but the entry of the record was falsely made: the wrong names, for instance, might have been inserted in the register.'

'But,' I said, 'Etty signed her own name Annette Tree; and she remembers distinctly seeing the name of Arthur Petersham immediately above the space in which she signed her name.'

'Ay,' said Mr. Castleton, holding up his hand, and smiling, 'she told us so yesterday, when we talked the whole matter over with her. But, perhaps you did not notice the question I put to her,—whether after she signed the register she looked at it again. I put that inquiry to her, and she answered "No."'

'Well?'

'It was possible for Major Watchit, or another

person, to have falsified the record, after Miss Annette Tree laid down the pen. Attend to me. There were in all present at the ceremony six persons,—the clergyman, Arthur Petersham, Annette Tree, Major Watchit, a lady named Mrs. Spencer, brought to the church by Mr. Petersham to act as a witness, and the clerk. The two witnesses were Major Watchit and Mrs. Spencer. Major Watchit, we know, was an accomplice of the bridegroom's. Mrs. Spencer did not meet Miss Tree at the hotel, but joined the wedding party at the church, Mr. Petersham having requested her attendance, for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony and signing the register. It is fair to suppose that this woman was also an accomplice. Mr. Petersham did not (we are informed) introduce her by name to Miss Tree in the church, but only called her "an old friend of his mother's." Indeed, Miss Annette did not learn the lady's name, till she was on her road to the sea-side, when on asking Major Watchit who the lady was, he answered, "Mrs. Spencer." Now who this woman was we do not know. Miss Tree represents her as aged and decrepit. Even her old age becomes to me matter of suspicion; for whether she was a conscious accomplice in the crime (which we believe to have been perpetrated),

or whether she was a mere imbecile tool, ignorant of Mr. Petersham's purpose,—it quite accords with Mr. Petersham's systematic caution, that he should select an *old* person for his coadjutor—a person who in the ordinary course of nature would soon be dead, and unable to testify against him at any distant period. Certainly she was not his mother's "intimate friend," for if she had been, you would have heard of her.'

'Go on. I will regard her as an accomplice.'

'And I, by way of variety, will regard her as a dupe—a mere unconscious tool. For whichever she was, it does not affect the main issue.'

'Go on.'

'Let us suppose the ceremony over, and the party round the register in the vestry. Mr. Arthur Petersham signs his name;—good! Miss Annette Tree signs her name;—well again! Mrs. Spencer signs her name;—so far all is well! Now Major Watchit takes the pen to write his name as a witness. As the Major does so, Mr. Petersham gives the clerk a handsome fee, and tells him to hurry out of the vestry and see if his carriage is all ready. The clerk of course obeys, and removes himself from the scene. That done, Mr. Petersham adroitly (as he can do things) engages the attention of the

sleepy old rector in a conversation with himself, his pretty bride, and Mrs. Spencer, who has already signed her name. Major Watchit is relieved from the observation of surrounding eyes. What is to prevent him from not merely putting in a signature for himself, but also altering the names already inserted?—He might do this, supposing Mrs. Spencer were not an accomplice; he would do it with greater ease if she were an accomplice. Let us carry the scene one step further. The clerk comes back and announces that the carriage is all ready. The rector turns round, in a flutter of habitual sleepiness broken in upon by the excitement of an unusual event, and says, “Oh, dear me! you would like a copy of the certificate?” To this Mr. Petersham answers, “It is of no consequence: but still I will have it. Here, Watchit, I’ll lead Etty to the carriage, and we’ll wait till you bring us the copy;—she is faint and wants to recline.” This arrangement is acceded to. Mr. Petersham puts Etty into the carriage. They wait till Major Watchit comes to them with the copy, with all its misdescriptions, and puts it into Mr. Petersham’s hand. In another minute Major Watchit takes his place by the side of Etty, and the two post off to the sea. Mr. Petersham then enters his carriage,

which has drawn up by the side of the door, and with Mrs. Spencer by his side drives away. It may also be presumed that on reaching his wife at Monaco, he does not show the attested copy of the certificate, containing misdescriptions which would rouse her suspicions.'

'What an astounding hypothesis!' said I, genuinely admiring my lawyer's ingenuity. 'But the misdescriptions of the register would have to accord with the names in the licence, which of course was left in the hands of the officiating clergyman?'

'Certainly.—I assume that the licence has been obtained with misrepresentations.'

'In short, that Etty, without being aware of it, was married under a wrong name?'

'Ay.'

'But, Mr. Castleton, how would that affect the validity of the marriage?'

'Before the fourth year of George the Fourth the marriage would have been invalid; and there are cases on record of women who were unwittingly married under false names, by rascals who in all probability knew that such a marriage was no marriage.'

'What!—was the marriage null, where either party was the victim of fraud?'

‘Yes.’

‘You surprise me!’

‘I’ll give you a piece of law, Miss Olive Blake. Under the 26th Geo. II. c. 38, if there was a total variation of a name or names, that is, if the banns were published in a name or names totally different from those which the parties, or one of them, ever used, or by which they were ever known, the marriage in pursuance of that publication was invalid; and it was immaterial in such cases whether the misdescription had arisen from accident or design, or whether such design were fraudulent or not.’

‘But that is not the law now?—it was not the law at the time of Etty’s marriage?—Oh, say it was not!’

‘I will, my dear Miss Blake. Do not frighten yourself. The law was altered by 4 Geo. IV. c. 76, s. 22, by which, in order to invalidate a marriage where such variation of names has been made, it is necessary to show that it was contracted with a knowledge by both parties of such a variation having been made.’

‘It is possible,’ I said, ‘that Lord Byfield was ignorant of the comparatively recent alteration in the law, and that he married Etty under a fictitious

name, thinking that the ceremony would thereby be null.'

'Possibly. Rogues are always fools. Lord Byfield is a cunning, polished, adroit man, but he is a rascal (for all his wealth and power); and a rogue, whatever natural and acquired advantages he may have, invariably shows himself in the long run that which Coleridge defined him to be, "a fool with a circumbendibus." It may be that Lord Byfield, unaware of the improvement in the law, overlooked all the other consequences of a criminal conspiracy, in his anxiety to obtain possession of a beautiful girl by a form of marriage, which should be no marriage.'

'What would be the consequences of such a crime as we are imagining?'

'Well,' said Mr. Castleton, with a laugh, 'the crime with which I charge him in my imagination is so very vaguely shaped at present, that I really cannot reply to your question. Put me an exact case.'

'Suppose Lord Byfield can be shown to have wilfully and fraudulently made a false entry in any register of marriages, to what punishment is he liable?'

This conversation took place in Mr. Castleton's

office in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and when I put him this 'case,' he rose from his seat, went to one of his shelves, and took down a volume, from which he read as follows:

'11 *Geo.* 4, & 1 *Will.* 4, c. 66, *sec.* xx.—That
' if any person shall knowingly and wilfully insert,
' or cause or permit to be inserted, in any register
' of baptisms, marriages, or burials, which hath
' been or shall be made or kept by the rector,
' vicar, curate, or officiating minister of any parish,
' district-parish, or chapelry in England, any false
' entry of any matter relating to any baptism,
' marriage, or burial, or shall forge or alter in any
' such register any entry of any matter relating to
' any baptism, marriage, or burial; or shall utter
' any writing as and for a copy of an entry in any
' such register of any matter relating to any bap-
' tism, marriage, or burial, knowing such writing
' to be false, forged, or altered; or if any person
' shall utter any entry in any such register of any
' matter relating to any baptism, marriage, or
' burial, knowing such entry to be false, forged, or
' altered, or shall utter any copy of such entry,
' knowing such entry to be false, forged, or altered,
' or shall wilfully destroy, deface, or injure, or
' cause or permit to be destroyed, defaced, or

‘injured any such register, or any part thereof;
‘or shall forge or alter, or shall utter, knowing the
‘same to be forged or altered, any licence of
‘marriage; *every such offender shall be guilty of*
‘*felony, and, being convicted thereof, shall be liable,*
‘*at the discretion of the Court, to be transported*
‘*beyond the seas for life, or for any term not*
‘less than seven years, or to be imprisoned for
‘any term not exceeding four years, or less than
‘two years.’

I cannot describe the significance that Mr. Castleton threw into these last words.

As he concluded, I seized the book, and read and re-read the terrible words. I had never dreamt of such consequences being attached to such an act; never for one moment imagined the power I should have over Lord Byfield if I could prove him guilty of the crime, of which I had vaguely and dimly suspected him,—before Mr. Castleton so particularly and graphically suggested it, in the conversation just narrated.

‘You’d better take the book home with you,’ observed Mr. Castleton, smiling; ‘it seems to entertain you.’

‘Thank you, I will take it,—and also say “Good morning.”’

Mr. Castleton gave me his arm, and conducted

me to my carriage, which waited for me in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

'Home,' I said to the footman, as I stepped in the carriage,—'and quick.'

It was winter time; so I drew up the glasses. And then throwing myself back in my seat, I opened Mr. Castleton's terrible volume, and read:
'Every such offender shall be guilty of felony, and, being convicted thereof, shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be transported beyond the seas for life.'

CHAPTER IX.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, BIRMINGHAM.

RENEWED with hope, and in a far different frame of mind from that in which I had started for Monaco, I now resumed my investigations.

I procured the services of fresh agents, for though they were to act as copyists for me, they were to make their copies with a precision and accuracy that I had not before thought requisite. My new copyists were copper-plate engravers, and they were ordered to make for me fac-similes of the minutest exactness of every registration of a marriage, in the week in which Etty was married. Before, I had had copies taken of all the certificates of an entire month ; but now I was satisfied with the certificates of a week. The engravers were directed to make careful fac-similes, putting upon their copies every blot, smear, speck, or discolouration found in the originals. Of course their work was tedious and expensive ; but I was determined to

ruin myself pecuniarily rather than not accomplish my task,—or leave it unaccomplished, whilst a sixpence remained in my purse. Besides the expense of the engravers' labour, I (that is to say, Mr. Castleton, acting for me) had to pay heavy fees to the custodians of the archives, for permission to take such copies. All I had legally a right to demand of the keepers of the registers, was that they would give me substantially true copies of the certificates, for a certain specified fee per copy. But as I wanted a fancy article, I had to pay a fancy price for it. My fac-similes were as expensive a sort of literature as a lady ever indulged herself in.

For two years and three months I carried on this costly process without any result. Every fac-simile, as it came to me, I carefully examined under strong magnifying glasses, and scrutinized with a regard to those rules by which 'experts' decide on the genuineness or identity or difference, of various specimens of calligraphy. But not a fac-simile did I get, in return for all the money I was spending, that could be made a foundation of fresh confidence. At the end of my first year and a half of this work I had exhausted the London registers; and then my copyists were sent into the provinces.

They had been working in provincial towns for about nine months ; and though I did not exactly despair of ultimate success, I was beginning to be sorely worn with disappointment, when I received from the register of St. Dunstan's church, in Birmingham, a fac-simile of a certificate of a marriage between Arthur Feversham, and Jeannette Freeman, which caused my heart to beat high. The signature of the officiating clergyman was Charles Hobart, M.A. The attesting witnesses were Anne Walker and Herbert Johnson.

The first thing that attracted my attention in this fac-simile was the 'Arthur Feversham,' the *F* and the *v* of the Feversham being so formed that they closely resembled *P* and *t*. So strong was this resemblance that at the first glance I read the name Petersham, and not Feversham. Then my heart beat high for the first time. 'Why,' said I to myself, 'may not that word have been so written for the express purpose of misleading the eye? but whose eye? not mine! whose eye could it have been intended to deceive?' My heart beat higher! Moreover, as I looked at the handwriting, I could have sworn (scratchy and disguised though it was) that it was Lord Byfield's. It was just the writing of Lord Byfield, when he was hurried, or tired, or

ill. My heart leaped within, as though it were mad.

But Jeannette Freeman. How about that? Let me see. Here is the signature. Jeannette Freeman. I look at it under my glass. Ha! Why is there that little dot after the second *e* of Freeman. A dot there! Why? A bride doesn't put a dot under a letter in the centre of her surname, as bank clerks sometimes do, to mark their signature. A lady making her signature in full might put a dot after the *last* letter of her surname, but after no other. But then, again, why does that second *e* of Freeman fit so awkwardly on to the *man*? Why, the upstroke of the *e* runs into the *m* like a needle! Surely then *man* has been added on by another hand. The original name ended with the second *e*. Now let me examine the *F* of *Free*. Why two strokes of a pen change *T* into *F*. And now I look at it, the top of the *F* and the down stroke have not been made without taking pen from paper, as is usual in a running hand; but they were made separately. See, too, the little thin up-stroke going up to the top of a *T*—not an *F*! Clearly, the original name was *Tree*; the *T* was altered into an *F*, and the *man* was added. So *Tree* was made *Freeman*.

But the Christian name,—Jeannette? Ah, that is clear, too; Etty still always writes the initial letter of her Christian name (Annette) in round character, and not with a pointed top. Her *A* is not a wedge with a dash across. No. Annette was the original name, and *Je* has been added on; (see how large the *A* of Jeannette is) and so Annette Tree has been turned into Jeannette Freeman!

I rose from my seat, with the fac-simile clutched in my hand. A mirror was before me; and happening to glance at it, and see my own semblance on its bright surface, I was really frightened with the disorder, and triumph of my appearance; the flush of my cheeks, and the wild gleam of my eyes.

I had been alone, whilst I examined the fac-simile; but now as I stood surveying myself in the mirror, the door opened, and Etty came into the room.

‘Why, Olive,’ she cried, with unusual animation, ‘what makes you look so terribly happy?’

‘Good news, my dear!’ I answered. ‘The postman has brought me good news; but never mind at present what it is. Let us go to breakfast, and afterwards you must drive with me into town, to Mr. Castleton’s chambers.’

‘Is the news about me?’ Etty inquired.

‘It is,—but ask no questions about it. I must be obeyed.’

‘I will obey you, dear!’ Etty said meekly—and when she had uttered the words I saw by the light of her violet eyes, that she was thanking heaven for ‘the good news,’ of which I thought it right still to keep her in ignorance.

On arriving in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, I left Etty in the carriage, and went alone upstairs into Mr. Castleton’s chambers. It was still early, but he was already in his office, immersed in papers, when I was admitted to him.

‘Ah, my dear Miss Blake, I am glad to see you, but I am in the midst of a most heavy and perplexing case. Still, I can attend to you. What is it?’

‘Look at this fac-simile, under this glass,—and let me meantime tell you what I see,’ I said.

He complied with my request, examining it intently, while I quietly unfolded to him my critical opinions on the signatures.

‘By Jove,’ exclaimed Mr. Castleton, flashing out at me streams of fire from his eyes, and stopping me in the midst of my exposition, ‘we have caught him at last. My dear Miss Blake, we must go down to Birmingham instantly.’

‘But you are engaged on an important case?’

‘My dear Miss Blake, that *can* wait, *shall* wait, *must* wait. Birmingham,—Birmingham! God bless Robert Stephenson for his London and Birmingham Railway! Let’s see. It’s now a quarter to eleven. If Miss Annette were here—’

‘She is here,—in the carriage at the door.’

‘Good! Then we’ll catch the express, and be in Birmingham by half-past one. Just excuse me for three seconds, and I’ll come back in my hat and greatcoat.’

The three seconds were scarcely exceeded when Mr. Castleton returned, hatted and coated, with his managing clerk at his heels. ‘Now, Simpson,’ he said to his clerk, ‘you must manage to get on with that case to-day by yourself. You remember my instructions about it. I am going out of town on particular business, and most likely I shall not return to London to-day. Good morning. Now, Miss Blake, I am at your service.’

As we descended the wide staircase of the old mansion, in which Mr. Castleton had his chambers, I said to him, ‘Mr. Castleton, Etty is in the carriage, but she is quite ignorant of the nature of this morning’s intelligence. I thought it best to keep her in the secret. Let us take her down to

Birmingham,—into the very church in which the fraud was consummated,—without revealing to her the object of our journey ; and perhaps her recognition of the place will be of such a kind as to give us serviceable evidence. We won't even tell her the name of the place to which we are bound.'

'Quite right!—quite right!' said Mr. Castleton, emphatically, as he helped me into my carriage, and then took a seat opposite to me and Etty, with his back to the horses.

Ere another quarter of an hour had passed, we three were gliding along Robert Stephenson's iron rails, drawn by the ropes and stationary engines of the old system of that line. At Camden Town we left the ropes behind us. A locomotive engine having been harnessed to the train, we sped along at more than forty miles an hour. The whole way down the line Mr. Castleton and I remained silent, he with eyes fixed intently on the columns of the morning's '*Times*,' and I studying with a similar appearance of interest the new '*Quarterly*,' and each of us caring as little for the printed words before us as if they had been thrown on the paper helter-skelter by a wild army of mad compositors. As for Etty, it was her first journey behind a steam locomotive ; and she was too full of conjecture as

to the nature of 'the good news,' of excitement consequent on her sudden removal from the quiet of my villa, and of wonder at the new method of travelling, to care for such ordinary gossip as we could carry on in a railway carriage, in the company of other passengers.

'Drive to an hotel,' said Mr. Castleton to the flyman, when he had put me and Etty into one of a string of public conveyances drawn up before the Birmingham station.

'Which hotel, sir?' asked the man.

'The best, of course,' answered Mr. Castleton, taking his seat in the fly—'the "Warwick Arms."'

'Yes, sir.'

At the end of another ten minutes we alighted at the door of the 'Warwick Arms,' which excellent family hotel, many of my readers doubtless know, stands in Gimp Street—a narrow thoroughfare in the very centre of Birmingham.

The landlord of the hotel came to receive us at the door.

'Can you let us have three good bed-rooms, and two sitting-rooms?' asked Mr. Castleton.

'Yes, sir,' was the answer.

So we entered the hotel, and passed through the rather narrow passage, leading from the chief en-

trance to the interior of the house, and ascended a dark, gloomy staircase. As we were ascending that staircase, Etty, who was walking close by my side, caught hold of my hand, and cried in a stifled voice, 'Oh, Olive!' I had scarcely time to answer to this exclamation, 'What is the matter, dear?' when she fainted away, and fell into my arms.

I carried her into the nearest of the light airy sitting-rooms on the first-floor; and with the aid of cold water, smelling salts, and wine, I soon had the pleasure of causing her to revive.

'Olive,' she said, after a lapse of about twenty minutes, during the last ten of which she recollected her faculties, and looked round the room, 'I fainted away because I recognised this place. The excitement was too much for me. This is the hotel Major Watchit took me to. This is the very room we breakfasted in. I know it, although it has been altered in some respects, and has a different paper. Those three windows had the blinds drawn down over them.'

'Surely, my dear,' I answered;—'they look into the street.'

'Where is Mr. Castleton?'

'He has gone into the town, dear, for a few minutes. Be quiet, and calm.'

‘Where are we, Olive?’

‘In Birmingham.’

‘Oh, Olive,’ she said, crying, ‘how could I have been married in Birmingham? And yet I remember this room so well.’

As she uttered these few words Mr. Castleton returned, and said, ‘You remember this room, Miss Annette, you say. Do you think now you could lead us to the bed-room you occupied on the night before your wedding?’

‘Oh, yes,’ she said quickly. ‘The door of the bed-room is immediately opposite the door of this room. It is a large room, with three windows. The two windows on the side of the room opposite the door overlook the hotel yard. The third window, which is in the most distant side of the apartment, is placed close against the corner. It does not correspond with the rest of the room, but seems to have been put in as an after-thought.’

‘Do you remember what that window overlooked?’ asked Mr. Castleton.

‘A churchyard.’

‘You are sure of that?’

‘Yes; for I sat for hours during the night looking at the church, and wondering whether it was the one I was to be married in.’

Mr. Castleton rang the bell.

'Send the chambermaid here,' he said to the waiter.

'Yes, sir.'

The chambermaid came, when Mr. Castleton said, 'These ladies want to select bed-rooms. Conduct them first into the bed-room, the door of which is immediately opposite this; for one of these ladies has already occupied it, and would like to have it again, if it is disengaged.'

'The room opposite this room, sir?' said the girl.

'Ay,' responded Mr. Castleton, opening the door of the room in which we were, and pointing with his finger to a door in the opposite wall of the staircase landing. 'That is the door you mean, Miss Annette, is it not?'

'Yes,' said Etty.

'That isn't a bed-room, sir,' answered the maid; 'it's a sitting-room.'

'What! Was it never a bed-room?'

'I can't say, sir. It never was a bed-room since I knew it.'

'How long have you been chambermaid here?'

'Six years.'

'Is there any servant in the hotel who was here

sixteen years since? How long has the landlord been here?’

‘Oh, sir, master only took the hotel last year. But the upper-housemaid has been here in the hotel twenty years. She has lived under four different landlords of the “Warwick Arms.”’

‘My good girl, there’s half a crown for you. Now show us into the room of which we are speaking, and send the upper-housemaid to us.’

‘Certainly, sir.’

In another half minute the girl had left us, in order to send the upper-housemaid to us; and we were standing in *the* room, looking round it, and to our mortification finding in it only two windows. The windows overlooking the yard were there, but no third window having a view of the churchyard was to be seen.

In a minute the upper-housemaid, a most respectable-looking woman, of about forty or five-and-forty years of age, was before us, and no sooner did she make her appearance than Mr. Castleton poured upon her a quick fire of questions.

‘Was this room ever a bed-room?’ he began.

‘Yes, sir,’ said the woman, opening her eyes with astonishment.

‘When was it altered into a sitting-room?’

‘About eight years since, sir ;—just before Mr. Landers, who was the landlord of the “ Warwick Arms ” when the room was altered, died.’

‘How long had it been used as a bed-room before it was so altered ?’

‘Oh,—years and years, sir. It was a bed-room before my time, and I’ve been in the hotel for twenty years. And since I came to be servant here, it was a bed-room till Mr. Landers altered it. It was about the last thing he did, poor man.’

‘Had it ever a third window ?’

‘To be sure it had, sir. It’s clear you know all about the room. It had a window’ (pointing) ‘right in the corner, overlooking St. Dunstan’s churchyard, which is right at the back. Mr. Landers (who was rather a fanciful man in some things) said a *cross* light was bad for a sitting-room, and that the look-out on the graveyard made the room unpleasant, so he had the window bricked up.’

‘Now,’ said Mr. Castleton, after a moment’s pause, ‘it is of course the custom for the landlord to note down in his day-book or house-book, or whatever he calls it, the occupants of the rooms—just as he appropriates them to new visitors.’

‘Well, sir, you’d find out by the ledger what

parties were in the house on a particular night; but most generally the parties are known only by the numbers of the rooms they occupy. You see, sir, if a gentleman takes "bed-room 42," he is entered in the ledger as "No. 42," with the date against him, and "gentleman" written after the date."

'Ay. You have a new landlord here? He came last year?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you happen to know if he has the old account-books of the establishment in Mr. Landers' time, and even prior to Mr. Landers' time.'

'No, sir,—he hasn't got them,' answered the woman proudly.

'How do you know that?'

'Because I have them. They are my property.'

'Indeed!'

'You see, sir, though I came here only as under-housemaid, I was a scholar, and could keep accounts. Now, sir, Mr. Holland (who was the first landlord I lived under here) was no great scholar. He could just write his name, but that's all he could do. He had to get some one to do his accounts for him; and first and last he was cheated out of a good deal of money by having to trust to dishonest people. Well, sir, after he had tried a

number of clerks, he found out (soon after I came to him) that I was a scholar and could keep books. So he made me upper-housemaid, and gave me 25*l.* a year to keep his books for him. Well, sir, from that time till Mr. James, the present landlord, came, I kept the books of the hotel. I kept them in Mr. Holland's time, and Mr. Landers' time, and Mr. Smith's time; and when Mr. James came in last Michaelmas, I agreed to stop on with him in the "Warwick Arms" for another year, if he would let me take away the old books with me,—which I had kept for so many years. And Mr. James, as he doesn't want me to keep the accounts, and as he keeps his accounts in a way quite different from my way, told me that "old account-books" would be of no use to him, and he would make them a present to me. You see, sir, the books had always gone along with the business, as a part of the stock in trade.'

'Then you are going to retire from service here?' I said.

'Yes, ma'am,' answered the woman with healthy pride and honest self-satisfaction, 'and I'm going to live on my property. The "Warwick Arms" have done well to me, just as I have done well to the "Warwick Arms."'

‘Now,’ said Mr. Castleton, altering his tone of voice, now that he knew he was speaking to a lady of property, ‘for whatever information you give me, I am willing to pay liberally. I want to find out who slept in this room in which we are now standing on the night of Oct. — 18—. Be good enough to bring your books here, and see if they will satisfy my curiosity.’

The woman left the room, and returned to us in about two minutes, bearing in her strong arms *four* account-books.

‘Now,’ she said, putting her admired literary productions on the table, ‘what is the date?’

‘The night of October the —st, 18—,’ answered Mr. Castleton.

The woman referred to the date in one of the books, and after glancing at the entry her face flushed up, and the light came into her eyes, as she exclaimed, ‘Why, sir, you *can’t* mean that after all these years you’ve come to make inquiries about that beautiful young lady?’

‘What beautiful young lady?’ asked Mr. Castleton.

‘Why, Miss Freeman, to be sure, sir,—the lady who was married in that strange way more than fifteen years ago.’

‘ Let me look at the entry.’

The woman showed him the book, reading at the same time, ‘ *No. 42. Bedroom taken for a lady by Mr. Arthur Feversham.*’ ‘ *That, you see, sir, was all I wrote at first. But after the lady left, and had been married in that mysterious way, I made a note by the side, “Miss Freeman and Mr. Feversham married next day in St. Dunstan’s church. Miss Freeman left a pocket-handkerchief behind her in the bedroom marked in cotton stitch “Etty.”* You see, sir, I put that down just to keep the matter in my mind. But there was little need, sir; for I and the clerk of St. Dunstan’s have often talked it over, and had a laugh about it,—wondering whether my handkerchief and his glove would ever come to any use. For you see, sir, he has a glove which—’

‘ Never mind the clerk’s glove,’ put in Mr. Castleton, smartly; ‘he’ll tell us all about that himself when he comes. I have sent for him. I have seen his wife; and she is going to send him. Let’s keep to the point. You say that *No. 42* was taken by Mr. Arthur Feversham. Had that gentleman been living in the hotel previously?’

‘ To be sure he had, sir. He had rooms here

for two months just before his marriage ; but he occupied them only a part of the time. You see, he kept here the number of days required by law before he could get a licence from old Mr. Hobart, the rector of St. Dunstan's. Then he went away (but during his absence the rooms were kept for him all the same.)'

' When did he give the order for this room ?'

' Well, sir, that I can't answer off-hand. Perhaps, if you gave me time, I might discover something in my books that would enable me to speak as to that. But I couldn't so speak now. You see, sir, it's a long time since the gentleman was here.'

' Exactly. Did Mr. Feversham lead a quiet life while he was an inmate of the hotel ?'

' Very, sir,—he never seemed to have any business or callers. He always kept in his rooms reading all day. And what exercise he took was taken after dark. We couldn't at first make him out at all, none of us. But when we found out that, immediately after paying his bill and leaving the hotel, he was married to the young lady his friend had brought here to meet him over night, we understood what the case was. Lord bless you, sir, more than one secret marriage has taken place

from the "Warwick Arms" since I have been here. And—'

The woman was still speaking, when the under-chambermaid of the hotel (the girl who had first attended to us) came up, and said the parish-clerk of St. Dunstan's (Mr. Godfrey) had called, and wished to speak to Mr. Castleton.

'All right,' said Mr. Castleton, 'send him up.'

Mr. Godfrey came upstairs; and as he entered the room, and the door was closed by the under-housemaid behind him, Mr. Castleton said to the upper-chambermaid, 'As you and Mr. Godfrey have already talked this matter over, there is no need for you to leave the room unless you wish. You would, perhaps, like to hear what I have to say to him.'

'Thank you, sir;—I should like to stop.'

So the woman remained in the room.

CHAPTER X.

EVIDENCE.

THE clerk of St. Dunstan's church was a very intelligent and superior person for a man in his humble rank of life. His age was seventy, but he looked much younger; and his bearing was such that had it not been for his provincial accent, and a few other peculiarities, he might have been introduced into the society of gentlemen, as a gentleman, without causing any surprise.

'You are the clerk of St. Dunstan's?' Mr. Castleton observed, upon his entrance.

'I am, sir,' answered Mr. Godfrey, bowing to me. Etty was sitting with her back turned to us, looking out of the window. Her veil also was drawn over her.

'I may as well inform you that I am a London solicitor, and that the men who have been lately making fac-similes of the certificates in your register of marriages, and whom you, as well as the vestry-

clerk of St. Dunstan's have kindly assisted, are agents acting under my directions. I have this morning seen a fac-simile of a certificate of a marriage, solemnized in your church between a Mr. Arthur Feversham and a Miss Jeannette Freeman on the —th day of October, 18—. From what has dropped from the lips of this most respectable woman' (the upper-housemaid curtsied her acknowledgment of the compliment) 'I know that you remember the occurrence of the marriage.'

'I remember it well,' answered Mr. Godfrey.

'May I ask you (for my inquiries are of the highest importance) to state what intercourse you had with Mr. Arthur Feversham?'

'Certainly, sir; and I will answer you to the best of my ability. The night before the marriage a gentleman called on me at my house, and told me that his friend Mr. Feversham was going to be married to a young lady named Freeman the next morning in St. Dunstan's church. He said Mr. Feversham had obtained a licence through the Rev. Mr. Hobart, (the late rector of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and one of the Surrogates of the diocese,) and that Mr. Hobart had promised to officiate. He then said to me, that there were reasons which made Mr. Feversham wish that the ceremony should be

as private as possible ; and he therefore asked me to keep the doors of the church shut, and also the iron gates of the churchyard closed to the public, and to admit no one. I said I should be happy to act in accordance with his wishes. He then put ten sovereigns on the table, and he requested me to take them as my fee. I said, "That is a very large fee, sir!" He answered, "It is; but do not hesitate to take it; for I am a rich man; and I see that you are a person who, having taken a good fee from me, will feel it incumbent on your honour to perform thoroughly what you undertake to do." So I took the fee, and promised to attend to his wishes. I saw no reason why I should not do so. Mr. Hobart, the rector, was to officiate, and had moreover granted the licence; I therefore had no grounds to suspect anything wrong. A secret marriage need not be a wrong undertaking. A gentleman of great expectations may wish to marry a poor lady, and at the same time wish to keep his marriage unknown to powerful relations who would be offended at the lady's poverty. But still, sir, all this had nothing to do with my duties as clerk. I only mention these matters, as they show why I did readily what I was ordered to do.'

'Well? The marriage took place.'

‘Yes, sir. The only persons present in the church were Mr. Arthur Feversham, Miss Jeannette Freeman, myself, the two witnesses, and the officiating clergyman. The two witnesses were a lady named Ann Walker, and the gentleman (named Herbert Johnson) who had called upon me on the previous night. Mr. Arthur Feversham I had not seen before I put my eyes on him in the church; but after the marriage I found out that he had had rooms for at least a couple of months at the “Warwick Arms,” though he only inhabited them part of the time. Mr. Arthur Feversham didn’t sleep at the “Warwick Arms” the night before his marriage. He came into Birmingham, posting, early in the morning, bringing with him the old lady named Ann Walker. Leaving his carriage at the “Warwick Arms,” he walked with the old lady down to the church, and there I saw her walking up and down before the churchyard rails on the pavement. I saw her as I entered the church to get all ready for the wedding. She came up to me, and said, “Let me into the church, please;—there is going to be a wedding.” “I can’t let you in,” I said, “for the public are not to be admitted.” “But,” she said, “I am one of the party. Mr. Feversham has brought me with him

to witness the marriage." So I let her into the church. I had not as yet seen Mr. Feversham. It was while I was dusting and getting the church ready, that the old lady told me about Mr. Feversham having left his carriage at the "Warwick Arms," and having led her to the gate of the churchyard, and having gone back to the "Warwick Arms" to see the lady to whom he was about to be married.'

'Exactly. Describe to me the appearance of Mr. Herbert Johnson.'

'He was a very tall, thin, and tanned gentleman. I don't think I ever saw a man more sunburnt. I may add, that I found out after the marriage, that Mr. Herbert Johnson had brought Miss Freeman to the "Warwick Arms," about an hour before he called at my house, and made arrangements about the wedding,—that is, on the night before the wedding.'

'I understand. Go on.'

'Well, sir, the wedding took place in the usual way, the Reverend Mr. Hobart (who has been dead more than ten years) performing the ceremony. The party came into the vestry to sign the register. I saw Mr. Feversham sign his name; and immediately he had done it, he asked me to go and see

that the carriages were ready. Mr. Hobart said, "By all means, Godfrey, do so." I therefore went. When I returned, the party were already walking down the aisle to leave the church. I went straight to the vestry, and saw Mr. Hobart engaged in drawing out an attested copy of the certificate. It did not take him half a minute to finish. "There, Godfrey," he said, "run with that to Mr. Feversham. He is in a hurry, and waiting for it in his carriage." Of course, I did as I was told. When I got to the church-door (where not a minute before I had left two carriages) the foremost carriage was gone. I ran to the second carriage, and looked in. "Oh!" said Mr. Feversham, showing his face, "you have brought the attested copy?" I answered, "Yes, sir," and gave him the copy; and in another minute I went back to the vestry,—feeling surprised.'

'At what?'

'That Mr. Feversham should have left the church with the old lady, named Ann Walker, and not with his bride.'

'Certainly, a most reasonable ground of surprise.'

'It seemed to me to be very strange,' rejoined Mr. Godfrey, 'but I accounted for it, by supposing

that Mr. Feversham was afraid he might be recognised on the road by his friends, who, if they saw him travelling with a pretty young lady, might suspect he was married to her. Still it seemed an excess of caution.'

'Did not you,' asked Mr. Castleton, turning to the maid, 'say something about a glove?'

'Ay, sir,' put in Mr. Godfrey, before the woman could answer the question for herself, 'I was going back to the vestry, when I met Mr. Hobart, hurrying down the aisle, with a kid glove in his hand. "Godfrey," he said, "Mr. Feversham has dropped one of his gloves." "Well, sir," I said, "the gentleman has gone. It is too late to give it to him now." So Mr. Hobart let the glove fall, and I picked it up, and kept it. Of course, I was curious about this wedding; and having an acquaintance with Miss Brown,' (pointing to the maid,) 'I saw her, and we talked it all over, she and I comparing notes with each other. When I told her about the gentleman's "kid glove," she told me about the lady's "pocket-handkerchief." And we have often, for all these years since, had a joke about our treasures, wondering whether anything would come of them.'

'Now,' said Mr. Castleton to Miss Brown, 'do

you think that after all this lapse of years you should be able to recognise Mr. Feversham.'

'I would not say positively, sir. Time alters people wonderfully; but I think I should know him. He was not an ill-looking gentleman, but he had a blemish on his face, that I think I should know him by again. His upper lip was slightly scarred as if he had a wound upon it.'

'I am *sure* I should know him again,' said Mr. Godfrey, confidently, 'by a different sign. While the wedding was going on, I had to stand outside the rails of the communion-table, and just behind Mr. Feversham. That was my place. Well, sir, Mr. Feversham wore his light hair long, so that I couldn't see the back of his neck, as the hair ordinarily hung. But once, during the service, he stirred a little (nervous, perhaps) and put his right hand to the back of his neck, and stroked his light curls down. Well, sir, as he did that, I saw on his flesh under the ends of the curls, and just above the back of his white shirt-collar, a crimson mark,—a scar. I quite started;—it was such a fierce red colour.'

As the man said this, I started; for I recognised the movement he described, as one of Lord Byfield's nervous, fidgetty tricks, which I had disliked as

girl and woman. When he was animated in conversation, or was excited with playing cards, for instance, he used to be continually touching his long hair; and I, like the man, had often seen with repugnance the red scar, so revealed.

‘Mr. Godfrey and Miss Brown,’ said Mr. Castleton lastly, walking round the room in the direction of Etty, who still sat apart from us, closely veiled, ‘would you know Miss Freeman if you saw her, think you? Miss Annette, draw off your veil and bonnet,—quick, my dear young lady!’

Etty did as she was bidden; the haste with which she obeyed her orders, causing her fingers to catch in her hair, so that she not only pulled off her veil and bonnet, but at the same time also pulled down her rich, warm, golden tresses.

‘Why,’ exclaimed both the man and woman together, ‘’tis she,—it’s Miss Freeman.’

‘Dare you swear it?’ asked Mr. Castleton of the maid.

‘Yes, sir, that I dare,’ answered Miss Brown, ‘though I didn’t see much of the lady, and she wouldn’t let me help her with her toilet.’

‘Dare *you* swear that is the lady who was mar-

ried to Mr. Feversham ?' then inquired Mr. Castleton of the clerk, who was steadily scrutinizing Etty.

'I would swear to her, in any court of justice,' said the man, earnestly.

CHAPTER XI.

MY POWER.

THE story, which it is the object of these pages to tell, would be in nowise developed or illustrated by my giving all the details of the conversations that passed between myself and Etty on the one hand, and the clerk of St. Dunstan's and the maid of the 'Warwick Arms' on the other. The result of them is sufficient for the public.

I took Etty to the church, and immediately she entered it, she recognised the sacred interior that had been indelibly printed on her memory. We stopped only one night in Birmingham, returning to London by an early train, so that we arrived at our destination before mid-day. In her travelling-case, Etty held possession of the handkerchief which she had left more than fourteen years before in the 'Warwick Arms.' The light-pink kid glove, dropped by Mr. Arthur Petersham in the church on the occasion of the marriage, was in Mr. Castle-

ton's keeping. Occupying a seat in the same railway carriage with ourselves was Mr. Godfrey, the clerk, who at Mr. Castleton's request had obtained permission from his rector to visit London for a couple of nights.

When we arrived at the Euston Square Railway Station, Mr. Castleton put me and Etty into a cab, which conveyed us straight to Fulham Villa; Mr. Castleton bidding us farewell for a few hours, and taking Mr. Godfrey with him to his house.

In the evening Mr. Castleton came alone to my villa, and found me in conversation with Dr. Clarges and Etty.

'Well, Castleton,' cried Dr. Clarges, immediately Mr. Castleton made his appearance, 'have you any further discoveries to report? Of course, these ladies have told me everything that had transpired, when you ran away from them at the Euston Square Station. Tell me news,—or tell me nothing.'

'How frail and brittle is the covering with which the darkest and most mysterious crimes are concealed!' observed my splendid solicitor in a sententious and moralizing strain. 'The evidence of the wicked deed is packed up in a small space, as kid gloves are packed by French milliners into

nut-shells, and it is very hard to find it. The detective goes about the world picking up nuts, and cracking them, but not one nut in a thousand contains the kid glove for which he is looking. But when he does get the right nut,—the shell is cracked and broken in a twinkling, and out comes the *kid glove*.'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Dr. Clarges in high spirits. 'The poetry of law! Sentimental reflections by a successful legal practitioner! But speak no more parables. Give us the history of the pink *kid glove*; at least, if you have a veritable history to entertain us with.'

'I traced it to Lord Byfield in half an hour,' answered Mr. Castleton triumphantly. 'Of course the evidence I will now lay before you is superfluous and needless. But I have an artistic pleasure in making a case complete, and thoroughly finished at every point. That glove was one of Merlin's—the Regent Street glover. Merlin is one of my clients. So I go (knowing the man well) straight to him, and say, "Mr. Merlin, had you, fifteen or sixteen years since, Mr. Arthur Petersham, now Lord Byfield, (the great banker,) on your books as a customer?" "He has been our customer for thirty years," answers the glover.

"Then be good enough, my dear Mr. Merlin," I say, "to refer back in your books to October 18—, and see if in or shortly before that month you supplied Lord Byfield with any gloves." "I will do so," responds Mr. Merlin, proceeding to turn over the leaves of an old ledger. "Let me see, the year 18—! ha, ha! Arthur Petersham, Esquire! To be sure, Mr. Castleton, 18— was the year in which light pink kid gloves were so much in fashion with the dandies, and I sent Mr. Arthur Petersham, in the month of September, in the year you mention, four cases of such gloves, each case containing a dozen." "Perhaps that was one of them, Mr. Merlin," I say, taking *the* glove out of my pocket. "No doubt," he said, "there's my trade mark upon it. And do you see that *catch* on the glove?" "Yes." "That was a foolish invention of mine. It was intended to supersede the old button and button-hole. That invention of mine had just three weeks' existence. I had the catch put on hundreds of dozens of gloves, but it turned out so badly, and we had so many complaints made about it by customers, that I had to set hands to work to take my pet catch off the gloves, and furnish them with the old-fashioned means of fastening." "That freak of invention," I observe, "must have cost you a

considerable amount of money." "Oh, the money I spent on the patent, and manufacture, and fitting of my useless catches was no matter. The worst part of the failure was the loss of temper it occasioned me. By the end of three weeks from the time that I saw the first catch used, I had not one of the silly contrivances in my stock." "And it was during that period of three weeks you sent four boxes of them to Mr. Petersham." "Exactly so; but what makes you so curious about such a trifle?" "Oh, nothing, only curiosity," I answer. "So I supposed," rejoins Mr. Merlin, drily.

'How wonderful and merciful an arrangement it is,' I observed, 'that guilt cannot hide its own traces!'

'And,' added Dr. Clarges, 'how much more wonderful, and much more merciful an arrangement it is that virtue is equally powerless!'

'Dear Dr. Clarges,' Etty said, softly, 'Good night; Mr. Castleton, Good night. My boy will one day thank you, as I could wish to do myself!'

She moved to the door, which Mr. Castleton, rising, opened for her. As she passed my chair, she stooped down and kissed me, whispering as she did so, 'Olive, come to me before you go to bed come and say prayers with me.'

When Etty had taken her departure, Dr. Clarges inquired of Mr. Castleton, 'What do you intend to do with the clerk, Godfrey?'

'Will you be at the *soirée* of the Royal Society at the President's house, to-morrow evening?' rejoined the solicitor.

'Yes,' replied Dr. Clarges.

'So will Lord Byfield. He has promised the President to attend.'

'Well?'

'So will I also be there. So also will Mr. Godfrey.'

'Ah! I understand!'

'I shall say to Godfrey, "Now walk amongst this assemblage of gentlemen, and if you think you see Mr. Arthur Feversham, just inform me of the circumstance!" I had thought of introducing him to the "Monmouth," which is Lord Byfield's favourite whist club, but we should not be so secure of seeing him there, and we should run greater risk of provoking observation. Godfrey will pass muster admirably at the *soirée*. The difference in appearance between a *savan* and a parish clerk is often but slight.'

'An admirable arrangement!'

The next evening was the *soirée* of the Royal Society, and on the morning succeeding the *soirée*,

Mr. Castleton rode his roan cob over to Fulham and gave me a call before breakfast.

‘The experiment of last evening succeeded admirably,’ he said. ‘I took him so that we arrived just in the fullest of the crush. Lord Byfield never goes early, anywhere. We passed half a dozen times through Lord Marshalhaven’s brilliant suite of rooms, without meeting the object of our search. More than one F. R. S., as he shook hands with me, whispered, “Who is your friend? Is he one of us?” I suppose we had been there an hour, when Godfrey touched my arm, and was proceeding to point with his finger to Lord Byfield (who had just entered the assembly). Luckily I prevented him from doing that, and said, “Lead me through the room, and when we pass Mr. Feversham, squeeze my arm!” Acting on these instructions, Godfrey led me close past Lord Byfield (who was carrying on an animated conversation with the Lord Chancellor), and squeezed my arm as he did so. Lord Byfield’s eye caught mine, and he recognised me, though we had not met each other for at least eight years. “Ah, ah, C—Castleton,” he said, holding out his hand to me, “I—I’m g—glad to see you. W—why d—don’t you ever come and see me in Piccadilly?” I responded to this address by slightly shaking his hand, and making a civil speech of a

few words ; *but I was careful not to address him by his title.* Then I and my companion proceeded to the door, where we turned round and took a back view of Lord Byfield, still talking to the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps my appearance, reminding him of old times, had agitated Lord Byfield ; but anyhow, as we looked at him from behind, he had recourse to his old nervous, fidgetty trick, of smoothing his long hair, which I doubt not he wears long for the express purpose of hiding the scar of the surgeon's knife on the back of his neck. He stroked his locks, and as he did so, I and Godfrey saw the crimson of the old wound. We exchanged significant glances ; and then I led my companion out of the assembly. On the staircase, as we were leaving Lord Marshalhaven's house, he said, "Then you know Mr. Feversham?" "Oh, yes," I answered carelessly, "he is an old friend of mine. Didn't you see how we shook hands?" "

'Where is he now?'

'The clerk?'

'Yes.'

'He is on his way back to Birmingham. I sent him off by the early seven o'clock A. M. train, with twenty guineas in his pocket.'

'Are you sure that he does not know who Mr. Arthur Feversham really is?'

‘Quite.’

‘That the mystery is all our own?’

‘It is all our own,’ observed Mr. Castleton; ‘and I don’t see how any one, without our permission, is to share it with us. Sir George Watchit and the clergyman are dead; the aged female witness (Ann Walker, or Mrs. Spencer, or whoever she was) is also doubtless dead by this time. The clerk and the maid-servant are never likely to cross Lord Byfield’s path; and with the exception of you, me, Dr. Clarges, our friend Annette, and Lord Byfield himself, there is not a person in all the world who even suspects the crime that has been perpetrated. As for Dr. Hankinson, he has been completely mystified by Dr. Clarges. Dr. Hankinson is quite convinced in his own mind of his old patient’s insanity on *one* subject; and if he at all suspects Miss Blake of Fulham to have once been Lady Byfield, he only imagines that you are taking care of the “mad woman,” in the amiable and wifely hope of making her an instrument of inflicting pain on your husband. All the proofs are in your hands. You can reduce Lord Byfield to the rank of a felon. You can force him to accept any terms you like to offer. The proofs are yours, do what you like with them.’

CHAPTER XII.

MY PLEASURE.

MR. CASTLETON's last words were, 'The proofs are yours, do what you like with them.'

I proceeded to do my pleasure with them, and what my pleasure was shall be told in this chapter.

It was on the 2nd of June, in the fifteenth year after Etty's flight from Laughton, and the hour was ten o'clock, P. M., when I alighted from my carriage at Hyde Park, near Apsley House, and told the servants to drive straight back to Fulham Villa, as I should not want them again that evening. As soon as my horses and servants were out of sight, I walked quickly along Piccadilly, under the trees, on the park side of the thoroughfare, till I came opposite to Lord Byfield's mansion. To my vexation I found the reception-rooms brilliant with illuminations, and the road before the house (already, at ten o'clock) blocked up with carriages. The lord of the mansion was clearly giving an en-

tertainment of unusual splendour, and I had been misled in forming my arrangements; most probably my servants and Lord Byfield's having unconsciously mystified each other by some such ordinary phrase as 'that Lord Byfield would be "at home" on the 2nd.' Anyhow I had come from Fulham to Piccadilly in the expectation of catching Lord Byfield alone in his residence on his return from his whist club; and behold, Petersham House stood before me, lucent from garret to basement, crowded with guests, and every minute receiving a fresh influx of patrician visitors from the carriages that continued without cessation to 'draw up' and 'set down!' It was strange that I had not seen any announcement of the approach of such festivity in the fashionable 'morning paper!' It was strange that I should have been misled at all on such a simple matter affecting my *husband's* domestic arrangements. There was, however, only one thing for me to do (since I was bent on seeing Lord Byfield that night), to wait, namely, until his visitors had departed.

Fortunately it was a beautiful June evening (such an evening as is rarely experienced in early June), dry, cloudless, and without a breath of east wind. The moon was up in the quiet heavens, covering

with soft effulgence the green sweeps and foliage of the parks and the roofs of the palaces in Piccadilly, under which on the hard, clean road, the equipages chased each other to and fro, with a steady current of pedestrians flowing along upon the foot-paths of either side, under the merry garish street-lamps. So I resolved to wait patiently till Lord Byfield's labours of hospitality should come to a close.

His guests were both distinguished and numerous. The armorial devices on the carriages which brought to Petersham House that night a perfect mob of haughty dames, brilliant with the flash of diamonds, and graceful timid girls, peering about with dazzled eyes at the wonders of their 'first season,' showed that Lord Byfield had outlived the temporary disgrace of the scandal of more than nine years since. He had been pardoned. English society is not uncharitable; it often pardons offenders,—and when it has so generously pardoned them, it sometimes falls into the grave error of loving them somewhat too dearly, not out of memory of their sins, but out of memory of the generosity with which those sins were forgiven.

Keeping my veil close over my face, I walked up and down Constitution Hill, Park Lane,

Audley Street, and such like thoroughfares, surveying the palaces in which, years before, I was a constant visitor. The season was at its height. There were several great affairs going on in the mansions of the aristocracy, but of them all 'the ball' at Petersham House was the event of the evening.

At twelve o'clock the rout was at its height. The omnibuses and hackney-carriages had almost disappeared from the thoroughfares of that patrician quarter; but the number of private equipages rumbling over McAdam's crushed stone, or clattering over the granite blocks, increased with the passage of every minute. The carriages were still employed in bringing guests; and before the doors of Petersham House were gathered a crowd of poor people, who amused themselves with cheering the fresh arrivals, and striving to get glimpses of the ladies as they tripped from the concealment of their carriages to the concealment of the awning, that ran from the entrance of the house down to the pavement. 'They had better be in bed, poor creatures!' I said to myself, looking at the crowd. And then the reflection shot across me that, perhaps, many of them had not a bed to go to.

Then I left Piccadilly for a short time, and wan-

dered quite alone under the rails of Hyde Park, recalling all the facts that I knew of Lord Byfield's career since I had separated my life from his. I was familiar with much of it.—Having attained the especial dignity which he and his father before him had aimed at winning by the possession of land, Lord Byfield had steadily followed out the purpose of his life,—to make himself the most powerful banker of the country, and one of the most important monetary powers of Europe. Caring nothing for the solid substance of territorial position, so long as he enjoyed the titles of territorial rank, he had, as occasion served, converted his various landed properties back into personal estate, so that he might have the greater funds at command to carry on his vast undertakings. He still retained Burstead House, in Hampshire, with its noble park and small estate—the rental of which was not at the utmost 5000*l.* per annum; but otherwise he had not a rood of freehold land that he could call his own. He did not want a long list of clownish tenants, paying their rents out of turnip husbandry, or rendering tribute from fatted pigs. That was not his ambition. The men he wished to have bowing before him, and asking in humble terms for the privilege of utilizing his vast wealth, were

monarchs and their ministers. These, and not the rude boors of barbarous provinces, were to be his tributaries; and pay him fealty! Such was his aim, and he had achieved it.

At two o'clock the number of carriages was rapidly lessening before Petersham House. Every minute an equipage drove off from the entrance; and no 'fresh arrivals' replaced 'the departures.' At a quarter to three, the windows were still as bright as ever, and the music of the band playing to the dancers still continued; but the crowd before the house had so thinned, that I said to myself, 'Lord Byfield's most distinguished guests have taken their departure. Those who remain are the less important people: and he (according to his old wont on such occasions) has retired to his library for solitude and rest, and even a nap, before saying a final farewell to the most persevering of the dancers. I will now go into the house and see him.'

So saying, I worked my way through the crowd, and was taking a first step under the awning, when a servant in livery stationed there said, 'This is not public, ma'am.'

'I am a friend of Lord Byfield's,' I answered.

'What name, ma'am, please?'

To this inquiry, civilly put by the man in the proper discharge of his duty, I answered by drawing up my veil, and showing him my face. For a few seconds he did not remember me; but when I whispered, 'I am Lady Byfield, your old mistress,' he started back with astonishment, and making me a respectful salute allowed me to pass on without further question.

I ascended the high flight of steps, and passing over the threshold encountered the old porter, sleepy and exhausted with his night's work.

'Is Lord Byfield in the library?' I inquired of the old man.

'Good heavens!—my lady!—and at this time of night!'

'Is Lord Byfield in the library?' I repeated quietly.

'Yes, my lady, I believe he is.'

'Alone?—Is he alone?'

'Oh yes, my lady;—he is taking a nap, and mayn't be disturbed.'

'I will go to him.'

'Here, John!' cried the porter to one of the footmen standing about the hall in Lord Byfield's livery.

'No, no,' I said, seeing the porter's object. I

require no one to conduct me. Surely I can find my way about my own house.'

Little noise as I made in speaking to the porter, my appearance I saw created a sensation amongst the bystanders. Habited in a plain, sober walking costume, I stood in marked contrast to two pretty girls who glided past me in white silk dresses,—with their bright opera hoods only in part concealing their snowy shoulders. Each of the girls was leaning on the arm of a moustached cavalier, who seemed well to enjoy the task of leading so elegant a creature to her carriage. There were other people (not servants) in the hall and on the staircase; but though I had a lively sensation of being stared at by people who recognised me, I distinguished no one as an old acquaintance.

In less than two minutes I had opened the library door and entered the room, which was lighted with lamps suspended from the lofty ceiling. The lamps were surrounded with pink silk shades, so that the rays they emitted were rendered very pleasant to the eye, and gave a delicate rose tint to the paper and ceiling of the room.

'A—ha! wh—who i—is there?' said Lord Byfield, springing up from the sofa on which he was

reclining, as I entered and closed the door behind me.

He was in evening costume, and doubtless supposed at first that I was only a guest, who had mistaken my way through the hall and passages, and had entered a room not just then devoted to the uses of hospitality. But when he saw me in my ordinary walking costume he was undeceived.

‘Wh—what!’ he exclaimed. ‘Wh—what!’
L—Lady Byfield!’

‘Yes, my lord. This is a strange hour to break upon you in. But my particular business must be my apology for disturbing you.’

‘B—business, L—Lady Byfield? I thought all our business with each other had ceased at your request. But I am yours to command.’

‘I shall detain you some little time,’ I said, composedly. ‘Are we secure from disturbance here?’

The brief space of time consumed in exchanging these words had enabled him to regain his composure; and now with his habitual politeness and with less hesitation he said, ‘Wh—whatever y—your business is, Lady Byfield, it gives me genuine pleasure to see you again in your own house. I will soon secure us from intrusion. There, now, none of my merry guests will disturb us.’

As he spoke he came round to the door and barred it; and then, bowing to me, led the way to the sofa, on which he had been lying.

‘There,’ he said, ‘Lady Byfield, rest yourself on that sofa. I was napping on it, literally wearied out by my rout.’

I sat down on the sofa, in order that he might be seated; and then I said, ‘I came into Piccadilly at ten o’clock, hoping to see you then; but as you were already receiving visitors I waited till you should be disengaged.’

‘Th—thank y—you; th—thank y—you. The fact is, such an affair as to-night’s entertainment is a most unusual thing with me. But, owing to Lady Marshal-haven’s goodness in playing the part of hostess, it has gone off admirably.’

I saw that he had pleasure in mentioning to *me* the *goodness* of so distinguished and exemplary a peeress as Lady Marshal-haven.

‘B—but,’ he added, ‘wh—what gives me this unexpected pleasure?’

‘I wished to speak to you about Etty Tree, Lord Byfield,’ I said.

‘A—ay, a—ay?’ he exclaimed, looking at me with a startled expression.

I was silent.

‘H—have y—you heard anything of her?’

‘Don’t you mean—“Have you found her?”’

‘S—surely, e—exactly. T—that i—is what I mean.’

‘I want to know, Lord Byfield, if *you* can tell me anything of her.’

‘I—I t—told you, years since, Lady Byfield, that I knew nothing of her.’

‘Lord Byfield, if it were possible for you to speak to my question without falsehood or evasion, you would say,—“Three days after she disturbed you in Grosvenor Square, I caused Sir Charles Norton to sign an order, committing her to confinement as a lunatic in ‘Belle Vue,’ Dr. Hankinson’s asylum in Berkshire,—Dr. Atkins and Dr. Teesdale being induced by my misrepresentations to sign a certificate of her mental insanity. I sent her to ‘Belle Vue;’ and there she has been ever since, Dr. Hankinson having received from me 400*l.* per annum for keeping her a prisoner. And there she is a prisoner at this time.”’

‘W—who t—told y—you this?’ stammered Lord Byfield.

‘Never mind, my lord,’ I answered, ‘where I acquired my information. If you had made me the answer I have just now hypothetically placed

in your lips, the statement would have been erroneous in one respect.'

He started up again,—and again sank back into his chair.

'Etty Tree is not in confinement in "Belle Vue."'

A deadly pallor came over his face.

'Etty Tree,' I continued, speaking very slowly, 'has not seen the inside of "Belle Vue" for nearly eight years.'

'W—what!'

'Ay, my lord, won't you prosecute Dr. Hankinson for taking your 400*l.* per annum, and playing you false? Etty Tree has been my guest at Fulham for more than seven years and eleven months.'

'G—go o—on, th—that's not all.'

'No, it is not all. I will go on; but first I must take you back many years, to the time when my dear father was alive. (May he not in heaven have looked down upon the sin of this world!) I must go back to the time when he and your father (an honourable man, whose only sin was a mean ambition) were closely united friends, and first conceived the plan that I, a little girl just five years old, and you, a promising lad at college, and

fifteen years my senior, should eventually marry, and unite their vast fortunes. You (youth that you were) were from the outset of your life acquainted with this plan, and eagerly (with that inordinate passion for money which characterized you, when you were a beardless youth, not less than it does now) embraced an arrangement which would eventually give you for a bride the richest heiress of England. For such a prize you were ready to wait, all through the long years of youth, till you married; but you were not ready to abstain from indulgence in those pleasures which are sweetest in youth. There was your difficulty. For you knew that my father would never let his child be the wife of a libertine. But you soon devised a scheme for indulging your love of money and love of what is far baser than money at the same time. You were travelling in Italy with your school friend Watchit; and in Monaco you found a retreat where you thought you could commit any sin, without risk of detection. At Castellare you might keep your mistresses without any fear of scandal, beyond the circle of a few villages, never visited at that time by Englishmen. You acted on this plan, which the ample fortune left you by your grandfather, and the additional

liberality of your father, enabled you to carry out. *You* fitted up a retreat at Castellare, *you* enjoyed yourself there, visiting it periodically in your yacht. But whatever deed of folly or shame you perpetrated, it was under the disguise of your friend Watchit's name. When George Watchit was with his regiment in India, there was a George Watchit also living in Monaco,—and that George Watchit was yourself.

‘Lord Byfield, you have always been persistent in your undertakings, and tenacious of your purposes. The course that you began as a mere boy you persevered in till the very time that you led me to the altar, dishonouring me with your vile machinations. Etty Tree was *your* victim at Castellare,—and the last of a series of victims. She was *not* Sir George Watchit's victim!’

I paused and looked at him, as he sat, fidgeting his fingers, and stroking his long hair.

‘W—well, w—well!’ he stammered, wishing to know *all*, and fearful of committing himself.

‘And Etty Tree was not your mistress,—she was your *wife*!’

Again he started,—and a mingled expression of fear and diabolic malevolence crossed his face as he did so.

‘ You tried to seduce her from Laughton to be your *mistress*. But you could not succeed. So you offered her marriage, saying to her, “ You shall be my wife. I will sacrifice Olive Blake’s 450,000*l.* to my love of you. Only our marriage must be secret—and *kept secret till my father’s death.*” The foolish child consented; and you *married her*. Your friend Watchit conveyed her to a city you told her was London, and took her to a church which you told her was St. Thomas’s, Kennington; and in that church you married her. But the town to which she was conveyed was Birmingham,—*not* London; and the church in which the marriage was solemnized was St. Dunstan’s in Birmingham. The clergyman who performed the service was Mr. Hobart; and the licence permitting the marriage was made out for a marriage between Arthur *Feversham* and *Jeannette Freeman*. Mr. Hobart called the deluded girl Jeannette, doubtless; but to the ear and the tongue of a nervous girl, during the solemnization of her marriage, Jeannette and Annette are names, for all practical purposes, identical; so that when you, *Arthur*, promised to take her, *Jeannette*, and she, *Annette*, promised to take you, *Arthur*, in wedlock, there was no sufficient difference of

sound to arouse the suspicions either of her or the clergyman. The marriage rites over, you signed your name *Arthur Feversham* in the register, in such a manner that at first sight the surname looks more like *Petersham* than *Feversham*. So she saw nothing in your signature to rouse her suspicions. Then the female witness signed her name; and lastly your accomplice Watchit took the pen in hand. He did more than sign his assumed name; he altered *Annette* into *Jeannette*, and *Tree* into *Freeman*. The forgery was adroitly managed. No single stroke of the original signature was obliterated; *only additions* were made. The forger worked skilfully, and with a sense of security; for *you* had sent the clerk away to look after the carriages, and *you* also engaged the aged and unobservant clergyman in conversation,—so that no eyes might be upon your companion in crime. Then you left the church,—you in the carriage with the woman who signed her name *Ann Walker*; and your accomplice in the carriage containing the woman you had just married; you taking one road to London; and Watchit bearing off your victim by another road to Bristol,—*not to Dover.*

As I came to a pause, the man rose shaking in

every limb, and the lips of his bloodless face having scarce power enough to obey his will.

‘W—hat w—witn—nesses h—have y—you t—to th—this m—mad st—story?’ he could just stammer out.

‘Sit down,’ I said quietly, ‘and I will tell you.’

He sat down obediently : watching me intently, as if he wished to *see* the words, as they came from my lips.

‘You may well ask for my evidence, Lord Byfield,’ I continued. ‘Mr. Hobart, the clergyman, is *dead*. The woman who signed her name Ann Walker is *dead*. Sir George Watchit is *dead*. Your victim “Etty” is *mad*,—proved *mad* by the certificate of two most honourable physicians. You want my evidence. Why, man, isn’t *the fact* of my telling you the secret of your life’s crime sufficient evidence against you? Is not the fact of your anxiety to confine Annette for life, as a lunatic, sufficient evidence against you? Why need I tell you that wearing apparel marked with your victim’s name, and left for nigh fifteen years in the “Warwick Arms,” is evidence against you? that your glove dropped in the church during the ceremony is evidence against you? that the best “experts” of London are ready to swear that the Arthur

Feversham of the register is in your handwriting, and to be evidence against you? that the maid of the "Warwick Arms" remembers you, and remembers your victim also? that witnesses are ready to come from Monaco, and give evidence against you? Do you want more evidence? It would weary me to tell you all the evidence I have against you. Let me finish. Etty, your wronged wife (and no *mad girl*) is evidence against you, ready to appeal to the laws for protection and justice. I (the victim of *you*, who are that vulgar criminal, a bigamist) am evidence against you. The clerk of St. Dunstan's church is evidence against you. Mr. Castleton took him to the *soirée* of the Royal Society, a few evenings since. You spoke to Mr. Castleton yourself. The man walking with him as you did so, was the clerk of St. Dunstan's, taken to that assembly for the express purpose of identifying you—as a *felon liable to the punishment of transportation for life!*

'Lord Byfield, no man (however rich and powerful he may be) should play the rogue, who has such a brand as you have on your upper lip, and such a scar as you have on the back of your neck!'

I ceased,—rising as I brought this last scornful speech to a conclusion. The man, too, also rose, shaking convulsively in every limb. In another

instant he was grovelling at my feet, and plucking at the skirts of my dress, and imploring for mercy. 'O—oh, m—mercy, m—mercy. B—be m—merciful in your vengeance.'

'Vengeance!' I cried. 'I am not the minister of *vengeance* but *justice*.'

'O—Olive d—don't expose me. A—anything, a—anything you will. M—my w—wealth to the last penny of it is yours; b—but d—don't expose me. D—don't g—give the extreme punishment in your power. B—by th—the memory of our fathers do not bring the world's scorn on the house of Petersham and Blake. I crave only safety from exposure. O—oh, d—don't make me a—a—a fe—felon!'

As I surveyed the sordid creature rolling at my feet, and imploring to be preserved from the scorn of that world which he had been wont to speak of so contemptuously, and which it had been his ambition to rule, a feeling of scorn (*scorn* in all the anguish, and bitterness, and fear, which accompanies that hateful emotion, when it is roused to its fullest intensity) came over me; and for a few seconds I could scarce regard him as of human kind. And then it flashed upon me how that unclean creature, by practising on the worst qualities of my nature, had for a brief period exercised undisputed

dominance over me, and I fell into the profoundest depth of humiliation and self-abasement; whilst a still small voice made itself heard within me saying, 'Such is the nature of evil. It works by sympathy. Olive Blake, that loathsome thing licking the dust at your feet is—*Satan incarnate!*'

'Get up from the ground, you miserable thing!' I said. 'Don't kneel to me. Kneel to God, and ask his pardon.'

These words were uttered as they were felt, not scornfully, but solemnly; and they had such an effect on the culprit, that he slowly rose from the ground, and seated himself again on his chair,—his shoulders drooping, and his haggard face hanging forward.

I glanced round, and saw on a side table, decanters of wine, a bowl of ice, and some glasses,—doubtless placed there for the especial convenience of Lord Byfield, when he might retire during the evening from the festivity of his reception rooms, for rest and refreshment in his library.

I went to the table, and having poured out a tumbler of wine and put a liberal allowance of broken ice in it, I took it to Lord Byfield, and said, 'Drink that.' He looked at me with surprise, and then obeyed me mechanically.

While he was taking the iced wine, I went to the table and in like manner refreshed myself.

'Are you better?' I asked, after the lapse of a couple of minutes, returning, as I spoke the words, to his side.

'L—Lady B—By—' he began to address me.

'Call me *Miss Blake*,' I said. 'Etty is Lady Byfield.'

'M—Miss B—Blake,' he resumed, looking piteously at me, 'th—the gl—glass of wine you gave me is an earnest that you will s—spare me.'

'Listen, Arthur Petersham!' I answered. 'Reply to my questions, and attend to every word I say.'

'I—I w—will.'

'Have you made a will?'

'N—no! n—no,' he replied, the tears coming into his eyes. 'I—I h—have n—never cared to make a will s—since I destroyed the one I made in the second year of our—'

He paused.

'I understand,' I said, 'and I can even thank you for pausing. If you were to die to-night who would be the legal inheritors of your property?'

He paused—and seemed doubtful what reply to make. For a moment I thought he was still bent on fighting with me,—even in his humiliation, not

despairing of securing by artifice an advantage for himself. But this suspicion was proved in the next moment to be erroneous, when he said, 'Sh—she h—had a child.'

'That child is alive,' I said. 'I have educated him for many years. That is to say, I have paid for his education. Now, answer my question.'

'H—he a—and Etty would be legally entitled to all my possessions.'

'Exactly. Now attend to me ; and understand, Arthur Petersham, that I will not speak one single word—either of menace or promise—which I will not carry out literally ! You have inflicted on me the greatest wrong that man can inflict on a woman ; and in wronging *me*, you wronged the daughter of a man who was your father's dearest friend, and who moreover evinced his strong friendship to you by the provisions of his will. For years I have been engaged on the task of tracking out your guilt, and I have succeeded. I hold in my own hands the evidence which would reduce you to a felon's ignominy, and consign you to servitude for life. But that evidence is known only to three persons besides myself—to your wife, Mr. Castleton, and Dr. Clarges. Your wife, in gratitude to me for the services I have rendered

her in proving the fact of her marriage, will be guided in her conduct implicitly by my will. Mr. Castleton and Dr. Clarges (two men, whose characters you are familiar with) will also be ruled altogether by my wishes. I therefore may speak of myself as holding your fate in my hands. If I will it,—you are a felon, liable to a felon's punishment for the rest of your days. If I permit it,—you may continue to live without undergoing the extreme of ignominy. I told you just now I did not appear as the minister of *vengeance*,—but of *justice*. I will show you that my words were strictly true. I will spare you the anguish of exposure, and servile degradation, and I will even maintain you in the possession of dignity and moderate affluence; but I will only show you such mercy on certain conditions.

‘N—name th—them, Miss Blake,’ he exclaimed, with a voice and glance of intense excitement.

‘Your vast property consists almost entirely of personal estate,’ I said.

‘I—it d—does.’

‘You have sold all your landed properties, with the exception of the Hampshire estate?’

‘B—Burstead i—is all the land I have,’ he answered.

‘Now attend.’

‘I—I d—do.’

‘Arthur Petersham, basely as you have treated her, you can trust to the honour of Olive Blake?’

‘I—I c—can,—and her mercy too.’

‘Her honour and her mercy are all you can trust to in the bargain you must forthwith make. If you will forthwith pay over to my friends, Mr. Castleton and Dr. Clarges, every farthing of your personal estate, whether it be three millions or six millions of money, to hold in trust for the use and advantage of your wife Lady Byfield, known in my house as Annette Tree, and of her son—at present a boarder in Dr. Renter’s boarding-school at Blackheath, under the name of Arthur Williams, (the exact terms of the trust to be fixed by myself,) I will leave you in possession of Burstead House and the surrounding estate, and I will give you my word of honour that—as long as you live, and never presume to enter the house of peers, I will to my utmost shield you from all the just and legal consequences of your crimes,—against your wife, against me, and against society. This is my offer. If you do not accept it, before to-morrow night you shall be apprehended on a charge of felony. Do you accept the terms?’

'I—I d—do. Y—you a—are v—very generous.'

'Then to-morrow, Arthur Petersham,' I said, 'Mr. Castleton and Dr. Clarges will call upon you with a deed which (as well as another document) the former gentleman has already caused to be prepared at my directions. Faithfully render to them an account of all your personal estate, and pay every farthing of it over to them as the trustees mentioned in the deed,—and on *my honour*, which *you* have so outraged, you shall not (if I can protect you) be ever molested in this world for your wrong doings. But mind, one thing more; if you in any way fail to fulfil your part of this compact,—woe upon you! If you reserve one item from the schedule of your personal effects,—on the very day that I ascertain the fact of such dishonesty, you will be criminally indicted. And if you ever again vote, or speak, or enter the house of peers, my word of honour ceases to protect you.'

'I—I a—am gr—grateful.'

'One thing more, Arthur Petersham. You had better not leave this house till you have my permission to do so.'

'Wh—why, wh—why.'

'Because,' I answered, 'if you do, my spies

will be on your track, and subject you to indignity and grave risk.'

'And now, Lord Byfield,' I added, 'ring the bell, and order me a carriage; for I must return to Fulham.'

He obeyed, ringing the bell, and afterwards unbarring the library door, so as to afford admittance to the servant answering the summons.

In another five minutes I was on my way home, in the cool dawn of a summer's day, lying back in Lord Byfield's carriage, to which he had handed me with countless expressions of obsequiousness and gratitude.

The feature of the man's conduct which struck me most forcibly was his manifestation of a craven fear of exposure. To lose the estimation of that society which he had so outraged, to be spoken of with scorn by that society for which he had ever expressed a lofty contempt, to be deprived of that rank which he had always professed to regard only as a toy, were anticipations so overwhelmingly horrible, that the loss of his coveted millions by one fell stroke, was comparatively a light misfortune. On my road to Fulham, reflecting on all the circumstances of my interview with my betrayer, I was well pleased with the recollection of this exhibition of cowardice, on the part of one in whom moral

dignity and principle had no place. Before entering Petersham House, I had said to myself, 'I am now going to drive this wicked man to extremities. What if, rendered desperate by the position into which I am going to force him, he should snap his fingers in contempt at the opinion of English society,—and fly to the Continent ere I can set in action the legal forces necessary for his capture and indictment?' For that contingency I was not altogether unprepared; though the secrecy which it was my grand object to maintain, alike as to my wrong, his crime, and my measures of retribution, had necessitated me to adopt a line of action, which would have found me in certain respects sorely at a loss how to proceed, if deriding the menace of exposure, the wicked man had gone straight off to the sea-coast, and fled in his yacht to a foreign country, where he would have been secure from the reach of British laws, and whither he could have drawn after him the greater part of his wealth. But fortunately 'exposure' and social 'degradation' were the two punishments, which of all others he dreaded!

I had him therefore securely in my grasp; and without uneasiness could leave him unwatched.

The Lord had delivered my enemy into mine hands!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSING OF 'PETERSHAM AND BLAKE.'

DURING the next month there were strange rumours in the aristocratic circles of English society, consternation in 'the city' of London, and perplexity in the monetary cliques of foreign capitals. At a time when it had never stood higher in the estimation of the world, and had never enjoyed greater prosperity, the house of 'Petersham and Blake of London, Paris, and Hamburgh,' had suddenly and most mysteriously ceased to exist. No one could account for it. The mighty house, which had been reared by generations of Petershams, was gone; and Lord Byfield (the last of the long line of Petershams), instead of appearing before the world and explaining the considerations which had induced him without notice to desert negotiations just entered upon, and relinquish undertakings just approaching triumphant consummation, was understood to be living in strict seclusion at Burstead

House, in Hampshire. What was the cause which had led to this sudden rupture of commercial connections, old and new?—this sudden closing of vast and complicated engagements? It was neither poverty nor the discouragement of a season of unlucky speculation. For the wealth of the house was known to be prodigious, and for years past everything the house had touched in the way of business had turned out a source of rich revenue. Moreover, the two partners whom Lord Byfield had taken into his banking-house since his father's death, far from being broken men, were already, with the fullest confidence of the commercial world, carrying on business under their own names—'Blades and Anderson.' What had these gentlemen to say of Lord Byfield's conduct? How could they account for Lord Byfield's course in suddenly withdrawing himself from monetary circles, and removing from the list of the great banking-houses of London the honoured firm of 'Petersham and Blake.' They could give no explanation whatever. All they could say was that 'Lord Byfield had a right to please himself.' Their connection with him had been one of business, and very profitable business! They had never troubled themselves with his lordship's private affairs; nor had the

public any right to be curious about them; for, however mysterious his lordship's sudden retirement from business might be, all his engagements with the public would be honourably fulfilled.

So the world talked on, and gossiped on, and wondered on, till it was tired. But at the close of two years society had almost forgotten that such a person as Lord Byfield ever lived, when a column in the principal daily papers announced the death of that eminent and highly respected nobleman, and gave a sketch of his career,—his early education and university honours, his enthusiastic devotion to the science and art of banking, his political engagements, his advancement to the peerage, and his steady perseverance in commercial undertakings subsequent to his elevation. Overtasked energies, resulting in total nervous prostration, closely bordering on mental disease, had compelled the noble lord's sudden retirement from business, just two years since. In the hope that perfect rest would enable him to recover his shattered powers, Lord Byfield had by one stroke of his pen put an end to his ancestral relations with the monetary world of Europe, and had retired to Burstead House in Hampshire, in which retreat he eventually succumbed before the advances of his malady. In the

year 18— Lord Petersham had married Olive, the sole daughter and wealthy heiress of Matthew Blake, Esquire, the partner in the house of 'Petersham and Blake;' but that marriage had resulted in no surviving issue. The disposition which the noble lord had made of his property could not of course be known at present; but as he left no heir to inherit his title, in all probability the legacies left out of his enormous property would be numerous. Of course the title of Baron Byfield was extinct.—Thus far the papers.

There was fresh amazement when it was discovered that, instead of leaving vast wealth behind him, Lord Byfield's possessions had ere the time of his death been reduced to the Burstead House estate, the rental of which was hardly 5,000*l.* per annum. Nor was the amazement lessened by the fact that this estate was left entirely and without limitation of any kind to 'Olive, the daughter of Matthew Blake, Esquire, formerly of the house of Petersham and Blake, and of Fulham Villa, in the county of Middlesex.'

By this legacy, which was on his part perfectly voluntary, Lord Byfield endeavoured to render a tardy and inadequate atonement to his friend's daughter, for the cruel wrong he had done her.

My promise to Lord Byfield was to preserve his secret so long as he should live. His death left me free to complete my undertaking, and clear the name and fame of Etty and her son in the eyes of the world as well as of their private friends. My task, of course, was not left unfinished.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL.

A FEW particulars yet remain to be told, that may enable the reader to collect the threads of the strange story narrated in the foregoing pages.

In 'Part the Fourth of Miss Tabitha Tree's Note-Book,' it is told or shadowed forth how I, under my name of Grace Temple, kept Mrs. Gower under my surveillance; how, as the time approached, when I saw I could restore her sister to her with an unsullied reputation, I revealed the fact of Arthur Williams's birth to Julian Gower; how I induced Julian Gower (having first bound him to maintain a temporary reserve of the truth from his wife) to introduce the boy to 'The Cedars,' and how soon after the boy's return to Blackheath, on the termination of the Midsummer holidays, I took Mrs. Gower with me to Fulham Villa (she being still ignorant of my real name and character), and enabled her to witness the first meeting of

Julian and Etty after nearly seventeen years of separation, and nearly fifteen years after her flight from Laughton. It is also told how, when I asked her, if she still believed in her husband's steadfast love, the noble little creature, even in her agony of doubt, exclaimed, 'He is unutterably,—unalterably good!'

It may be asked,—*why* I gave that gentle, Christian woman, needless pain? Reader, have you never known the pleasure of trying the utmost speed of a horse,—the utmost to which you may bend the lithe firm steel of a fencing foil,—the utmost to which you may tax your own powers of endurance,—the utmost at which you may rate the excellence of anything that you cordially admire? Even as you have made such trials as these, so did I make trial of Tibby's love and confidence in her grand heroic husband. I *gloried* in them! I *knew* they would endure anything, and I wished to justify my conviction, so that I might yet the more believe in the great articles of my life's creed,—the possibility of the loftiest conceivable ideal of human life being carried out in this actual world. I knew that I could do no harm to such a woman as Tibby,—that it was impossible in any way whatever to demoralize her. I was as sure of it as that I

walked and breathed, and took notes of man's and nature's works. I knew, too, that just in proportion to the sharpness of the preceding trial would be the gladness of the triumph in which that trial was to close.

Such is my apology.

Let me say something more of Tibby, which all who have made her acquaintance in these pages will be glad to hear. God granted her desire! Within a twelvemonth of the day in which she locked her sister Etty in her embrace (covering her with kisses and tears of love) she presented Julian with a daughter, and when the year came round again she presented him with a son. And verily those children are 'like as arrows in the hand of a giant!'

On the first anniversary of 'little Julian's' birthday, I dined at 'The Cedars' with Mrs. Petersham (I need not say that Etty never used the title of Lady Byfield), her splendid boy Arthur (foremost just then amongst the gallant lads of Harrow), Mr. and Mrs. Gurley, of Laughton, Dr. Clarges, and Mr. Castleton.

Our host and hostess, as usual, made me feel that I was an especial object of their love.

'Oh, Tibby,' I said after dinner, as we ladies

were in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Gower had her beautiful children in her arms,—almost buried under them, ‘how gloriously happy you seem now! In the long run, good fortune *does* come to those who deserve it.’

‘My happiness,’ answered Tibby, putting her little girl down, and raising herself on her sofa—to look at me, ‘is your work. Yes, dear Olive,—by God’s assistance you did that, without which it could never have been complete. Yes, dear *Olive Blake*, my great and perfect happiness is a consequence of your *Good Work*.’

BOOK IX.

BEING A LETTER, WRITTEN ON OCTOBER THE —TH,
1861, AS A POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOREGOING
EIGHT BOOKS.—BY ANNETTE PETERSHAM.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Cottage, Laughton,
October, 1861.

Soon after the last of the occurrences, narrated in the preceding pages, my dear sister, and her husband, and my beloved friend Olive Blake, at *my request* wrote the *eight books* which contain the sad story of my wickedness in early life, and the suffering it drew—not only on myself, but on all I hold most dear to my heart. At the time the *eight books* were penned *at my request*, they were intended for publication; for in all humility I deemed that the plain narrative of my sin and its punishment might deter foolish girls from treading

upon the edge of error,—and so might be serviceable in the cause of morality.

When, however, *the books* were written, my dear sister had an invincible repugnance to the thought of their publication. She did not state her motives ; but it was easy for me to discern and appreciate them. Her deep affection for me, and the genuine modesty of her unobtrusive piety, were reasons which made her wish that the deeds of her rare goodness and my utter unworthiness should not be permanently recorded. We discussed the question of publication frequently ; and finally she consented that they should be published after her death.

At the close of last year my dear sister (after having seen her son and daughter grow up to imitate the goodness of their parents) died at ‘ The Cedars,’ Highgate,—leaving to her husband, and to all who came within the circle of her influence, the edifying memory of her virtues. She was interred in Highgate Cemetery, near the spot where the memorial she erected in love of her erring sister still stands. On leaving her grave I was resolved to publish *the books* forthwith,—deeming that their publication would be the best tribute of respect and affection I could pay to her.

The alterations made in the memoirs, as they

were left by their writers, are for the chief part those of date (which have been introduced to make the entire story read as if it were written in the present year). Certain additions have also been made to my dear sister's books, by Mr. Jeaffreson, at my request and sometimes at my dictation. My dear sister had failed to paint my misconduct, and her sufferings and labours in sufficiently strong and vivid terms. Mr. Jeaffreson and I have therefore (with the approval of my dear son) endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of her manuscript.

If it should be deemed by any readers that the foregoing pages do not condemn my evil behaviour with sufficient severity, I beg them to know that my conscience does without ceasing that which tender love of me prevented my dear sister, and Julian Gower, and Olive Blake from doing.

ANNETTE PETERSHAM.

THE END.

A

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN AND HALL,

193, PICCADILLY.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

November, 1861.

A List of New Works & New Editions

PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN & HALL.

1 vol. post 8vo.

TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[In November.

2 vols. post 8vo.

THE DUTCH AT HOME.

By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Translated by LASCELLES WRAXALL.

In November.

1 vol. post 8vo.

WITCH STORIES.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

[In November.

1 vol. post 8vo.

A WORK ON FARMING.

By the REV. W. BEEVER.

[In November.

1 vol. post 8vo.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

By MADAME MOHL.

[In November.

1 vol. post 8vo.

THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF THE CRUSADES.

By VON SYBEL. Edited by LADY DUFF GORDON. [In November.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

A New Work by T. COLLEY GRATTAN.

LITERARY AND POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS AND SKETCHES.

[In November.

In post 8vo.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF AMERICA.

By J. G. KOHL.

[In November.

1 vol. fcap. 8vo.

THE COMMON SIGHTS IN THE HEAVENS, AND HOW TO SEE AND KNOW THEM.

By CAPTAIN A. W. DRAYSON, R.A. With Illustrations.

[In the Press.

NEW WORK BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

Fifth Edition, in 3 vols., post 8vo., cloth.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW WORK BY MR. W. H. AINSWORTH.

In 3 vols., post 8vo., cloth, with Illustrations by John Gilbert.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By W. H. AINSWORTH.

Third Edition, in fcap. 8vo., cloth, price 3s. 6d.

TANNHÄUSER;

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS. A POEM.

By NEVILLE TEMPLE and EDWARD TREVOR.

Second Edition, in 2 vols., fcap 8vo., cloth, price 16s.

LA BEATA: A NOVEL.

By T. A. TROLLOPE.

In post 8vo., cloth, price 6s.

FORAYS AMONG SALMON AND DEER.

By J. CONWAY.

In post 8vo., cloth, with Illustrations, price 10s. 6d.

**OUR CRUISE IN THE CLAYMORE;
WITH A VISIT TO DAMASCUS AND THE LEBANON.**

By MRS. HARVEY, of Ickwell-Bury.

In fcap. 8vo., cloth, price 4s.

OURSELVES, OUR FOOD, AND OUR PHYSIC.

By DR. BENJAMIN RIDGE.

In 2 vols., post 8vo., cloth, 18s.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Translated by LASCELLES WRAXALL.

Third Edition, in post 8vo., cloth, price 9s.

MARKET HARBOROUGH;

OR, HOW MR. SAWYER WENT TO THE SHIRES.

In post 8vo., cloth, with Illustrations, price 4s. 6d.

PRACTICAL MILITARY SURVEYING & SKETCHING.
By CAPTAIN DRAYSON.

Fourth Edition, in small 8vo., cloth, with Map, price 4s.

A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE.
By WALTER WHITE.

Second Edition, in small 8vo., cloth, with Maps, price 4s.

**A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END,
AND A TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES.**
By WALTER WHITE.

Third Edition, 1 vol. post 8vo., cloth, price 6s.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.
By CHARLES DICKENS.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., cloth, with a Portrait, price 12s.

PAUL THE POPE AND PAUL THE FRIAR.
A STORY OF AN INTERDICT.
By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Vol. III., demy 8vo., cloth, price 20s.

**HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
EDMUND BURKE.**

By THOMAS MACKNIGHT. Vol. III. completing the Work.

Crown 8vo., cloth, price 16s.

COSTUME IN ENGLAND.
By F. W. FAIRHOLT.

A New Edition, with Additions and nearly 700 Woodcuts by the Author.

In crown 8vo., cloth, price 12s.

LUCILE: A POEM.
By OWEN MEREDITH, Author of 'The Wanderer,' &c.

2 vols. 8vo., cloth, price 40s.

**THE LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL ARTHUR,
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.**
By CHARLES DUKE YONGE. With Portrait, Plans, and Maps.

November, 1861.

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN AND HALL,

193, PICCADILLY.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS. Vols. I. to V., handsomely bound. 5s. 6d. each.

ALISON — THE PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By ALEXANDER ALISON. Demy 8vo. cloth. 14s.

A PACKET OF SEEDS SAVED BY AN OLD GAR- DENER. Second Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo. bds. 1s. 6d.

A SERIES OF DIAGRAMS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY AND THEIR APPLICATION. Twenty-one large Plates, drawn on Stone. With descriptive Letterpress. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. One large folio Volume, cloth. 2l. 12s. 6d.

ATLASES AND MAPS,

FOR STUDENTS AND TRAVELLERS; with Railways and Telegraphs, accurately
laid down.

SHARPE'S ATLAS. Constructed upon a System of Scale and Proportion,
from the more recent Authorities. With a Copious Index. Fifty-four Maps. Large folio,
half morocco, plain, 36s.; coloured, 42s.

SHARPE'S STUDENT'S ATLAS. With a Copious Index. Twenty-six
Coloured Maps, selected from the above. Folio, half-bound. 21s.

LOWRY'S TABLE ATLAS. With a Copious Index. One Hundred
Coloured Maps. Large 4to. half-bound. 12s.

**SIDNEY HALL'S TRAVELLING ATLAS OF THE ENGLISH
COUNTIES,** containing Fifty Maps, bound in a portable 8vo. Volume, in roan tuck.
10s. 6d.

**SIDNEY HALL'S ATLAS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES, Enlarged
Series,** with General Maps of Great Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. 4to. half-bound,
24s., and folio, half-bound, 24s.

ATLASES AND MAPS—*continued.*

SIDNEY HALL'S MAPS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES, Enlarged Series, with all the Railways and Country Seats. Coloured, in neat wrapper, price 6d. each.

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 2s. 6d.

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF SCOTLAND, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 1s. 6d.

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF IRELAND, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 1s. 6d.

LOWRY'S ATLAS OF INDIA. In Eight Maps. Royal 4to., Coloured, in wrapper, price 1s.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| 1. INDIA, General Map. | 5. BOMBAY. |
| 2. AFGHANISTAN. | 6. NEPAUL. |
| 3. BELOOCHISTAN. | 7. BENGAL. |
| 4. NORTH-WEST PROVINCES. | 8. MADRAS. |

SHARPE'S ATLAS OF INDIA. In Six Maps. Large folio, Coloured, in wrapper, price 2s. 6d.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. INDIA, General Map. | 4. THE CARNATIC, &c. |
| 2. BENGAL, &c. | 5. BELOOCHISTAN AND SCINDE. |
| 3. CENTRAL INDIA. | 6. AFGHANISTAN AND THE PUNJAB. |

AUSTIN — TWO LETTERS ON GIRLS' SCHOOLS,
And on the Training of Working Women. By MRS. AUSTIN. Post 8vo. sewed. 1s.

BAGEHOT — ESTIMATES OF SOME ENGLISHMEN
AND SCOTCHMEN: A Series of Essays contributed principally to the 'National Review.'
By WALTER BAGEHOT. Demy 8vo. cloth. 14s.

BAILEY — FESTUS; A POEM.
By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 12mo. cloth. 8s. 6d.

———— THE MYSTIC, AND OTHER POEMS.
By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Second Edition, post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

———— THE AGE; A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE.
By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d.

BARHAM — PHILADELPHIA; OR, THE CLAIMS OF
HUMANITY: A PLEA FOR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS REFORM. By THOMAS
FOSTER BARHAM, M.B. Cantab. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d.

BARRY CORNWALL — DRAMATIC SCENES, WITH OTHER POEMS. Now first printed. By BARRY CORNWALL. Beautifully illustrated with Fifty-seven Woodcuts, and printed on fine paper. In One Volume. Crown 8vo. cloth. 18s.

————— **ENGLISH SONGS, AND OTHER POEMS.** By BARRY CORNWALL. New Edition, 24mo. sewed. 2s. 6d.

BARWELL — THE CARE OF THE SICK:

Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at the Working Women's College. By RICHARD BARWELL, F.R.C.S. In One Volume, fcap. cloth. 1s. 6d.

BARWELL (MRS.) — CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

By MRS. BARWELL. With Four Illustrations. • Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d.

————— **NOVEL ADVENTURES OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT.** Showing how he visited the Insect World, and learned much Wisdom. By MRS. BARWELL. New Edition. Eight Illustrations, 16mo. cloth. 1s. 6d.

————— **NURSERY GOVERNMENT;**

Or, HINTS ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS AND NURSERYMAIDS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By MRS. BARWELL. Second Edition. Corrected and Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s.

BELLEW — LIFE IN CHRIST, AND CHRIST IN

LIFE. A NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS. By the Rev. J. M. BELLEW. 8vo. cloth. 12s.

BENNETT (W. C.) — THE WORN WEDDING-RING,

AND OTHER POEMS. By W. C. BENNETT. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

————— **QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE, AND OTHER POEMS.** By W. C. BENNETT. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

————— **SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.**
First Hundred. By W. C. BENNETT. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

————— **BABY MAY, AND OTHER POEMS ON INFANTS.** Fcap. sewed. 1s.

BENNETT (C. H.) — PROVERBS WITH PICTURES.

By CHARLES H. BENNETT. With about 250 Illustrations, fcap. boards. 7s. 6d.

BLANC — HISTORICAL REVELATIONS.

Inscribed to Lord Normanby. By LOUIS BLANC. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

BONER — CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA.

By CHARLES BONER. With Illustrations by THEODORE HORSCHOLT, of Munich. New Edition. With Additions. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s.

BORDER LANDS OF SPAIN AND FRANCE (THE);
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRÉ. Post 8vo.
cloth. 10s. 6d.

BROWNING (E. B.)—POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS.
By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Crown 8vo. cloth. 4s.

POETICAL WORKS.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fourth Edition, with Corrections and Additions. Three vols. fcap. cloth. 18s.

AURORA LEIGH; A POEM.

IN NINE BOOKS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fifth Edition, with Portrait of Mrs. Browning. One vol. fcap. cloth. 7s.

BROWNING (ROBERT)—POETICAL WORKS.

By ROBERT BROWNING. A New Edition, with numerous Alterations and Additions. Two vols. fcap. cloth. 16s.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND

EASTER DAY. A POEM. By ROBERT BROWNING. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 6s.

MEN AND WOMEN.

By ROBERT BROWNING. In two vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth. 12s.

BURCHETT—LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.

For the Use of Schools of Art. By R. BURCHETT, Head Master of the Training Schools for Art Masters of the Science and Art Department. Fifth Edition. Post 8vo. cloth, with Illustrations. 7s.

PRACTICAL GEOMETRY.

THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION OF PLANE GEOMETRICAL FIGURES. By R. BURCHETT. With 137 Diagrams. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

DEFINITIONS OF GEOMETRY.

24mo. sewed. 5d.

BUTT—THE HISTORY OF ITALY FROM THE
ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON I. With Introductory References to that of Earlier Times. Two vols. 8vo. cloth. 36s.

CÆCILIA METELLA;

Or, ROME ENSLAVED. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

**COLERIDGE—SEVEN LECTURES ON SHAKE-
SPEARE AND MILTON.** By the late S. T. COLERIDGE. A list of all the MS. Emendations in Mr. COLLIER'S Folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface by J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. Demy 8vo. cloth. 12s.

COLLINS—A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS. With Two Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo. boards. 3s.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.

UNIFORM EDITION.

Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, price Six Shillings per Volume.

- THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A HISTORY.** In 2 Volumes. 12s.
OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES. With Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. In 3 Volumes. 18s.
LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. } One Vol. 6s.
LIFE OF SCHILLER. }
CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. In 4 Volumes. 24s.
SARTOR RESARTUS. } One Volume. 6s.
HERO WORSHIP. }
LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. One Volume. 6s.
CHARTISM. } One Volume. 6s.
PAST AND PRESENT. }
TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. One Volume. 6s.
WILHELM MEISTER. By GÖTTE. A Translation. In 2 Volumes. 12s.

CARLYLE—HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,
 called FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With Portraits and Maps.
 Third Edition. Vols. I and II., demy 8vo., cloth. 40s. Vols. III. and IV. in the Press.

PASSAGES SELECTED FROM THE
 WRITINGS of THOMAS CARLYLE, with a Biographical Memoir by T. BALLANTYNE.
 Post 8vo., cloth. 7s.

COOPER—THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.

By THOMAS COOPER. A New Edition. Fcap. cloth. 7s. 6d.

CRAIK—THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE;

Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Tragedy of 'Julius Caesar.' By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Second Edition. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE
 ENGLISH LANGUAGE. For the Use of the Junior Classes in Colleges, and the Higher Classes in Schools. By GEORGE L. CRAIK. Fourth Edition, revised and improved. Post 8vo., cloth. 2s. 6d.

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S
SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH NOVEL.

MARY BARTON: a Tale of Manchester Life.

RUTH. A Novel. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

CRANFORD. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

LIZZIE LEIGH; and other Tales. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

OLIVE. A Novel. By the Author of 'The Head of the Family.'

THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By the Author of 'The Head of the Family.'

ALTON LOCKE: Tailor and Poet. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. With a new Preface, addressed to the Working Men of Great Britain.

THE FALCON FAMILY; or, Young Ireland. A Satirical Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. By M. W. SAVAGE.

MY UNCLE THE CURATE. A Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE.

THE HALF SISTERS. A Tale. By Miss JEWSBURY.

THE WHITEBOY. A Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

EUSTACE CONYERS. By JAMES HANNAY.

MARETIMO: A Story of Adventure. By BAYLE ST. JOHN.

MELINCOURT. By the Author of 'Headlong Hall.'

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

. Other Popular Novels will be issued in this Series.

Notices of the Press.

'The Fictions published by this Firm in their "Select Library" have all been of a high character.'—*Press*.

'Who would be satisfied with the much-thumbed "Library Book," when he can procure, in one handsome volume, a celebrated Work of Fiction now offered by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at the low price of Two Shillings?'—*Britannia*.

'Capital Novels, well worth the price asked for them.'—*Guardian*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S
STANDARD EDITIONS OF POPULAR
AUTHORS.

MISS ANNA DRURY'S MISREPRESENTATION. Second Edition. 5s.

TILBURY NOGO. By the Author of 'Digby Grand.' 5s.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S CASTLE RICHMOND. A Novel. New Edition. 5s.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S DOCTOR THORNE. A Novel. Sixth Edition. 5s.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. Fifth Edition. 5s.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S THE KELLYS and THE O'KELLYS. Fourth Edition. 5s.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. Third Edition. 5s.

W. M. THACKERAY'S IRISH SKETCH-BOOK. With Illustrations by the Author. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

ALBERT SMITH'S WILD OATS AND DEAD LEAVES. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

MRS. GASKELL'S NORTH AND SOUTH. Fourth Edition. 5s.

G. A. SALA'S GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT ; with some London Scenes they Shine upon. Second Edition. 5s.

W. H. WILLS' OLD LEAVES GATHERED FROM 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS.' 5s.

ROBERT-HOUDIN'S MEMOIRS : Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by HIMSELF. Third Edition. 5s.

MISS MULOCK'S HEAD OF THE FAMILY. Sixth Edition. 5s.

WORKS BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With Forty-three Illustrations by STYMOUR and 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.

SKETCHES BY 'BOZ.' A New Edition, with Forty Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 1l. 1s.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With Seventy-five Illustrations by GEORGE CATTERMOLLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13s.

BARNABY RUDGE: A Tale of the Riots of 'Eighty. With Seventy-eight Illustrations by G. CATTERMOLLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13s.

AMERICAN NOTES, for General Circulation. Fourth Edition. 2 vols., post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

OLIVER TWIST; or, the Parish-Boy's Progress. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Third Edition. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1l. 5s.

OLIVER TWIST. 1 vol. 8vo., cloth. Illustrated. 11s.

DOMBEY AND SON. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo., cloth. 1l. 1s.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo., cloth. 1l. 1s.

BLEAK HOUSE. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo., cloth. 1l. 1s.

LITTLE DORRIT. With Forty Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo., cloth. 1l. 1s.

HARD TIMES. Small 8vo., cloth. 5s.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. Third Edition. Post 8vo., cloth. 6s.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. With Sixteen Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' 8vo. 9s.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 3 vols., square cloth. 10s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

THE CHIMES. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

WORKS BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION,

Beautifully printed in Post Octavo, and carefully revised by the Author. With the Original Illustrations. Now issuing in Monthly Volumes, price 7s. 6d. each.

Already Published.

PICKWICK PAPERS	2 vols.	15s.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY	2 vols.	15s.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT	2 vols.	15s.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP	2 vols.	15s.

To be followed by

BARNABY RUDGE	2 vols.	
SKETCHES BY BOZ	1 vol.	
OLIVER TWIST	1 vol.	
DOMBEY AND SON	2 vols.	
DAVID COPPERFIELD	2 vols.	
PICTURES FROM ITALY, and AMERICAN NOTES	1 vol.	
BLEAK HOUSE	2 vols.	
LITTLE DORRIT	2 vols.	
CHRISTMAS BOOKS	1 vol.	

CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION.

Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, cloth, with Frontispieces.

	s.	d.
THE PICKWICK PAPERS	5	0
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY	5	0
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT	5	0
BARNABY RUDGE	4	0
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP	4	0
OLIVER TWIST	3	6
SKETCHES BY BOZ	3	6
CHRISTMAS BOOKS	3	6
AMERICAN NOTES	2	6
DOMBEY AND SON	5	0
DAVID COPPERFIELD	5	0
BLEAK HOUSE	5	0

MR. DICKENS' READINGS. Fcap. 8vo.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE	1	0
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH	1	0
THE CHIMES	1	0
THE STORY OF LITTLE DOMBEY	1	0
THE POOR TRAVELLER, BOOTS AT THE HOLLY-TREE INN, AND MRS. GAMP	1	0

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY, THE INFERNO.

A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original Collated with the best Editions, and Explanatory Notes. By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D. Post 8vo., with a Portrait, cloth. 14s.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY;

Or, THE INFERNO, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE. Rendered into English Metre, by FREDERICK POLLOCK. With Fifty Illustrations, drawn by GEORGE SCHARF, JUN. Post 8vo., cloth. 14s.

DAVIDSON—DRAWING FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

By ELLIS A. DAVIDSON, Head-Master of the Chester School of Art. Published under the sanction of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. Post 8vo., cloth. 3s.

DE PONTÈS—POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES. By Madame L. DAVESIES DE PONTÈS. Two volumes, post 8vo. cloth. 18s.

DIETRICH—RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.

Translated from the German version of ANTON DIETRICH. With an introduction by JACOB GRIMM. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

DIREY—GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE.

Par L. DIREY. 12mo. cloth. 3s.

——— LATIN GRAMMAR.

By L. DIREY. 12mo. cloth. 4s.

——— AND FOGGO'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

12mo. cloth. 3s.

DIXON—ROBERT BLAKE, ADMIRAL AND GENERAL AT SEA.

Based on Family and State Papers. By HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of 'Life of William Penn.' Cheap edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s. Post 8vo. cloth, with portrait. 2s. 6d.

——— WILLIAM PENN.

AN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of 'Life of Howard.' With a portrait. Second edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth. 7s.

DRAYSON — PRACTICAL MILITARY SURVEYING

AND SKETCHING. By Captain DRAYSON, R.A. With illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d.

DYCE'S ELEMENTARY OUTLINES OF ORNAMENT.

Fifty selected plates. Folio, sewed. 5s.

EDINBURGH TALES.

In one thick volume, imperial 8vo. full gilt back. 8s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY DRAWING BOOK.

Directions for introducing the First Steps of Elementary Drawing in Schools, and among Workmen. With Lists of Materials, Objects, and Models. Prepared and published at the request of the Council of the Society of Arts. Small 4to. cloth. 4s. 6d.

ESQUIROS—THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Translated by LASCELLES WRAXALL. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. 18s.

FAIRHOLT—COSTUME IN ENGLAND.

A History of Dress, from the Earliest Period until the close of the Eighteenth Century; with a Glossary of Terms for all Articles of Use or Ornament worn about the Person. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With nearly 700 Engravings, drawn on Wood by the Author. Second edition, crown 8vo. cloth. 16s.

—————**TOBACCO: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.** Including an account of the Plant and its Manufacture, with its Mode of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With 100 Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

—————**THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE,** ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Author of 'Costume in England,' &c. With 33 Engravings. Small 8vo., sewed. 2s. 6d.

FINLAISON — NEW GOVERNMENT SUCCESSION-DUTY TABLES. For the Use of Successors to Property, their Solicitors and Agents, and others concerned in the Payment of the Duties Levied on all Successions, under Authority of the present Statute, 16 & 17 Victoria, cap. 51. By ALEXANDER GLEN FINLAISON. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

FOSTER—HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. By A. F. FOSTER. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s.

FROM HAY-TIME TO HOPPING.

By the Author of 'Our Farm of Four Acres.' Second edition, small 8vo. cloth. 5s.

GALLENDA—THE HISTORY OF PIEDMONT.

By ANTONIO GALLENDA, Member of the Sardinian Parliament, &c. In 3 vols. crown 8vo. cloth. 24s.

GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT (THE).

Fourth edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s.

GASKELL.—CRANFORD—MARY BARTON—RUTH—

LIZZIE LEIGH. By Mrs. GASKELL. Post 8vo. boards. Price 2s. each.

GASKELL—NORTH AND SOUTH.

Fourth and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

————— MOORLAND COTTAGE.

With Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.

GERMAN LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF AN ALIEN. Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, with the sanction of the Author. Fcap. cloth. 4s. 6d.

HAND (THE) PHRENOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

Being a Glimpse at the Relation of the Mind with the Organization of the Body. Post 8vo. with Four Plates, cloth. 4s. 6d.

HAWKINS — A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE

ANIMAL AND HUMAN FRAME. By B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S., F.G.S., with Ten Illustrations from Nature by the Author. Folio, cloth. 12s.

HAXTHAUSEN—THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

ITS PEOPLE, INSTITUTIONS, AND RESOURCES. By Baron VON HAXTHAUSEN, Author of 'Transcaucasia,' &c. Translated and issued under the immediate sanction of the Author. In 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. 28s.

————— TRANSCAUCASIA.

Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron VON HAXTHAUSEN. With Eight Coloured Illustrations by GRAEB. 8vo. cloth. 18s.

————— THE TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SCHAMYL AND THE MURIDS. By BARON VON HAXTHAUSEN. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

HEATON—THE THRESHOLD OF CHEMISTRY;

An Experimental Introduction to the Science. By CHARLES HEATON. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo., cloth. 4s.

HEINRICH HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS.

A Translation. By JOHN E. WALLIS. Crown 8vo., cloth. 9s.

HENSLOW—ILLUSTRATIONS TO BE EMPLOYED

IN THE PRACTICAL LESSONS ON BOTANY. Adapted to all classes. Prepared for the South Kensington Museum. By the Rev. PROFESSOR HENSLOW. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6d.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS (THE).

Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS. 19 vols., royal 8vo., cloth. 5s. 6d. each. (All the back Numbers and Parts may now be had.)

HOUSEHOLD WORDS (THE)—CHRISTMAS STORIES

FROM. Royal 8vo., cloth. 2s. 6d.

INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN, IN THE MIDDLE AND LOWER RANKS.

Post 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

JERVIS—THE RIFLE-MUSKET.

A Practical Treatise on the Enfield-Prichett Rifle, recently adopted in the British Service. By CAPTAIN JERVIS WHITE JERVIS, M.P., Royal Artillery, Author of the 'Manual of Field Operations.' Second and Cheaper Edition, with Additions. Post 8vo., cloth. 2s.

OUR ENGINES OF WAR, AND HOW WE GOT TO MAKE THEM.

By CAPTAIN JERVIS WHITE JERVIS, M.P., Royal Artillery. With many Illustrations. Post 8vo., cloth. 6s.

JEWSBURY—THE HALF-SISTERS.

A Novel. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

JOHNSON—A WINTER'S SKETCHES IN THE SOUTH

OF FRANCE AND THE PYRENEES. With Remarks upon the Use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease. By FREDERICK H. JOHNSON, M.R.C.S. Eng., L.A.C., formerly President of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo., cloth. 8s. 6d.

KEIGHTLEY—THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.

With an Introduction to 'Paradise Lost.' By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. Second Edition. Demy 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON.

WITH NOTES by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. 2 vols., 8vo., cloth. 21s.

KELLY—LIFE IN VICTORIA IN 1853 AND IN 1858.

By THOMAS KELLY. 2 vols., post 8vo., cloth. 21s.

KINGSLEY—ALTON LOCKE; TAILOR AND POET.

An Autobiography. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

KOHL—KITCHI-GAMI:

WANDERINGS ROUND LAKE SUPERIOR. By J. G. KOHL. With Woodcuts. 8vo. cloth. 13s.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER OF

THE GUARDS DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR. By LIEUT.-COL. STEPNEY COWELL STEPNEY, K.H., late Coldstream Guards. Fcap., cloth. 5s.

LENNARD—TALES FROM MOLIERE'S PLAYS.

By DACRE BARRETT LENNARD. Post 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

LEWIS—CHESS FOR BEGINNERS!

In a Series of Progressive Lessons. With Twenty-four Diagrams printed in Colours. By WILLIAM LEWIS. Third Edition. Small 4to., cloth. 2s. 6d.

MR. CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.**LIBRARY EDITION.****IN DEMY OCTAVO, ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ.**

- ONE OF THEM.** Demy 8vo., cloth. With 30 Illustrations. 16s.
- DAVENPORT DUNN; A Man of Our Day.** 1 Thick Vol., demy 8vo., cloth. With 44 Illustrations. 23s.
- THE MARTINS OF CRÔ' MARTIN.** 2 Vols. With 40 Illustrations. 14s.
- HARRY LORREQUER.** 1 Vol. With 22 Illustrations. 7s.
- CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.** 2 Vols. With 44 Illustrations. 14s.
- JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.** 1 Vol. With 26 Illustrations. 7s.
- TOM BURKE OF 'OURS.'** 2 Vols. With 44 Illustrations. 14s.
- THE O'DONOGHUE: A TALE OF IRELAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.** 1 Vol. With 26 Illustrations. 7s.
- THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.** 2 Vols. With 40 Illustrations. 14s.
- ROLAND CASHEL.** 2 Vols. With 40 Illustrations. 14s.
- THE DALTONS; OR, THREE ROADS IN LIFE.** 2 Vols. With 44 Illustrations. 14s.
- THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.** 2 Vols. With 40 Illustrations. 14s.

CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

This Edition is handsomely printed in Crown Octavo. Each Volume contains

EIGHT ENGRAVINGS BY H. K. BROWNE.

Bound in Cloth. Price 4s.

- JACK HINTON.** 4s.
- TOM BURKE OF 'OURS.'** In 2 Vols. 8s.
- HARRY LORREQUER.** 4s.
- CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.** In 2 Vols. 8s.
- THE O'DONOGHUE.** 4s.
- THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.** In 2 Vols. 8s.
- ROLAND CASHEL.** In 2 Vols. 8s.
- THE DALTONS.** In 2 Vols. 8s.
- THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD.** In 2 Vols. 8s.

LOWRY'S ATLAS.

With a Copious Index. 100 Coloured Maps. Large 4to., half-bound. 12s.

A New Series of Maps, in large 4to., price One Penny each Map plain, and Two Pence with the Boundaries coloured, completed in 100 Maps, any of which can be purchased separately, plain 1d., coloured 2d.

LIST OF THE MAPS.

Sheet.		Sheet.	
1, 2.	World in Hemispheres—2 Maps.	54, 55.	Turkey in Asia and Western Persia—2 Maps.
3, 4.	World on Mercator's Projection—2 Maps.	56.	Eastern Persia.
5.	Europe.	57, 58.	Syria and Arabia Petræa—2 Maps.
6.	British Isles.	59, 60.	China and Indian Seas—2 Maps.
7, 8.	England and Wales—2 Maps.	61.	Australia and New Zealand—General Map.
9.	Scotland—General.	62, 63.	Australia—2 Maps.
10.	Ireland—General.	64 to 66.	New South Wales—3 Maps.
11.	France, in Provinces.	67.	Victoria or Port Phillip District.
12 to 15.	France in Departments—4 Maps.	68.	New Zealand.
16.	Holland and Belgium.	69, 70.	Polynesia—2 Maps.
17.	Spain and Portugal—General.	71, 72.	Africa—2 Maps.
18 to 21.	Spain and Portugal—4 Maps.	73 to 75.	Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Red Sea—3 Maps.
22.	Italy—General.	76, 77.	North Africa—comprising Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis—2 Maps.
23 to 26.	Italy—4 Maps.	78 to 80.	West Africa—comprising Senegambia, Liberia, Soudan, and Guinea—3 Maps.
27.	Prussia and German States.	81, 82.	Southern Africa—2 Maps.
28 to 31.	Germany and Switzerland—4 Maps.	83.	British North America.
32.	Austrian Empire.	84.	Arctic Regions.
33, 34.	Hungary and Transylvania—2 Maps.	85, 86.	Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—2 Maps.
35.	Turkey in Europe and Greece.	87.	North America—General.
36.	Bosphorus and Dardanelles.	88, 89.	United States—2 Maps—General.
37.	Greece and the Ionian Islands.	90 to 93.	United States—4 Maps.
38, 39.	Sweden and Norway—2 Maps.	94.	Mexico.
40.	Denmark.	95.	West Indies and Central America.
41.	Russia in Europe.	96.	South America—General.
42.	Asia, North.	97 to 100.	South America—4 Maps.
43, 44.	Asia, South, and Indian Seas—2 Maps.		
45.	India—General.		
46 to 52.	India—7 Maps.		
53.	Persia and Tartary.		

LYTTON—MONEY.

A Comedy, in Five Acts. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo. sewed. 2s. 6d.

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM;

OR, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER. A Comedy, in Five Acts. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo. sewed. 2s. 6d.

RICHELIEU; OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

A Play, in Five Acts. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo. sewed. 2s. 6d.

THE LADY OF LYONS;

OR, LOVE AND PRIDE. A Play, in Five Acts. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo. sewed. 2s. 6d.

M'CULLAGH—INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF FREE

NATIONS. Considered in Relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy. By W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. 24s.

M'CULLAGH—USE AND STUDY OF HISTORY.

Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered in Dublin. By W. TORRENS
M'CULLAGH. Second edition, 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

MACKNIGHT—HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF EDMUND BURKE. By THOMAS MACKNIGHT, Author of 'The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., a Literary and Political Biography'; and 'Thirty Years of Foreign Policy, a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston.' 3 vols. demy 8vo. cloth, price 50s.

MACREADY—LEAVES FROM THE OLIVE MOUNT.

Poems. By CATHERINE FRANCES B. MACREADY. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.

MARIOTTI—ITALY IN 1848.

By L. MARIOTTI. 8vo. cloth. 12s.

MARKET HARBOROUGH;

OR, HOW MR. SAWYER WENT TO THE SHIRES. Third edition, post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

MAYHEW—PAVED WITH GOLD.

OR, THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE LONDON STREETS. An Unfashionable Novel. By AUGUSTUS MAYHEW (one of the Brothers Mayhew). With Twenty-six Illustrations by Philz. Demy 8vo. cloth. 14s.

MELINCOURT;

OR, SIR ORAN HAUT-TON. By the Author of 'Headlong Hall,' &c. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo. boards. 2s.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN.

Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by Himself. Third and cheaper Edition, crown 8vo. cloth. 6s.

MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH.

Edited by a Minister of the Interior. Ninth edition, fcap. sewed. 1s.

MENZIES—EARLY ANCIENT HISTORY;

Or, The Ante-Greek Period as it appears to us since the most recent Discoveries in Egypt and Assyria. With References to Wilkinson, Layard, and other authorities. Intended for popular use. By HENRY MENZIES. 1 vol. post 8vo. 4s. 6d.

MEREDITH (L. A.)—OVER THE STRAITS.

By LOUISA ANNE MEREDITH. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

MEREDITH (OWEN)—LUCILE. A POEM.

By OWEN MEREDITH. Crown 8vo. cloth. 12s.

MEREDITH (OWEN)—SERBSKI PESME;

OR, NATIONAL SONGS OF SERBIA. By OWEN MEREDITH. Fcap. cloth. 4s.

THE WANDERER.

A Poem. By the Author of 'Clytemnestra,' &c. Second edition, foolscap 8vo. cloth. 9s. 6d.

MEREDITH (GEORGE)—THE SHAVING OF SHAG-

PAT. An Arabian Entertainment. By GEORGE MEREDITH. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD

FEVEREL. By GEORGE MEREDITH. 3 vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

MICHIELS—SECRET HISTORY OF THE AUSTRIAN

GOVERNMENT, AND OF ITS SYSTEMATIC PERSECUTIONS OF PROTESTANTS. Compiled from official documents. By ALFRED MICHIELS. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

MILLINGTON—HERALDRY;

IN HISTORY, POETRY, AND ROMANCE. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo. 9s.

MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA:

Representations of Ancient, Medieval, and Renaissance Remains, in the possession of Lord Londesborough. Drawn, Engraved, and Described by FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Picardy, and Poictiers. The Historical Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., &c., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. In one volume, imperial 4to. cloth, price 3l. 16s., with Forty-six Plates, some of them printed in colour, and numerous Engravings on wood.

MONEY—TWELVE MONTHS WITH THE BASHI-

BAZOUKS. By EDWARD MONEY. With Coloured Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s.

MORGAN—THE MIND OF SHAKSPERE, AS EX-

HIBITED IN HIS WORKS. By the Rev. A. A. MORGAN, M.A. Second edition, foolscap 8vo. cloth. 6s.

MORLEY—OBERON'S HORN;

A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. By HENRY MORLEY. Illustrated by C. H. Bennett. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.

By HENRY MORLEY. With Thirty Illustrations by Charles Bennett. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

MORLEY—MEMOIRS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

By HENRY MORLEY. With Eighty Illustrations. Demy 8vo. cloth. 21s.

THE LIFE OF HENRY CORNELIUSAGRIPPA VON NETTESHEIM, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician.
By HENRY MORLEY. In 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. 18s.**JEROME CARDAN.**

A BIOGRAPHY. By HENRY MORLEY. Two vols. post 8vo. cloth. 18s.

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, OFSAINTES. His Labours and Discoveries in Arts and Science. By HENRY MORLEY.
Post 8vo. cloth. Price 12s. Second and cheaper Edition.**HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY.**

By HENRY MORLEY. Reprinted from the 'Examiner.' Second edition, small 8vo. stiff wrapper. 1s.

GOSSIP.

By HENRY MORLEY. Reprinted from the 'Household Words.' Second and cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

A DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.

By HENRY MORLEY. Small 8vo. cloth. 3s.

MULOCK—THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

By Miss MULOCK. Sixth edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. Cheap edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s

OLIVE; A NOVEL.

By Miss MULOCK. Cheap edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s.

THE OGILVIES; A NOVEL.

By Miss MULOCK. Cheap edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND.

By Miss MULOCK. Cheap edition, post 8vo. boards. 2s.

MUSHET—BOOK OF SYMBOLS.

A Series of Seventy-five Short Essays on Morals, Religion, and Philosophy. Each Essay Illustrating an Ancient Symbol or Modern Precept. By ROBERT MUSHET. Second edition, post 8vo. cloth. 6s.

NORTON—CHILD OF THE ISLANDS; A POEM.

By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. Second edition, square 8vo. cloth. 6s.

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.

With upwards of 50 Illustrations by PHIZ. Third edition, fcap. boards. 2s.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, AND THE MONEY

WE MADE BY IT. Seventeenth edition, small post 8vo. boards. 2s.

RAMBLES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A FLY-

FISHER. Illustrated. With an Appendix, containing ample Instructions to the Novice, inclusive of Fly-making, and a List of really useful Flies. By CLERICUS. With Eight Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s.

REDGRAVE—A MANUAL AND CATECHISM ON

COLOUR. By RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A. 24mo. cloth. 9d.

READING FOR TRAVELLERS.

A NEW LIBRARY OF RAILWAY LITERATURE. Printed in a clear legible Type, expressly adapted to the convenience of Railway Travellers.

OLD ROADS AND NEW ROADS. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS. By C. R. MARKHAM. Fcap. sewed. 1s. 6d.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR. Translated by Lady DUFF GORDON. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

MONTENEGRO AND THE SLAVONIANS OF TURKEY. By Count VALERIAN KRASINSKI. Fcap. sewed. 1s. 6d.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF CHARLES II. By the late CHARLES BARKER, M.A. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Fcap. 1s.

FLORIAN AND CRESCENZ. By BER. AUERBACH. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

THE HUNGARIAN EMIGRATION INTO TURKEY. By a HONVED. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

READING FOR TRAVELLERS—*continued.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ARCADIA. By JAMES CROSSLEY.
Fcap. sewed. 1s.

A VISIT TO BELGRADE. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

BURNS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

PICTURES FROM THE EAST. By JOHN CAPPER. Fcap. sewed. 1s. 6d.

A VISIT TO THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE NORTH. Fcap.
sewed. 1s.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ; HIS RISE AND FALL, AS RELATED
BY CAVENDISH. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

ALFIERI ; HIS LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND WORKS. A Sketch
by CHARLES MITCHELL CHARLES. Fcap. sewed. 1s.

RIDGE—HEALTH AND DISEASE, THEIR LAWS ;
WITH PLAIN PRACTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By BENJAMIN
RIDGE, M.D., F.R.C.S. Second Edition. Post 8vo., cloth. 12s.

ROBERT MORNAY.

By MAX FERRER. Post 8vo., cloth. 9s.

RODENBERG—THE ISLAND OF THE SAINTS, A
PILGRIMAGE THROUGH IRELAND. By JULIUS RODENBERG. Translated by
LASCELLES WRAXALL. Post 8vo., cloth. 9s.

ROMAN CANDLES.

Post 8vo., cloth. 8s.

ROSCOE—POEMS, TRAGEDIES, AND ESSAYS.

By WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his
brother-in-law, RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Two vols. crown 8vo., cloth. 21s.

ROYAL NURSERY A B C BOOK.

With Five Hundred Woodcuts, and Eight Coloured Pages. Crown 8vo., sewed. 1s.

SALA—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT, WITH SOME
LONDON SCENES THEY SHINE UPON. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Crown
8vo., cloth. Second Edition. 5s.

ST. JOHN, BAYLE—THE SUBALPINE KINGDOM ;
Or, EXPERIENCES AND STUDIES IN SAVOY, PIEDMONT, AND GENOA. By
BAYLE ST. JOHN. 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth. 21s.

**ST. JOHN, BAYLE—TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE IN
A LEVANTINE FAMILY.** By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo.
boards. 2s.

**MARETIMO ;
A STORY OF ADVENTURE.** By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Reprinted from 'Chambers'
Journal.' Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

**THE LOUVRE ;
Or, BIOGRAPHY OF A MUSEUM.** By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Post 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

**ST. JOHN, J. A.—THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE ;
By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, Author of 'Isis,' 'Life of Louis Napoleon,' &c.**
Post 8vo., cloth. 8s. 6d. Dedicated to Sir John Pakington, M.P.

ISIS; AN EGYPTIAN PILGRIMAGE.
By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Second Edition. 2 vols., post 8vo., cloth. 12s.

**THE NEMESIS OF POWER: Causes
and Forms of Revolution.** By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Fcap. cloth. 5s.

**PHILOSOPHY AT THE FOOT OF
THE CROSS.** By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Fcap. cloth. 5s.

**THE PREACHING OF CHRIST, ITS
NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES.** By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Small 8vo.,
sewed. 1s. 6d.

SAVAGE—BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. A Novel.
By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

**THE FALCON FAMILY; or, YOUNG IRE-
LAND.** A Satirical Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

MY UNCLE THE CURATE.
By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo., boards. 2s.

CLOVER COTTAGE; or, I CAN'T GET IN.
A Novelette. By the Author of 'The Falcon Family,' &c. With Illustrations. In
fcap. 8vo., cloth. 5s.

SHARPE'S ATLAS :

Comprising Fifty-four Maps, constructed upon a System of Scale and Proportion from the most recent Authorities, and Engraved on Steel, by J. WILSON LOWRY. With a Copious Consulting Index. In a large folio volume. Half morocco, 'gilt back and edges, plain, 36s.; or with the maps coloured, 42s.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. The World—Western Hemisphere. | 28. Australia and New Zealand. |
| 2. The World—Eastern Hemisphere. | 29. Egypt and Arabia Petrea. |
| 3. The World—Mercator's Projection. | 30. Nubia and Abyssinia to Babel Mandeb Strait. |
| 4. Europe, with the Mediterranean. | 31. Asia Minor. |
| 5. Great Britain and Ireland. | 32. Syria and the Turkish Provinces on the Persian Gulf. |
| 6. England and Wales—Railway Map, North. | 33. Western Persia. |
| 7. England and Wales—Railway Map, South. | 34. Eastern Persia. |
| 8. Scotland. | 35. Afghanistan and the Punjab. |
| 9. Ireland. | 36. Beloochistan and Scinde. |
| 10. France—Belgium—Switzerland. | 37. Central India. |
| 11. Belgium and Holland. | 38. The Carnatic. |
| 12. Prussia, Holland, and German States. | 39. Bengal, &c. |
| 13. Switzerland. | 40. India—General Map. |
| 14. Austrian Empire. | 41. North Africa. |
| 15. Turkey and Greece. | 42. South Africa. |
| 16. Greece. | 43. British North America. |
| 17. Italy. | 44. Central America. |
| 18. Spain and Portugal. | 45. United States—General Map. |
| 19. Northern Sweden, and Frontier of Russia. | 46. United States—North-East. |
| 20. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia on the Baltic. | 47. United States—South-East. |
| 21. Western Russia, from the Baltic to the Enxine. | 48. United States—South-West. |
| 22. Russia on the Enxine. | 49. Jamaica, and Leeward and Windward Islands. |
| 23. Russia on the Caucasus. | 50. Mexico and Guatemala. |
| 24. Russia in Europe. | 51. South America. |
| 25. Northern Asia—Asiatic Russia. | 52. Columbian and Peruvian Republics, and Western Brazil. |
| 26. South-West Asia—Overland to India. | 53. La Plata, Chili, and Southern Brazil. |
| 27. South-Eastern Asia—Birmah, China, and Japan. | 54. Eastern Brazil. |

The above Maps are sold Separately. Each Map, Plain, 4d.; Coloured, 6d.

SHARPE—STUDENT'S ATLAS.

With a Copious Index. 26 Coloured Maps, selected from the preceding. Folio, half-bound. 21s.

SLACK—THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS. By HENRY JAMES SLACK, F.G.S., Barrister-at-Law. Post 8vo., cloth. 6s.**SMITH (ARTHUR)—THE THAMES ANGLER.**

By ARTHUR SMITH. With Numerous Woodcuts. Second Edition. Small post 8vo. sewed. 1s.

— (ALBERT)—WILD OATS AND DEAD LEAVES.

By ALBERT SMITH. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth. 5s.

— TO CHINA AND BACK :

BEING A DIARY KEPT OUT AND HOME. By ALBERT SMITH. 8vo. sewed. 1s.

SMITH (REV. JAMES)—THE DIVINE DRAMA OF HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION. By the Rev. JAMES SMITH. 8vo., cloth. 12s.

(MRS.) — PRACTICAL AND ECONOMICAL COOKERY, with a Series of Bills of Fare; also, Directions on Carving, Trussing, &c. By Mrs. SMITH, many years professed Cook to most of the leading families in the Metropolis. Post 8vo., cloth. 5s. 6d.

STIGANT—A VISION OF BARBAROSSA, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM STIGANT. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 7s.

TALES OF THE TRAINS:

Being some CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE. By TILBURY TRAMP. With Numerous Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' Fcap. boards. New Edition. 1s. 6d.

TAYLOR—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. By HENRY TAYLOR. Sixth edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 3s. 6d. 4

EDWIN THE FAIR; ISAAC COMNENUS; THE EVE OF THE CONQUEST, AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY TAYLOR. Third edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 3s. 6d.

THACKERAY—THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

By M. A. TITMARSH. Third Edition, Uniform with Thackeray's 'Miscellaneous Essays.' In crown 8vo., cloth, with Illustrations. 5s.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO, BY WAY OF LISBON, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND JERUSALEM. By W. M. THACKERAY. With a Coloured Frontispiece. Second Edition. Small 8vo., cloth. 6s.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS:

Containing 'MRS. PERKINS' BALL,' 'DR. BIRCH,' 'OUR STREET.' Cheap Edition. In one square volume, cloth, with all the original Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

THURSTAN—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM;

Or, EROS AND ANTEROS. By HENRY J. THURSTAN. Crown 8vo., cloth. 8s. 6d.

TILBURY NOGO;

Or, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MAN. By the Author of 'Digby Grand.' 2 vols. post 8vo., cloth. 21s. And New Edition, 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

TOWNSHEND — DESCRIPTIVE TOUR IN SCOTLAND. By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND. With twelve Illustrations. 8vo. cloth. 9s.

SERMONS IN SONNETS:

WITH A TEXT ON THE NEW YEAR: and other Poems. By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND. Small 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d.

TOWNSHEND—THE THREE GATES.

IN VERSE. By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND. Second Edition, with additions and Portrait. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY)—THE MACDERMOTS OF

BALLYCLORAN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

CASTLE RICHMOND. A

Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Three vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

Also, A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

THE KELLYS AND THE

O'KELLYS. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Third Edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

THE WEST INDIES AND

THE SPANISH MAIN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Fourth Edition, with Map. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

DOCTOR THORNE.

A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

THE BERTRAMS.

A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Second Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

Also, Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s.

TROLLOPE (T. A.)—PAUL THE POPE AND PAUL

THE FRIAR: A STORY OF AN INTERDICT. By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. With a Portrait. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s.

FILIPPO STROZZI. A Biography.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s.

THE GIRLHOOD OF CATHE-

RINE DE' MEDICI. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. In 1 vol. post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

A DECADE OF ITALIAN

WOMEN. By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. With Portraits. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. 22s.

TUSCANY in 1849 and in 1859.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

TROLLOPE (THEODOSIA) — SOCIAL ASPECTS OF REVOLUTION, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM FLORENCE. Reprinted from the 'Athenæum.' With a Sketch of Subsequent Events up to the Present Time. By THEODOSIA TROLLOPE. Post 8vo. cloth. 8s. 6d.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS. By M. S. C.,
Author of 'Little Poems for Little People.' Second Edition, with a Frontispiece. Fcap. cloth. 1s. 6d.

TWINING — THE ELEMENTS OF PICTURESQUE SCENERY ; or, STUDIES OF NATURE MADE IN TRAVEL, with a View to Improvement in Landscape Painting. By HENRY TWINING. Vol. II. Imp. 8vo. cloth. 8s.

WALMSLEY — SKETCHES OF ALGERIA DURING THE KABYLÉ WAR. By HUGH MULLENEUX WALMSLEY. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

WAYFARING SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS, AND ON THE SHORES OF THE DANUBE. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. Second Edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

WHIST-PLAYER (THE).
THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF SHORT WHIST. EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED BY COLONEL BLYTH. With numerous Diagrams printed in Colours. Imp. 16mo. Second Edition. 5s.

WHITE — ALL ROUND THE WREKIN.
By WALTER WHITE. Second Edition, post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

—— **NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER.**
By WALTER WHITE. Second Edition. With a Map. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

—— **A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE.**
By WALTER WHITE. Fourth Edition. With a Map. Post 8vo. cloth. 4s.

—— **A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END, AND A TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES.** Second Edition. Post 8vo. cloth. With four Maps. 4s.

—— **A JULY HOLIDAY IN SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.** By WALTER WHITE. Post 8vo. cloth. 9s.

WHITE—ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL;

IN THE SUMMER OF 1855. By WALTER WHITE. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s.

WILKINSON (J. J. G.) — THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS

CONNEXION WITH MAN. Illustrated by the principal Organs. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

WILKINSON (W. M.) — THE REVIVAL IN ITS PHY-

SICAL, PSYCHICAL, AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS. By W. M. WILKINSON. Second Edition. Small 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

WILLIAMS — HINTS ON THE CULTIVATION OF

BRITISH AND EXOTIC FERNS AND LYCOPODIUMS; with Descriptions of One Hundred and Fifty Species and Varieties. By BENJAMIN SAMUEL WILLIAMS. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

THE ORCHID-GROWER'S MANUAL;

Containing a Brief Description of upwards of Two Hundred and Sixty Orchidaceous Plants, together with Notices of their times of Flowering, and most approved Modes of Treatment. By BENJAMIN SAMUEL WILLIAMS. With a Coloured Frontispiece. 8vo. cloth. 5s.

WILLS — OLD LEAVES GATHERED FROM 'HOUSE-

HOLD WORDS.' By W. HENRY WILLS. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s.

WORNUM — THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLES;

An Introduction to the Study of the History of Ornamental Art. By RALPH N. WORNUM. In royal 8vo. cloth, with very many Illustrations. Second Edition. 8s.

YONGE — THE LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL ARTHUR,

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE. With Portrait, Plans, and Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. 40s.

PARALLEL LIVES OF ANCIENT AND

MODERN HEROES, OF EPAMINONDAS, PHILIP OF MACEDON, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, AND FREDERICK THE GREAT. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Author of 'A History of England,' &c. Small 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d.

ZSCHOKKE — AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH

ZSCHOKKE. 8vo. cloth. 6s.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

Price 6s.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW, in defining its distinctive position, may dispense with the language of promise, and appeal to the results of the last six years.

It leaves to the Magazines the office, which they so well discharge, of furnishing intellectual amusement, and holding the mirror up to life, with only incidental and variable moral purpose.

It leaves to the other Quarterlies the office of representing some constituted party in Church or State; whose political or ecclesiastical creed forms their fixed centre of gravity, and determines the direction and latitude of their critique on literature, art, manners, and philosophy.

Warring with no interest, and identified with none, it is free to approach every problem from the scientific side, to treat it with conscientious thoroughness, and seek for it a judicial solution. To learn the policy of a party or the doctrines of a sect, the reader must look elsewhere; but if he cares for the principles which underlie the conflicts of the hour, if he is eager rather for the opening truth of the future than the watchwords of the past, he will meet, in the NATIONAL REVIEW, the sympathy of men who have nothing to prop up and nothing to destroy, but are resolved to carry every discussion to the ultimate test of reality and right.

The break-up of old feuds and factions has made room for a journal conducted in this spirit. In every stratum of educated English society liberal men abound who can welcome trustworthy reports of the newer aspects of religious and philosophic thought, and are glad to seek light on their political duties in the atmosphere rather of the closet than of the clubs. On the quiet strength of this growing class the REVIEW has relied through occasional storms of partisan displeasure. At the same time, it has never, by any cosmopolitan professions (which are but another form of party narrowness) contradicted its name of 'National.' In times of foreign conflict, the Reviewers have not construed the relations of international justice to the invariable disparagement of their own country. In the discussion of internal reform, they have protested against the imitation of alien democracies, and traced a method truly historical for the adequate expansion of political franchise. In demanding free development for the religious thought and life of England, they have never treated the existing creeds and churches as effete, or despaired of their enlargement to the spiritual exigencies of the nation. The notices, though numerous, of foreign literature and history, only serve to make clearer the general tone of hearty reverence for the distinctive bases of English character, life, and institutions.

Of the literary workmanship of the REVIEW, the Conductors are perhaps less at liberty to speak than of its spirit and principles. They may, however, be permitted, in evidence of its quality, to refer to the volumes already republished from its pages.

In one respect the NATIONAL REVIEW enters, with the year 1861, upon a new stage. The publishers, with the experience of several years to guide them, are taking a considerable stake in the publication. Their direct interest in it, however, will in no way affect the literary management, except by disembarassing it of business cares, and obtaining for it, as they hope, the encouragement of an ample and growing success.

BOOKS FOR THE

ISSUED UNDER THE
SCIENCE AND ART
SOUTH

**USE OF SCHOOLS,**

AUTHORITY OF THE
DEPARTMENT,
KENSINGTON.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLES. An Introduction to the Study of the History of Ornamental Art. By RALPH N. WORNUM. Second Edition. In royal 8vo., with very many Illustrations. 8s.

BURCHETT'S LINEAR PERSPECTIVE. By R. BURCHETT, Fifth Edition. Post 8vo. With Illustrations. 7s.

BURCHETT'S DEFINITIONS OF GEOMETRY. 24mo. sewed. Third Edition. Price 5d.

BURCHETT'S PRACTICAL GEOMETRY. Fourth Edition. 8vo. cloth. Price 5s.

DYCE'S ELEMENTARY OUTLINES OF ORNAMENT. 50 Selected Plates, small folio, sewed. Price 5s.

TEXT TO DYCE'S DRAWING ROOM. Fcap. 8vo. Price 6d.

REDGRAVE'S MANUAL AND CATECHISM ON COLOUR. Second Edition. 24mo. sewed. Price 9d.

REDGRAVE ON THE NECESSITY OF PRINCIPLES IN TEACHING DESIGN. Fcap. sewed. Price 6d.

A DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE HARMONIOUS RELATIONS OF COLOUR. Small folio. Price 9d.

PRINCIPLES OF DECORATIVE ART. Folio, sewed. Price 1s.

LINDLEY'S SYMMETRY OF VEGETATION. 8vo. sewed. Price 1s.

ROBINSON'S LECTURES ON THE MUSEUM. Fcap. sewed. Price 6d.

AN ALPHABET OF COLOUR. Reduced from the works of Field, Hay, Chevreull. 4to. sewed. Price 3s.

DIRECTIONS FOR INTRODUCING ELEMENTARY DRAWING IN SCHOOLS AND AMONG WORKMEN. Published at the request of the Society of Arts. Small 4to. cloth. Price 4s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO BE EMPLOYED IN THE PRACTICAL LESSONS ON BOTANY. Adapted to all classes. Prepared for the South Kensington Museum. By the REV. PROF. HENSLOW. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. Price 6d.

DRAWING FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS: Being a Manual of the Method of Teaching Drawing, specially adapted for the Use of Masters of National and Parochial Schools. By ELLIS A. DAVIDSON, Head Master of the Chester School of Art. Published under the sanction of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council of Education. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s.







